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P. Halpin Sculp

THE

# RAMBLER.

Ja.s Tomkinson.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL II.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.
HOR.

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THE

THE

# RAMBLER.

NUMB. 54. SATURDAY, *September* 22, 1750.

*Truditur dies die,*
*Novæque pergunt interire lunæ;*
*Tu ſecanda marmora*
*Locas ſub ipſum funus, et ſepulchri*
*Immemor ſtruis domos.* HOR.

Day preſſes on the heels of day,
And moons increaſe to their decay;
But you, with thoughtleſs pride elate,
Unconſcious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to riſe,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies. FRANCIS.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAVE lately been called, from a mingled life of buſineſs and amuſement, to attend the laſt hours of an old friend; an office which has filled me, if not with melancholy, at leaſt with ſerious reflections, and turned my thoughts towards the contemplation of thoſe ſubjects, which, though of the utmoſt importance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally ſecluded from our regard, by the jollity of health, the hurry of employment, and even by the calmer diverſions of

ſtudy and ſpeculation; or if they become accidental topicks of converſation and argument, yet rarely ſink deep into the heart, but give occaſion only to ſome ſubtilties of reaſoning, or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded, and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accuſtomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of cauſes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may diſcover the weakneſs of human ſchemes; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded; ſhew the inſufficiency of wealth, honours, and power, to real happineſs; and pleaſe himſelf, and his auditors, with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the ſpeculatiſt may ſee and ſhew the folly of terreſtrial hopes, fears and deſires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleaſed like the loweſt of the vulgar, purſuing, with the ſame ardour, the ſame deſigns, graſping, with all the eagerneſs of tranſport, thoſe riches which he knows he cannot keep, and ſwelling with the applauſe which he has gained by proving that applauſe is of no value.

The only conviction that ruſhes upon the ſoul, and takes away from our appetites and paſſions the power of reſiſtance, is to be found, where I have received it, at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this ſchool of wiſdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometricians; the moſt ſublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious

laborious preparations, they are enforced without the aid of eloquence, and underſtood without ſkill in analytick ſcience. Every tongue can utter them, and every underſtanding can conceive them. He that wiſhes in earneſt to obtain juſt ſentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find inſtructions on every ſide. He that deſires to enter behind the ſcene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every paſſion labours to illuminate, and wiſhes to ſee life ſtripped of thoſe ornaments which make it glitter on the ſtage, and expoſed in its natural meanneſs, impotence, and nakedneſs, may find all the deluſion laid open in the chamber of diſeaſe: he will there find vanity diveſted of her robes, power deprived of her ſceptre, and hypocriſy without her maſk.

The friend whom I have loſt was a man eminent for genius, and, like others of the ſame claſs, ſufficiently pleaſed with acceptance and applauſe. Being careſſed by thoſe who have preferments and riches in their diſpoſal, he conſidered himſelf as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to its object. But in the midſt of his hopes, his projects, and his gaieties, he was ſeized by a lingering diſeaſe, which, from its firſt ſtage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his viſions of greatneſs and happineſs; from the firſt hour that his health declined, all his former pleaſures grew taſteleſs. His friends expected to pleaſe him by thoſe accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they ſoon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted,

by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakneſs, and relieve the ſolicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue ſurpaſs all external goods, might here have ſeen them weighed againſt each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that ſparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the boſom of ſuſpicion, at once became duſt in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praiſe, loſe all their influence when they are conſidered as riches which to-morrow ſhall be beſtowed upon another, authority which ſhall this night expire for ever, and praiſe which, however merited, or however ſincere, ſhall, after a few moments, be heard no more.

In thoſe hours of ſerioufneſs and wiſdom, nothing appeared to raiſe his ſpirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodneſs, nor to excite his attention but ſome opportunity for the exerciſe of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this ſide of the grave was received with coldneſs and indifference, and regarded rather in conſequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deſerved value; it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engroſſed by the conſideration of another ſtate, and all converſation was tedious, that had not ſome tendency to diſengage him from human affairs, and open his proſpects into futurity.

It is now paſt, we have cloſed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the ſight of this laſt conflict, I felt a ſenſation never known

known to me before; a confuſion of paſſions, an awful ſtilneſs of ſorrow, a gloomy terrour without a name. The thoughts that entered my ſoul were too ſtrong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured; but ſuch violence cannot be laſting, the ſtorm ſubſided in a ſhort time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind, the effects which the obſervation of death produces, in thoſe who are not wholly without the power and uſe of reflection; for by far the greater part it is wholly unregarded, their friends and their enemies ſink into the grave without raiſing any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are themſelves on the edge of the precipice, and that they muſt ſoon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It ſeems to me remarkable that death increaſes our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Thoſe virtues which once we envied, as Horace obſerves, becauſe they eclipſed our own, can now no longer obſtruct our reputation, and we have therefore no intereſt to ſuppreſs their praiſe. That wickedneſs, which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent, and the man whoſe name filled us with alarm, and rage, and indignation, can at laſt be conſidered only with pity, or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuſes for every weakneſs, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thouſand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impreſſion, a thouſand favours unrepaid, a thouſand duties unperformed, and wiſh, vainly wiſh for his return, not ſo much that we may

receive, as that we may beſtow happineſs, and recompenſe that kindneſs which before we never underſtood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well inſtructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime ſeems now irretrievable, it is indelibly recorded, and the ſtamp of fate is fixed upon it. We conſider, with the moſt afflictive anguiſh, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the loſſes which we have cauſed, and now cannot repair.

Of the ſame kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealouſy, had excellence to deſerve our fondneſs, and to whatever ardour of oppoſition intereſt may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy, whom he did not then wiſh to have made a friend. Thoſe who are verſed in literary hiſtory know that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagoniſt of Cardan and Eraſmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were ſnatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

*Tu-ne etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linquis, Eraſme,*
*Ante meus quam ſit conciliatus amor?*

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could ſubſide
And love return, has great *Eraſmus* died?

Such are the ſentiments with which we finally review the effects of paſſion, but which we ſometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haſte to do what we ſhall certainly

certainly at laſt wiſh to have done; let us return the careſſes of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderneſs which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguiſh, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly thoſe honours which juſtice will compel us to pay at laſt.

ATHANATUS.

NUMB. 55. TUESDAY, *Sept.* 25, 1750.

*Matura propior deſine funeri*
*Inter ludere virgines,*
*Et ſtellis maculam ſpargere candidis:*
*Non ſiquid Pholoen ſatis*
*Et te, Chlori, decet.* ——— HOR.

Now near to death that comes but ſlow,
Now thou art ſtepping down below;
Sport not amongſt the blooming maids,
But think on ghoſts and empty ſhades:
What ſuits with *Pholoe* in her bloom,
Gray *Chloris* will not thee become;
A bed is different from a tomb. CREECH.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAVE been but a little time converſant in the world, yet I have already had frequent opportunities of obſerving the little efficacy of remonſtrance and complaint, which, however extorted by oppreſſion, or ſupported by reaſon, are deteſted by one part of the world as rebellion, cenſured by another as peeviſhneſs, by ſome heard

with an appearance of compaſſion, only to betray any of thoſe ſallies of vehemence and reſentment, which are apt to break out upon encouragement, and by others paſſed over with indifference and neglect, as matters in which they have no concern, and which, if they ſhould endeavour to examine or regulate, they might draw miſchief upon themſelves.

Yet ſince it is no leſs natural for thoſe who think themſelves injured to complain, than for others to neglect their complaints, I ſhall venture to lay my caſe before you, in hopes that you will enforce my opinion, if you think it juſt, or endeavour to rectify my ſentiments, if I am miſtaken. I expect at leaſt, that you will diveſt yourſelf of partiality, and that whatever your age or ſolemnity may be, you will not, with the dotard's inſolence, pronounce me ignorant and fooliſh, perverſe and refractory, only becauſe you perceive that I am young.

My father dying when I was but ten years old, left me, and a brother two years younger than myſelf, to the care of my mother, a woman of birth and education, whoſe prudence or virtue he had no reaſon to diſtruſt. She felt, for ſome time, all the ſorrow which nature calls forth, upon the final ſeparation of perſons dear to one another; and as her grief was exhauſted by its own violence, it ſubſided into tenderneſs for me and my brother, and the year of mourning was ſpent in careſſes, conſolations, and inſtruction, in celebration of my father's virtues, in profeſſions of perpetual regard to his memory, and hourly inſtances of ſuch fondneſs as gratitude will not eaſily ſuffer me to forget.

But when the term of this mournful felicity was expired, and my mother appeared again without the enſigns of ſorrow, the ladies of her acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever motives, that it was time to live like the reſt of the world; a powerful argument, which is ſeldom uſed to a woman without effect. Lady Giddy was inceſſantly relating the occurrences of the town, and Mrs. Gravely told her privately, with great tenderneſs, that it began to be publickly obſerved how much ſhe overacted her part, and that moſt of her acquaintance ſuſpected her hope of procuring another huſband to be the true ground of all that appearance of tenderneſs and piety.

All the officiouſneſs of kindneſs and folly was buſied to change her conduct. She was at one time alarmed with cenſure, and at another fired with praiſe. She was told of balls, where others ſhone only becauſe ſhe was abſent; of new comedies to which all the town was crouding; and of many ingenious ironies, by which domeſtick diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for virtue to ſtand alone againſt fear on one ſide, and pleaſure on the other; eſpecially when no actual crime is propoſed, and prudence itſelf can ſuggeſt many reaſons for relaxation and indulgence. My mamma was at laſt perſuaded to accompany Miſs Giddy to a play. She was received with a boundleſs profuſion of compliments, and attended home by a very fine gentleman. Next day ſhe was with leſs difficulty prevailed on to play at Mrs. Gravely's, and came home gay and lively; for the diſtinctions that had been paid her awakened her vanity, and good luck had kept her principles of frugality from giving her diſturbance.

She now made her ſecond entrance into the world, and her friends were ſufficiently induſtrious to prevent any return to her former life; every morning brought meſſages of invitation, and every evening was paſſed in places of diverſion, from which ſhe for ſome time complained that ſhe had rather be abſent. In a ſhort time ſhe began to feel the happineſs of acting without controul, of being unaccountable for her hours, her expences, and her company; and learned, by degrees, to drop an expreſſion of contempt, or pity, at the mention of ladies whoſe huſbands were ſuſpected of reſtraining their pleaſures, or their play, and confeſſed that ſhe loved to go and come as ſhe pleaſed.

I was ſtill favoured with ſome incidental precepts and tranſient endearments, and was now and then fondly kiſſed for ſmiling like my papa: but moſt part of her morning was ſpent in comparing the opinion of her maid and milliner, contriving ſome variation in her dreſs, viſiting ſhops, and ſending compliments; and the reſt of the day was too ſhort for viſits, cards, plays, and concerts.

She now began to diſcover that it was impoſſible to educate children properly at home. Parents could not have them always in their ſight; the ſociety of ſervants was contagious; company produced boldneſs and ſpirit; emulation excited induſtry; and a large ſchool was naturally the firſt ſtep into the open world. A thouſand other reaſons ſhe alleged, ſome of little force in themſelves, but ſo well ſeconded by pleaſure, vanity, and idleneſs, that they ſoon overcame all the remaining principles of kindneſs and piety, and both I and my brother were diſpatched to boarding ſchools.

How

How my mamma ſpent her time when ſhe was thus diſburthened I am not able to inform you, but I have reaſon to believe that trifles and amuſements took ſtill faſter hold of her heart. At firſt, ſhe viſited me at ſchool, and afterwards wrote to me; but in a ſhort time, both her viſits and her letters were at an end, and no other notice was taken of me than to remit money for my ſupport.

When I came home, at the vacation, I found myſelf coldly received, with an obſervation, "that this girl will preſently be a woman." I was, after the uſual ſtay, ſent to ſchool again, and overheard my mother ſay, as I was a going, "Well, now I ſhall recover."

In ſix months more I came again, and with the uſual childiſh alacrity, was running to my mother's embrace, when ſhe ſtopt me with exclamations at the ſuddenneſs and enormity of my growth, having, ſhe ſaid, never ſeen any body ſhoot up ſo much at my age. She was ſure no other girls ſpread at that rate, and ſhe hated to have children look like women before their time. I was diſconcerted, and retired without hearing any thing more than, "Nay, if you are angry, madam Steeple, you "may walk off."

When once the forms of civility are violated, there remains little hope of return to kindneſs or decency. My mamma made this appearance of reſentment a reaſon for continuing her malignity, and poor Miſs Maypole, for that was my appellation, was never mentioned or ſpoken to but with ſome expreſſion of anger or diſlike.

She had yet the pleaſure of dreſſing me like a child, and I know not when I ſhould have been thought fit to change my habit, had I not been reſcued

ſcued by a maiden ſiſter of my father, who could not bear to ſee women in hanging-ſleeves, and therefore preſented me with brocade for a gown, for which I ſhould have thought myſelf under great obligations had ſhe not accompanied her favour with ſome hints that my mamma might now conſider her age, and give me her ear-rings, which ſhe had ſhewn long enough in public places.

I now left the ſchool and came to live with my mamma, who conſidered me as an uſurper that had ſeized the rights of a woman before they were due, and was puſhing her down the precipice of age, that I might reign without a ſuperior. While I am thus beheld with jealouſy and ſuſpicion, you will readily believe that it is difficult to pleaſe. Every word and look is an offence. I never ſpeak, but I pretend to ſome qualities and excellencies, which it is criminal to poſſeſs; if I am gay, ſhe thinks it early enough to coquette; if I am grave, ſhe hates a prude in bibs; if I venture into company, I am in haſte for a huſband; if I retire to my chamber, ſuch matron-like ladies are lovers of contemplation. I am on one pretence or other generally excluded from her aſſemblies, nor am I ever ſuffered to viſit at the ſame place with my mamma. Every one wonders why ſhe does not bring Miſs more into the world, and when ſhe comes home in vapours, I am certain that ſhe has heard either of my beauty or my wit, and expect nothing for the enſuing week but taunts and menaces, contradiction and reproaches.

Thus I live in a ſtate of continual perſecution, only becauſe I was born ten years too ſoon, and cannot ſtop the courſe of nature or of time, but am unhappily a woman before my mother can willingly

lingly ceaſe to be a girl. I believe you would contribute to the happineſs of many families, if, by any arguments or perſuaſions, you could make mothers aſhamed of rivalling their children; if you could ſhew them, that though they may refuſe to grow wiſe, they muſt inevitably grow old; and that the proper ſolaces of age are not muſick and compliments, but wiſdom and devotion; that thoſe who are ſo unwilling to quit the world will ſoon be driven from it; and that it is therefore their intereſt to retire while there yet remain a few hours for nobler employments.

*I am, &c.*

NUMB. 56. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 29, 1750.

*——Valeat res ludicra, ſi me*
*Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.* HOR.

Farewel the ſtage; for humbly I diſclaim
Such fond purſuits of pleaſure or of fame,
If I muſt ſink in ſhame, or ſwell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or denied. FRANCIS.

NOthing is more unpleaſing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to thoſe who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of ſociety is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneaſy when he finds himſelf acting in oppoſition to the purpoſes of life; becauſe though his conſcience may eaſily acquit him of *malice prepenſe*, of ſettled hatred or contrivances of miſchief, yet he ſeldom can be certain, that he

he has not failed by negligence, or indolence; that he has not been hindered from conſulting the common intereſt by too much regard to his own eaſe, or too much indifference to the happineſs of others.

Nor is it neceſſary, that, to feel this uneaſineſs, the mind ſhould be extended to any great diffuſion of generoſity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick ſenſibility of private intereſt, will direct us to ſhun needleſs enmities; ſince there is no man whoſe kindneſs we may not ſome time want, or by whoſe malice we may not ſome time ſuffer.

I have therefore frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtleſſneſs with which ſome alienate from themſelves the affections of all whom chance, buſineſs, or inclination brings in their way. When we ſee a man purſuing ſome darling intereſt, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we juſtly conſider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in diſcovering his motives; we ſee him actuated by paſſions which are hard to be reſiſted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled ſtronger eyes. But the greater part of thoſe who ſet mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuſe malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foſter, no deſigns to promote, nor any expectations of attaining power by inſolence, or of climbing to greatneſs by trampling on others. They give up all the ſweets of kindneſs, for the ſake of peeviſhneſs, petulance, or gloom; and alienate the world by neglect

gleɛt of the common forms of civility, and breach of the eſtabliſhed laws of converſation.

Every one muſt, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all ſpeak with cenſure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be perſuaded to love, though a reaſon can ſcarcely be aſſigned why they ſhould be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions ſometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confeſſions of diſguſt; "he "is a good man, but I cannot like him." Surely ſuch perſons have ſold the eſteem of the world at too low a price, ſince they have loſt one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedneſs.

This ill economy of fame is ſometimes the effect of ſtupidity. Men whoſe perceptions are languid and ſluggiſh, who lament nothing but loſs of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to gueſs why they are encompaſſed with enemies, though they neglect all thoſe arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort themſelves that they have lived irreproachably; that none can charge them with having endangered his life, or diminiſhed his poſſeſſions; and therefore conclude that they ſuffer by ſome invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themſelves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or ſuſpecting that they are every day deſervedly incurring reſentments, by withholding from thoſe with whom they converſe, that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the cuſtoms of the world.

There

There are many injuries which almoſt every man feels, though he does not complain, and which, upon thoſe whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made delicate and tender, fix deep and laſting impreſſions; as there are many arts of graciouſneſs and conciliation, which are to be practiſed without expence, and by which thoſe may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt or meanneſs, it is ſurely reaſonable to learn, for who would want that love which is ſo eaſily to be gained? And ſuch injuries are to be avoided; for who would be hated without profit?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuſe of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged, becauſe it is apparent that they are not only careleſs of pleaſing, but ſtudious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches to them difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themſelves by waſting the time of others in uſeleſs attendance, by mortifying them with ſlights, and teazing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among thoſe that have not mingled much in general converſation, but ſpent their lives amidſt the obſequiouſneſs of dependants, and the flattery of paraſites; and by long conſulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the ſame deference.

Tyranny thus avowed, is indeed an exuberance of pride, by which all mankind is ſo much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in thoſe who can reward the patience which they exact; and inſolence is generally ſurrounded only

by

by ſuch whoſe baſeneſs inclines them to think nothing inſupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at ſcurrility and rudeneſs with a luxurious table and an open purſe.

But though all wanton provocations and contemptuous inſolence are to be diligently avoided, there is no leſs danger in timid compliance and tame reſignation. It is common, for ſoft and fearful tempers, to give themſelves up implicitly to the direction of the bold, the turbulent, and the overbearing; of thoſe whom they do not believe wiſer or better than themſelves; to recede from the beſt deſigns where oppoſition muſt be encountered, and to fall off from virtue for fear of cenſure

Some firmneſs and reſolution is neceſſary to the diſcharge of duty; but it is a very unhappy ſtate of life in which the neceſſity of ſuch ſtruggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without ſome reſentment, which will be continued with obſtinacy while he believes himſelf in the right, and exerted with bitterneſs, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external conſequences of contrariety and diſpute, it muſt be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain, and there will be danger leſt the kindeſt nature may be vitiated by too long a cuſtom of debate and conteſt.

I am afraid that I may be taxed with inſenſibility by many of my correſpondents, who believe their contributions unjuſtly neglected. And indeed when I ſit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious ſtudy, and the offspring of a fond parent, I, who know the paſſions of an author, cannot remember how long they

they have lain in my boxes unregarded, without imagining to myſelf the various changes of ſorrow, impatience and reſentment, which the writers muſt have felt in this tedious interval.

Theſe reflections are ſtill more awakened, when, upon peruſal, I find ſome of them calling for a place in the next paper, a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a ſtyle of ſuperiority and haughtineſs, as ſecure of deference, and above fear of criticiſm; others humbly offering their weak aſſiſtance with ſoftneſs and ſubmiſſion, which they believe impoſſible to be reſiſted; ſome introducing their compoſitions with a menace of the contempt, which he that refuſes them will incur; others applying privately to the bookſellers for their intereſt and ſolicitation; every one by different ways endeavouring to ſecure the bliſs of publication. I cannot but conſider myſelf, as placed in a very incommodious ſituation, where I am forced to repreſs confidence, which it is pleaſing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and ſo frequently to offend thoſe by whom I never was offended.

I know well how rarely an author, fired with the beauties of his new compoſition, contains his raptures in his own boſom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends his expectations of renown; and as I can eaſily conceive the eagerneſs with which a new paper is ſnatched up, by one who expects to find it filled with his own production, and perhaps has called his companions to ſhare the pleaſure of a ſecond peruſal, I grieve for the diſappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inſpection. His hopes however do not yet forſake him; he is certain of giving luſtre the next day. The next day

day comes, and again he pants with expectation, and having dreamed of laurels and Parnaſſus, caſts his eyes upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted.

For ſuch cruelty what atonement can be made? For ſuch calamities what alleviation can be found? I am afraid that the miſchief already done muſt be without reparation, and all that deſerves my care is prevention for the future. Let therefore the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, obſerve the cautions of *Swift*, and write ſecretly in his own chamber, without communicating his deſign to his neareſt friend, for the neareſt friend will be pleaſed with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the poſt himſelf, and wait in ſilence for the event. If it is publiſhed and praiſed, he may then declare himſelf the author; if it be ſuppreſſed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be cenſured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulneſs of the writing generation.

NUMB. 57. TUESDAY, *October* 2, 1750.

*Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal ſit parſimonia.*
TULL.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM always pleaſed when I ſee literature made uſeful, and ſcholars deſcending from that elevation, which, as it raiſes them above common life, muſt likewiſe hinder them from beholding the ways of men otherwiſe than in a cloud of buſtle and confuſion. Having lived a life of buſineſs, and remarked how ſeldom any occurrences emerge for which great qualities are required, I have learned the neceſſity of regarding little things, and though I do not pretend to give laws to the legiſlators of mankind, or to limit the range of thoſe powerful minds that carry light and heat through all the regions of knowledge, yet I have long thought that the greateſt part of thoſe who loſe themſelves in ſtudies, by which I have not found that they grow much wiſer, might, with more advantage both to the public and themſelves, apply their underſtandings to domeſtic arts, and ſtore their minds with axioms of humble prudence, and private economy.

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant and pleaſing, but, in my opinion, not ſufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard to the muſick of periods, the artifice of connection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetorick; but require a few plain and cogent inſtructions,

inſtructions, which may ſink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is ſo neceſſary to the happineſs of the world, ſo beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the higheſt of human potentates, to the loweſt labourer or artificer; and the miſeries which the neglect of it produces are ſo numerous and ſo grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of addreſs, and adapted to every claſs of underſtanding.

Whether thoſe who treat morals as a ſcience will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it neceſſary to enquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful obſervation of the world, am ſatisfied with knowing, what is abundantly ſufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is, at leaſt, a quality which can ſeldom exiſt without ſome virtues, and without which few virtues can exiſt. Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the ſiſter of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption; it will almoſt always produce a paſſive compliance with the wickedneſs of others; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practiſe thoſe crimes which they ceaſe to cenſure.

If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind ſeems unanimous enough in abhorring it as deſtructive to happineſs; and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themſelves obliged to learn the ſage maxims of our parſimonious anceſtors, and attain the ſalutary arts of contracting expence; for without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

To

To moſt other acts of virtue or exertions of wiſdom, a concurrence of many circumſtances is neceſſary, ſome previous knowledge muſt be attained, ſome uncommon gifts of nature poſſeſſed, or ſome opportunity produced by an extraordinary combination of things; but the mere power of ſaving what is already in our hands, muſt be eaſy of acquiſition to every mind; and as the example of Bacon may ſhew, that the higheſt intellect cannot ſafely neglect it, a thouſand inſtances will every day prove, that the meaneſt may practiſe it with ſucceſs.

Riches cannot be within the reach of great numbers, becauſe to be rich is to poſſeſs more than is commonly placed in a ſingle hand; and, if many could obtain the ſum which now makes a man wealthy, the name of wealth muſt then be transferred to ſtill greater accumulations. But I am not certain that it is equally impoſſible to exempt the lower claſſes of mankind from poverty; becauſe, though whatever be the wealth of the community, ſome will always have leaſt, and he that has leſs than any other is comparatively poor; yet I do not ſee any coactive neceſſity that many ſhould be without the indiſpenſable conveniencies of life; but am ſometimes inclined to imagine, that, caſual calamities excepted, there might, by univerſal prudence, be procured an univerſal exemption from want; and that he who ſhould happen to have leaſt, might notwithſtanding have enough.

But without entering too far into ſpeculations which I do not remember that any political calculator has attempted, and in which the moſt perſpicacious reaſoner may be eaſily bewildered, it is evident that they to whom Providence has allotted no

other

other care but of their own fortune and their own virtue, which make far the greater part of mankind, have ſufficient incitements to perſonal frugality; ſince whatever might be its general effect upon provinces or nations, by which it is never likely to be tried, we know with certainty that there is ſcarcely any individual entering the world, who, by prudent parſimony, may not reaſonably promiſe himſelf a cheerful competence in the decline of life.

The proſpect of penury in age is ſo gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him muſt reſolve to avoid it; and it muſt be avoided generally by the ſcience of ſparing. For, though in every age there are ſome, who by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, riſe ſuddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of ſuch rare events: And the bulk of mankind muſt owe their affluence to ſmall and gradual profits, below which their expence muſt be reſolutely reduced.

You muſt not therefore think me ſinking below the dignity of a practical philoſopher, when I recommend to the conſideration of your readers, from the ſtateſman to the apprentice, a poſition replete with mercantile wiſdom, *A penny ſaved is two-pence got*; which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by obſerving not only that they who purſue any lucrative employment will ſave time when they forbear expence, and that the time may be employed to the increaſe of profit; but that they who are above ſuch minute conſiderations, will find, by every victory over appetite or paſſion, new ſtrength added to the mind, will gain the power of refuſing thoſe ſolicitations

tations by which the young and vivacious are hourly aſſaulted, and in time ſet themſelves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be enquired by thoſe who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the juſt meaſure of frugality? and when expence, not abſolutely neceſſary, degenerates into profuſion? To ſuch queſtions no general anſwer can be returned; ſince the liberty of ſpending, or neceſſity of parſimony, may be varied without end by different circumſtances. It may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence ſhould not exceed his revenue.* A maxim ſo obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with the madman, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs. Another precept ariſing from the former, and indeed included in it, is yet neceſſary to be diſtinctly impreſſed upon the warm, the fanciful and the brave; *Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.* Let no man preſume to ſpend upon hopes, to truſt his own abilities for means of deliverance from penury, to give a looſe to his preſent deſires, and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtue.

To theſe cautions, which, I ſuppoſe, are, at leaſt among the graver part of mankind, undiſputed, I will add another, *Let no man ſquander againſt his inclination.* With this precept it may be, perhaps, imagined eaſy to comply; yet if thoſe whom profuſion has buried in priſons, or driven into baniſhment were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchaſed pleaſure with the loſs of their eſtates; but that they ſuffered themſelves to be borne away by the violence

of

of thoſe with whom they converſed, and yielded reluctancy to a thouſand prodigalities, either from a trivial emulation of wealth and ſpirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly, or the dread of the laugh of fools.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your humble Servant,*

SOPHRON.

NUMB. 58. SATURDAY, *October* 6, 1750.

——————*Improbæ*
*Creſcunt divitiæ, tamen*
*Curtæ neſcio quid ſemper abeſt rei.* HOR.

But, while in heaps his wicked wealth aſcends,
He is not of his wiſh poſſeſs'd;
There's ſomething wanting ſtill to make him bleſs'd.
FRANCIS.

AS the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the paſſions that have given great diſturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topick more copiouſly treated by the ancient moraliſts than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with theſe authors need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large poſſeſſions is illuſtrated; and how all the powers of reaſon and eloquence have been exhauſted in endeavours to eradicate a deſire, which ſeems to have intrenched

itſelf too ſtrongly in the mind to be driven out, and, which, perhaps. had not loſt its power, even over thoſe who declaimed againſt it, but would have broken out in the poet or the ſage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, ſo unſucceſsful, that I know not whether it can be ſhown, that by all the wit and reaſon which this favourite cauſe has called forth, a ſingle convert was ever made; that even one man has refuſed to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happineſs of a narrow fortune; or diſburthened himſelf of wealth, when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leiſure and ſecurity of a mean and unenvied ſtate.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raiſing themſelves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindeſt offers of fortune: but, however their moderation may be boaſted by themſelves, or admired by ſuch as only view them at a diſtance, it will be, perhaps, ſeldom found that they value riches leſs, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouſe themſelves to action, to ſtrain in the race of competition, or to ſtand the ſhock of conteſt; but though they, therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheleſs wiſh themſelves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not ſeize.

Others have retired from high ſtations, and voluntarily condemned themſelves to privacy and obſcurity. But even theſe will not afford many occaſions of triumph to the philoſopher; for they have

have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themſelves unable to hold, and prevented diſgrace by reſignation; or they have been induced to try new meaſures by general inconſtancy, which always dreams of happineſs in novelty, or by a gloomy diſpoſition, which is diſguſted in the ſame degree with every ſtate, and wiſhes every ſcene of life to change as ſoon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low ſtations equally unable to ſatisfy the wiſhes of a diſtempered mind, and were unable to ſhelter themſelves in the cloſeſt retreat from diſappointment, ſolicitude, and miſery.

Yet though theſe admonitions have been thus neglected by thoſe, who either enjoyed riches, or were able to procure them, it is not raſhly to be determined that they are altogether without uſe; for ſince far the greateſt part of mankind muſt be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in ſituations, from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, thoſe writers cannot be thought ill employed that have adminiſtered remedies to diſcontent almoſt univerſal, by ſhowing, that what we cannot reach may very well be forborn, that the inequality of diſtribution, at which we murmur, is for the moſt part leſs than it ſeems, and that the greatneſs, which we admire at a diſtance, has much fewer advantages, and much leſs ſplendor, when we are ſuffered to approach it.

It is the buſineſs of moraliſts to detect the frauds of fortune, and to ſhow that ſhe impoſes upon the careleſs eye, by a quick ſucceſſion of ſhadows, which will ſhrink to nothing in the gripe; that ſhe diſguiſes life in extrinſick ornaments, which ſerve

only for ſhow, and are laid aſide in the hours of ſolitude, and of pleaſure; and that when greatneſs aſpires either to felicity or to wiſdom, it ſhakes off thoſe diſtinctions which dazzle the gazer, and awe the ſupplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whoſe condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious inſtruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digeſt them by their own underſtandings, ſeem to conſider thoſe who are placed in ranks of remote ſuperiority, as almoſt another and higher ſpecies of beings. As themſelves have known little other miſery than the conſequences of want, they are with difficulty perſuaded that where there is wealth there can be ſorrow, or that thoſe who glitter in dignity, and glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like thoſe which lie heavy upon the reſt f mankind.

This prejudice is, indeed, confined to the loweſt meanneſs, and the darkeſt ignorance; but it is ſo confined only becauſe others have been ſhown its folly, and its falſehood, becauſe it has been oppoſed in its progreſs by hiſtory and philoſophy, and hindered from ſpreading its infection by powerful preſervatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguiſh avarice or ambition, or ſuppreſs that reluctance with which a man paſſes his days in a ſtate of inferiority, muſt, at leaſt, have made the lower conditions leſs grating and wearifome, and has conſequently contributed to the general ſecurity of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which muſt have been produced by an unbounded

eagerneſs

eagerneſs of wealth, ariſing from an unſhaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himſelf incited, by ſome violent impulſe or paſſion, to purſue riches as the chief end of being, muſt ſurely be ſo much alarmed by the ſucceſſive admonitions of thoſe, whoſe experience and ſagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to ſtop and conſider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine, before he ruſhes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will ſeldom fail to repreſs his ardour, and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itſelf, it is not uſeful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchaſe, which, if we ſuppoſe it put to its beſt uſe by thoſe that poſſeſs it, ſeems not much to deſerve the deſire or envy of a wiſe man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleaſure, nor block up the paſſages of anguiſh. Diſeaſe and infirmity ſtill continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exaſperated by luxury, or promoted by ſoftneſs. With reſpect to the mind, it has rarely been obſerved, that wealth contributes much to quicken the diſcernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence aſleep, confirm error, and harden ſtupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatneſs, for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itſelf is not able to give that dignity

which it happens not to find, but oppreſſes feeble minds, though it may elevate the ſtrong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whoſe exiſtence has ſcarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the deſire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and ſee how it operates upon thoſe whoſe induſtry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppreſſed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleaſure, idle without eaſe, impatient and querulous in themſelves, and deſpiſed or hated by the reſt of mankind, we ſhall ſoon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are ſatisfied, there remains little to be ſought with ſolicitude, or deſired with eagerneſs.

NUMB. 59. TUESDAY, *October* 9, 1750.

*Eſt aliquid fatale malum per verba levare,*
*Hoc querulam Halcyonenque Prognen facit:*
*Hoc erat in ſolo quare Pæantias antro*
*Vox fatigaret Lemnia ſaxa ſua.*
*Strangulat incluſus dolor atque exæſtuat intus,*
*Cogitur et vires multiplicare ſuas.* OVID.

Complaining oft, gives reſpite to our grief;
From hence the wretched *Progne* ſought relief,
Hence the *Pæantian* chief his fate deplores,
And vents his ſorrow to the *Lemnian* ſhores:
In vain by ſecrecy we wou'd aſſuage
Our cares; conceal'd they gather tenfold rage.
F. LEWIS

IT is common to diſtinguiſh men by the names of animals which they are ſuppoſed to reſemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a lion, and

and a ſtateſman a fox, an extortioner gains the appellation of vulture, and a fop the title of a monkey. There is alſo among the various anomalies of character, which a ſurvey of the world exhibits, a ſpecies of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the ſcreech-owls of mankind.

Theſe ſcreech-owls ſeem to be ſettled in an opinion that the great buſineſs of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpoſe than to diſturb the happineſs of others, to leſſen the little comforts, and ſhorten the ſhort pleaſures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the paſt, or melancholy prognoſticks of the future; their only care is to cruſh the riſing hope, to damp the kindling tranſport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful droſs of grief and ſuſpicion.

To thoſe, whoſe weakneſs of ſpirits, or timidity of temper, ſubjects them to impreſſions from others, and who are apt to ſuffer by faſcination, and catch the contagion of miſery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compaſs of a ſcreech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehenſions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and ſadden, by intruded ſorrows, the day which might have been paſſed in amuſements or in buſineſs; it will burthen the heart with unneceſſary diſcontents, and weaken for a time that love of life which is neceſſary to the vigorous proſecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the reſt of mankind, many failings and weakneſſes, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with ſuperſtition;

I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either ſhoulder. I have, like moſt other philoſophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been ſometimes reproached as fool-hardy for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly becauſe a ſnake croſſes my way, nor have any particular dread of a climacterical year; yet I confeſs that, with all my ſcorn of old women, and their tales, I conſider it as an unhappy day when I happen to be greeted, in the morning, by Suſpirius the ſcreech-owl.

I have now known Suſpirius fifty-eight years and four months, and have never yet paſſed an hour with him in which he has not made ſome attack upon my quiet. When we were firſt acquainted, his great topick was the miſery of youth without riches, and whenever he walked out together he ſolaced me with a long enumeration of pleaſures, which, as they were beyond the reach of my fortune, were without the verge of my deſires, and which I ſhould never have conſidered as the objects of a wiſh, had not his unſeaſonable repreſentations placed them in my ſight.

Another of his topicks is the neglect of merit, with which he never fails to amuſe every man whom he ſees not eminently fortunate. If he meets with a young officer, he always informs him of gentlemen whoſe perſonal courage is unqueſtioned, and whoſe military ſkill qualifies them to command armies, that have, notwithſtanding all their merit, grown old with ſubaltern commiſſions. For a genius in the church, he is always provided with a curacy for life. The lawyer he informs of many

many men of great parts and deep ſtudy, who have never had an opportunity to ſpeak in the courts: and meeting Serenus the phyſician, "Ah "doctor, ſays he, what a-foot ſtill, when ſo many "blockheads are rattling in their chariots? I told "you ſeven years ago that you would never meet "with encouragement, and I hope you will now "take more notice, when I tell you, that your "*Greek*, and your diligence, and your honeſty, will "never enable you to live like yonder apothecary, "who preſcribes to his own ſhop, and laughs at the "phyſician."

Suſpirius has, in his time, intercepted fifteen authors in their way to the ſtage; perſuaded nine and thirty merchants to retire from a proſperous trade for fear of bankruptcy, broke off an hundred and thirteen matches by prognoſtications of unhappineſs, and enabled the ſmall-pox to kill nineteen ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loſs of beauty.

Whenever my evil ſtars bring us together, he never fails to repreſent to me the folly of my purſuits, and informs me that we are much older than when we began our acquaintance, that the infirmities of decrepitude are coming faſt upon me, that whatever I now get I ſhall enjoy but a little time, that fame is to a man tottering on the edge of the grave of very little importance, and that the time is at hand when I ought to look for no other pleaſures than a good dinner and an eaſy chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious ſtrain, diſplaying preſent miſeries, and foreboding more, γυκτιχοραξ ἀδυ θανατηφορος, every ſyllable is loaded with misfortune, and death is always brought

nearer to the view. Yet, what always raiſes my reſentment and indignation, I do not perceive that his mournful meditations have much effect upon himſelf. He talks, and has long talked of calamities, without diſcovering, otherwiſe than by the tone of his voice, that he feels any of the evils which he bewails or threatens, but has the ſame habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telling ſtories, and falls into expreſſions of condolence for paſt, or apprehenſion of future miſchiefs, as all men ſtudious of their eaſe have recourſe to thoſe ſubjects upon which they can moſt fluently or copiouſly diſcourſe.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they deſtroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without diſturbance. Though I would not ſo far promote effeminacy as to propoſe the Sybarites for an example, yet ſince there is no man ſo corrupt or fooliſh, but ſomething uſeful may be learned from him, I could wiſh that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, ſome regulations might be made to exclude ſcreech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to ſome proper receptacle, where they may mingle ſighs of leiſure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

*Thou prophet of evil*, ſays Homer's Agamemmon, *thou never foreteller ſt me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes*. Whoever is of the ſame temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of ſcreech-owls might hoot together without injury to the reſt of the world.

Yet, though I have ſo little kindneſs for this dark generation, I am very far from intending to debar

debar the ſoft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the ſigh riſes from the deſire not of giving pain, but of gaining eaſe. To heat complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendſhip; and though it muſt be allowed that he ſuffers moſt like a hero that hides his grief in ſilence,

*Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altum corde dolorem,*
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart. DRYDEN.

yet, it cannot be denied that he who complains acts like a man, like a ſocial being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures. Pity is to many of the unhappy a ſource of comfort in hopeleſs diſtreſſes, as it contributes to recommend them to themſelves, by proving that they have not loſt the regard of others; and Heaven ſeems to indicate the duty even of barren compaſſion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

## NUMB. 60. SATURDAY, *October* 13, 1750.

*Quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,*
*Plenius et melius Chryſippo et Crantore dicit.* HOR.
Whoſe works the beautiful and baſe contain,
Of vice and virtue more inſtructive rules,
Than all the ſober ſages of the ſchools. FRANCIS.

ALL joy or ſorrow for the happineſs or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination, that realiſes the event however fictitious, or approximates it however remote, by placing us, for a time, in the condition of him whoſe

whoſe fortune we contemplate; ſo that we feel, while the deception laſts, whatever motions would be excited by the ſame good or evil happening to ourſelves.

Our paſſions are therefore more ſtrongly moved, in proportion as we can more readily adopt the pains or pleaſure propoſed to our minds, by recognifing them as once our own, or conſidering them as naturally incident to our ſtate of life. It is not eaſy for the moſt artful writer to give us an intereſt in happineſs or miſery, which we think ourſelves never likely to feel, and with which we have never yet been made acquainted. Hiſtories of the downfal of kingdoms, and revolutions of empires, are read with great tranquillity; the imperial tragedy pleaſes common auditors only by its pomp of ornament, and grandeur of ideas; and the man whoſe faculties have been engroſſed by buſineſs, and whoſe heart never fluttered but at the riſe or fall of ſtocks, wonders how the attention can be ſeized, or the affection agitated, by a tale of love.

Thoſe parallel circumſtances and kindred images, to which we readily conform our minds, are, above all other writings, to be found in narratives of the lives of particular perſons; and therefore no ſpecies of writing ſeems more worthy of cultivation than biography, ſince none can be more delightful or more uſeful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irreſiſtible intereſt, or more widely diffuſe inſtruction to every diverſity of condition.

The general and rapid narratives of hiſtory, which involve a thouſand fortunes in the buſineſs of a day, and complicate innumerable incidents in one great tranſaction, afford few leſſons applicable

to

to private life, which derives its comforts and its wretchedneſs from the right or wrong management of things, which nothing but the frequency makes conſiderable, *Parva ſi non fiunt quotidie*, ſays Pliny, and which can have no place in thoſe relations which never deſcend below the conſultation of ſenates, the motions of armies, and the ſchemes of conſpirators.

I have often thought that there has rarely paſſed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be uſeful. For, not only every man has, in the mighty maſs of the world, great numbers in the ſame condition with himſelf, to whom his miſtakes and miſcarriages, eſcapes and expedients, would be of immediate and apparent uſe; but there is ſuch an uniformity in the ſtate of man, conſidered apart from adventitious and ſeparable decorations and diſguiſes, that there is ſcarce any poſſibility of good or ill, but is common to human kind. A great part of the time of thoſe who are placed at the greateſt diſtance by fortune, or by temper, muſt unavoidably paſs in the ſame manner, and though, when the claims of nature are ſatisfied, caprice, and vanity, and accident, begin to produce diſcriminations and peculiarities, yet the eye is not very heedful or quick, which cannot diſcover the ſame cauſes ſtill terminating their influence in the ſame effects, though ſometimes accelerated, ſometimes retarded, or perplexed by multiplied combinations. We are all prompted by the ſame motives, all deceived by the ſame fallacies, all animated by hope, obſtructed by danger, entangled by deſire, and ſeduced by pleaſure.

It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not diſtinguiſhed by any ſtriking

ſtriking or wonderful viciſſitudes. The ſcholar who paſſed his life among his books, the merchant who conducted only his own affairs, the prieſt, whoſe ſphere of action was not attended beyond that of his duty, are conſidered as no proper objects of publick regard, however they might have excelled in their ſeveral ſtations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion ariſes from falſe meaſures of excellence and dignity, and muſt be eradicated by conſidering, that in the eſteem of uncorrupted reaſon, what is of moſt uſe is of moſt value.

It is, indeed, not improper to take honeſt advantages of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name; but the buſineſs of the biographer is often to paſs ſlightly over thoſe performances and incidents, which produce vulgar greatneſs, to lead the thoughts into domeſtick privacies, and diſplay the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are caſt aſide, and men excel each other only by prudence and by virtue. The account of Thuanus is, with great propriety, ſaid by its author to have been written, that it might lay open to poſterity the private and familiar character of that man, *cujus ingenium et candorem ex ipſius ſcriptis ſunt olim ſemper miraturi*, whoſe candour and genius will to the end of time be by his writings preſerved in admiration.

There are many inviſible circumſtances which, whether we read as enquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our ſcience, or increaſe our virtue, are more important than publick occurrences. Thus Salluſt, the great maſter of nature, has not forgot, in his account of Catiline, to remark that *his walk was now quick, and*

*and again ſlow*, as an indication of a mind revolving ſomething with violent commotion. Thus the ſtory of Melanchon affords a ſtriking lecture on the value of time, by informing us, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleneſs of ſuſpenſe; and all the plans and enterprizes of De Wit are now of leſs importance to the world, than that part of his perſonal character which repreſents him as *careful of his health, and negligent of his life.*

But biography has often been allotted to writers who ſeem very little acquainted with the nature of their taſk, or very negligent about the performance. They rarely afford any other account than might be collected from publick papers, but imagine themſelves writing a life when they exhibit a chronological ſeries of actions or preferments; and ſo little regard the manners or behaviour of their heroes, that more knowledge may be gained of a man's real character, by a ſhort converſation with one of his ſervants, than from a formal and ſtudied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral.

If now and then they condeſcend to inform the world of particular facts, they are not always ſo happy as to ſelect the moſt important. I know not well what advantage poſterity can receive from the only circumſtance by which Tickell has diſtinguiſhed Addiſon from the reſt of mankind, *the irregularity of his pulſe*: nor can I think myſelf overpaid for the time ſpent in reading the life of Malherb, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherb had two predominant opinions; one, that the looſeneſs of a ſingle woman might

might deſtroy all her boaſt of ancient deſcent; the other, that the French beggars made uſe very improperly and barbarouſly of the phraſe *noble Gentleman*, becauſe either word included the ſenſe of both.

There are, indeed, ſome natural reaſons why theſe narratives are often written by ſuch as were not likely to give much inſtruction or delight, and why moſt accounts of particular perſons are barren and uſeleſs. If a life be delayed till intereſt and envy are at an end, we may hope for impartiality, but muſt expect little intelligence; for the incidents which give excellence to biography are of a volatile and evaneſcent kind, ſuch as ſoon eſcape the memory, and are rarely tranſmitted by tradition. We know how few can pourtray a living acquaintance, except by his moſt prominent and obſervable particularities, and the groſſer features of his mind; and it may be eaſily imagined how much of this little knowledge may be loſt in imparting it, and how ſoon a ſucceſſion of copies will loſe all reſemblance of the original.

If the biographer writes from perſonal knowledge, and makes haſte to gratify the publick curioſity, there is danger leſt his intereſt, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderneſs, overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer ſuffer by their detection; we therefore ſee whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyrick, and not to be known from one another, but by extrinſick and caſual circumſtances. "Let me remember, ſays Hale, when I "find myſelf inclined to pity a criminal, that "there

"there is likewiſe a pity due to the country." If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more reſpect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

NUMB. 61. TUESDAY, *October* 16, 1750.

*Falſus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret*
*Quem niſi mendoſum et mendacem?* HOR.

Falſe praiſe can charm, unreal ſhame controul.——
Whom but a vicious or a ſickly ſoul? FRANCIS.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is extremely vexatious to a man of eager and thirſty curioſity to be placed at a great diſtance from the fountain of intelligence, and not only never to receive the current of report till it has ſatiated the greateſt part of the nation, but at laſt to find it mudded in its courſe, and corrupted with taints or mixtures from every channel through which it flowed.

One of the chief pleaſures of my life is to hear what paſſes in the world, to know what are the ſchemes of the politick, the aims of the buſy, and the hopes of the ambitious; what changes of public meaſures are approaching; who is likely to be cruſhed in the colliſion of parties; who is climbing to the top of power, and who is tottering on the precipice of diſgrace. But as it is very common for us to deſire moſt what we are leaſt qualified to obtain, I have ſuffered this appetite of news to outgrow all the gratifications which my preſent ſituation can afford it; for being placed in a remote

mote country, I am condemned always to confound the future with the paſt, to form prognoſtications of events no longer doubtful, and to conſider the expediency of ſchemes already executed or defeated. I am perplexed with a perpetual deception in my proſpects, like a man pointing his teleſcope at a remote ſtar, which before the light reaches his eye, has forſaken the place from which it was emitted.

The mortification of being thus always behind the active world in my reflections and diſcoveries, is exceedingly aggravated by the petulance of thoſe whoſe health, or buſineſs, or pleaſure, brings them hither from London. For, without conſidering the inſuperable diſadvantages of my condition, and the unavoidable ignorance which abſence muſt produce, they often treat me with the utmoſt ſupercilioufneſs of contempt, for not knowing what no human ſagacity can diſcover; and ſometimes ſeem to conſider me as a wretch ſcarcely worthy of human converſe, when I happen to talk of the fortune of a bankrupt, or propoſe the healths of the dead, when I warn them of miſchiefs already incurred, or wiſh for meaſures that have been lately taken. They ſeem to attribute to the ſuperiority of their intellects what they only owe to the accident of their condition, and think themſelves indiſputably intitled to airs of inſolence and authority, when they find another ignorant of facts, which becauſe they echoed in the ſtreets of London, they ſuppoſe equally public in all other places, and known where they could neither be ſeen, related, nor conjectured.

To this haughtineſs they are indeed too much encouraged by the reſpect which they receive amongſt

amongſt us, for no other reaſon than that they come from London. For no ſooner is the arrival of one of theſe diſſeminators of knowledge known in the country, than we crowd about him from every quarter, and by innumerable enquiries flatter him into an opinion of his own importance. He ſees himſelf ſurrounded by multitudes, who propoſe their doubts, and refer their controverſies, to him, as to a being deſcended from ſome nobler region, and he grows on a ſudden oraculous and infallible, ſolves all difficulties, and ſets all objections at defiance.

There is, in my opinion, great reaſon for ſuſpecting, that they ſometimes take advantage of this reverential modeſty, and impoſe upon ruſtick underſtandings with a falſe ſhow of univerſal intelligence; for I do not find that they are willing to own themſelves ignorant of any thing, or that they diſmiſs any enquirer with a poſitive and deciſive anſwer. The court, the city, the park, and exchange, are to thoſe men of unbounded obſervation equally familiar, and they are alike ready to tell the hour at which ſtocks will riſe, or the miniſtry be changed.

A ſhort reſidence at London entitles a man to knowledge, to wit, to politeneſs, and to a deſpotick and dictatorial power of preſcribing to the rude multitude, whom he condeſcends to honour with a biennial viſit; yet, I know not well upon what motives, I have lately found myſelf inclined to cavil at this preſcription, and to doubt whether it be not, on ſome occaſions, proper to withhold our veneration, till we are more authentically convinced of the merits of the claimant.

It

It is well remembered here, that, about ſeven years ago, one Frolick, a tall boy, with lank hair, remarkable for ſtealing eggs, and ſucking them, was taken from the ſchool in this pariſh, and ſent up to London to ſtudy the law. As he had given amongſt us no proofs of a genius deſigned by nature for extraordinary performances, he was, from the time of his departure, totally forgotten, nor was there any talk of his vices or virtues, his good or his ill fortune, till laſt ſummer a report burſt upon us, that Mr. Frolick was come down in the firſt poſt-chaiſe which this village had ſeen, having travelled with ſuch rapidity that one of his poſtilions had broke his leg, and another narrowly eſcaped ſuffocation in a quickſand. But that Mr. Frolick ſeemed totally unconcerned, for ſuch things were never heeded at London.

Mr. Frolick next day appeared among the gentlemen at their weekly meeting on the bowling-green, and now were ſeen the effects of a London education. His dreſs, his language, his ideas, were all new, and he did not much endeavour to conceal his contempt of every thing that differed from the opinions, or practice, of the modiſh world. He ſhewed us the deformity of our ſkirts and ſleeves, informed us where hats of the proper ſize were to be ſold, and recommended to us the reformation of a thouſand abſurdities in our clothes, our cookery, and our converſation. When any of his phraſes were unintelligible, he could not ſuppreſs the joy of confeſſed ſuperiority, but frequently delayed the explanation, that he might enjoy his triumph over our barbarity.

When he is pleaſed to entertain us with a ſtory, he takes care to crowd into it names of ſtreets, ſquares,

ſquares, and buildings, with which he knows we are unacquainted. The favourite topicks of his diſcourſe are the pranks of drunkards, and the tricks put upon country gentlemen by porters and link-boys. When he is with ladies he tells them of the innumerable pleaſures to which he can introduce them; but never falls to hint, how much they will be deficient, at their firſt arrival, in the knowledge of the town. What it is *to know the town* he has not indeed hitherto informed us, though there is no phraſe ſo frequent in his mouth, nor any ſcience which he appears to think of ſo great a value, or ſo difficult attainment.

But my curioſity has been moſt engaged by the recital of his own adventures and atchievements. I have heard of the union of various characters in ſingle perſons, but never met with ſuch a conſtellation of great qualities as this man's narrative affords. Whatever has diſtinguiſhed the hero; whatever has elevated the wit; whatever has endeared the lover, are all concentered in Mr. Frolick, whoſe life has, for ſeven years, been a regular interchange of intrigues, dangers, and waggeries, and who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in every character that can be feared, envied, or admired.

I queſtion whether all the officers of the royal navy can bring together from all their journals, a collection of ſo many wonderful eſcapes as this man has known upon the Thames, on which he has been a thouſand and a thouſand times on the point of periſhing, ſometimes by the terrors of fooliſh women in the ſame boat, ſometimes by his own acknowledged imprudence in paſſing the river in the dark, and ſometimes by ſhooting the bridge, under which he has rencountered mountainous waves, and dreadful cataracts.

Nor

Nor leſs has been his temerity by land, nor fewer his hazards. He has reeled with giddineſs on the top of the monument; he has croſſed the ſtreet amidſt the ruſh of coaches; he has been ſurrounded by robbers without number; he has headed parties at the playhouſe; he has ſcaled the windows of every toaſt of whatever condition; he has been hunted for whole winters by his rivals; he has ſlept upon bulks, he has cut chairs, he has bilked coachmen; he has reſcued his friends from the bailiffs, has knocked down the conſtable, has bullied the juſtice, and performed many other exploits, that have filled the town with wonder and with merriment.

But yet greater is the fame of his underſtanding than his bravery; for he informs us, that he is, at London, the eſtabliſhed arbitrator of all points of honour, and the deciſive judge of all performances of genius; that no muſical performer is in reputation till the opinion of Frolick has ratified his pretenſions; that the theatres ſuſpend their ſentence till he begins the clap or hiſs, in which all are proud to concur: that no publick entertainment has failed or ſucceeded, but becauſe he oppoſed or favoured it; that all controverſies at the gaming-table are referred to his determination; that he adjuſts the ceremonial at every aſſembly, and preſcribes every faſhion of pleaſure or of dreſs.

With every man whoſe name occurs in the papers of the day, he is intimately acquainted; and there are very few poſts, either in the ſtate or army, of which he has not more or leſs influenced the diſpoſal. He has been very frequently conſulted both upon war and peace; but the time is not yet come when the nation ſhall know how much it is indebted to the genius of Frolick.

Yet,

Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe declarations, I cannot hitherto perſuade myſelf to ſee that Mr. Frolick has more wit, or knowledge, or courage, than the reſt of mankind, or that any uncommon enlargement of his faculties has happened in the time of his abſence. For when he talks on ſubjects known to the reſt of the company, he has no advantage over us, but by catches of interruption, briſkneſs of interrogation, and pertneſs of contempt; and therefore if he has ſtunned the world with his name, and gained a place in the firſt ranks of humanity, I cannot but conclude, that either a little underſtanding confers eminence at London, or that Mr. Frolick thinks us unworthy of the exertion of his powers, or that his faculties are benumbed by rural ſtupidity, as the magnetick needle loſes its animation in the polar climes.

I would not, however, like many haſty philoſophers, ſearch after the cauſe till I am certain of the effect; and, therefore, I deſire to be informed, whether you have yet heard the great name of Mr. Frolick. If he is celebrated by other tongues than his own, I ſhall willingly propagate his praiſe; but if he has ſwelled among us with empty boaſts, and honours conferred only by himſelf, I ſhall treat him with ruſtick ſincerity, and drive him as an impoſtor from this part of the kingdom to ſome region of more credulity.

*I am, &c.*

RURICOLA.

NUMB. 62. SATURDAY, *October* 20, 1750.

*Nunc ego Triptolemi cuperem conſcendere currus,*
*Miſit in ignotam qui rude ſemen humum:*
*Nunc ego Medeæ vellem frænare dracones,*
*Quos habuit fugiens arva, Corinthe, tua;*
*Nunc ego jactandas optarem ſumere pennas,*
*Sive tuas, Perſeu; Dædale, ſive tuas.* OVID.

Now would I mount his car, whoſe bounteous hand
Firſt ſow'd with teeming ſeed the furrow'd land:
Now to *Medæa*'s dragons fix my reins,
That ſwiftly bore her from *Corinthian* plains;
Now on *Dædalian* waxen pinions ſtray,
Or thoſe which wafted *Perſeus on his way*. F. LEWIS.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM a young woman of a very large fortune, which, if my parents would have been perſuaded to comply with the rules and cuſtoms of the polite part of mankind, might long ſince have raiſed me to the higheſt honours of the female world; but ſo ſtrangely have they hitherto contrived to waſte my life, that I am now on the borders of twenty, without having ever danced but at our monthly aſſembly, or been toaſted but among a few gentlemen of the neighbourhood, or ſeen any company in which it was worth a wiſh to be diſtinguiſhed.

My father having impaired his patrimony in ſoliciting a place at court, at laſt grew wiſe enough to ceaſe his purſuit, and, to repair the conſequences of expenſive attendance and negligence of his affairs, married a lady much older than himſelf, who had lived in the faſhionable world till ſhe was conſidered as an encumbrance upon parties of pleaſure,

pleaſure, and as I can collect from incidental informations, retired from gay aſſemblies juſt time enough to eſcape the mortification of univerſal neglect.

She was, however, ſtill rich, and not yet wrinkled; my father was too diſtreſsfully embarraſſed to think much on any thing but the means of extrication, and though it is not likely that he wanted the delicacy which polite converſation will always produce in underſtandings not remarkably defective, yet he was contented with a match, by which he might be ſet free from inconveniencies, that would have deſtroyed all the pleaſures of imagination, and taken from ſoftneſs and beauty the power of delighting.

As they were both ſomewhat diſguſted with their treatment in the world, and married, though without any diſlike of each other, yet principally for the ſake of ſetting themſelves free from dependence on caprice or faſhion, they ſoon retired into the country, and devoted their lives to rural buſineſs and diverſions.

They had not much reaſon to regret the change of their ſituation; for their vanity, which had ſo long been tormented by neglect and diſappointment, was here gratified with every honour that could be paid them. Their long familiarity with public life made them the oracles of all thoſe who aſpired to intelligence, or politeneſs. My father dictated politicks, my mother preſcribed the mode, and it was ſufficient to entitle any family to ſome conſideration, that they were known to viſit at Mrs. Courtly's.

In this ſtate they were, to ſpeak inthe ſtyle of novelliſts, made happy by the birth of your corre-

ſpondent. My parents had no other child, I was therefore not brow-beaten by a ſaucy brother, or loſt in a multitude of coheireſſes, whoſe fortunes being equal, would probably have conferred equal merit, and procured equal regard; and as my mother was now old, my underſtanding and my perſon had fair play, my enquiries were not checked, my advances towards importance were not repreſſed, and I was ſoon ſuffered to tell my own opinions, and early accuſtomed to hear my own praiſes.

By theſe accidental advantages I was much exalted above the young ladies with whom I converſed, and was treated by them with great deference. I ſaw none who did not ſeem to confeſs my ſuperiority, and to be held in awe by the ſplendour of my appearance; for the fondneſs of my father made him pleaſed to ſee me dreſſed, and my mother had no vanity nor expences to hinder her from concurring with his inclinations.

Thus, Mr Rambler, I lived without much deſire after any thing beyond the circle of our viſits; and here I ſhould have quietly continued to portion out my time among my books, and my needle, and my company, had not my curioſity been every moment excited by the converſation of my parents, who, whenever they ſit down to familiar prattle, and endeavour the entertainment of each other, immediately tranſport themſelves to London, and relate ſome adventure in a hackney-coach, ſome frolick at a maſquerade, ſome converſation in the Park, or ſome quarrel at an aſſembly, diſplay the magnificence of a birth-night, relate the conqueſts of maids of honour, or give a hiſtory of diverſions, ſhows, and entertainments, which I had never known but from their accounts.

I am

I am ſo well verſed in the hiſtory of the gay world, that I can relate, with great punctuality, the lives of all the laſt race of wits and beauties; can enumerate, with exact chronology, the whole ſucceſſion of celebrated ſingers, muſicians, tragedians, comedians, and harlequins; can tell to the laſt twenty years all the changes of faſhions; and am, indeed, a complete antiquary with reſpect to head-dreſſes, dances, and operas.

You will eaſily imagine, Mr. Rambler, that I could not hear theſe narratives, for ſixteen years together, without ſuffering ſome impreſſion, and wiſhing myſelf nearer to thoſe places where every hour brings ſome new pleaſure, and life is diverſified with an unexhauſted ſucceſſion of felicity.

I indeed often aſked my mother why ſhe left a place which ſhe recollected with ſo much delight, and why ſhe did not viſit London once a year, like ſome other ladies, and initiate me in the world by ſhowing me its amuſements, its grandeur, and its variety. But ſhe always told me that the days which ſhe had ſeen were ſuch as will never come again; that all diverſion is now degenerated, that the converſation of the preſent age is inſipid, that their faſhions are unbecoming, their cuſtoms abſurd, and their morals corrupt; that there is no ray left of the genius which enlightened the times that ſhe remembers; that no one who had ſeen, or heard the ancient performers, would be able to bear the bunglers of this deſpicable age; and that there is now neither politeneſs, nor pleaſure, nor virtue, in the world. She therefore aſſures me that ſhe conſults my happineſs by keeping me at home, for I ſhould now find nothing but vexation and diſguſt, and ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to ſee me

pleaſed with ſuch fopperies and trifles, as take up the thoughts of the preſent ſet of young people.

With this anſwer I was kept quiet for ſeveral years, and thought it no great inconvenience to be confined to the country, till laſt ſummer a young gentleman and his ſiſter came down to paſs a few months with one of our neighbours. They had generally no great regard for the country ladies, but diſtinguiſhed me by a particular complaiſance, and, as we grew intimate, gave me ſuch a detail of the elegance, the ſplendour, the mirth, the happineſs of the town, that I am reſolved to be no longer buried in ignorance and obſcurity, but to ſhare with other wits the joy of being admired, and divide with other beauties the empire of the world.

I do not find, Mr Rambler, upon a deliberate and impartial compariſon, that I am excelled by Belinda in beauty, in wit, in judgment, in knowledge, or in any thing, but a kind of gay, lively familiarity, by which ſhe mingles with ſtrangers as with perſons long acquainted, and which enables her to diſplay her powers without any obſtruction, heſitation, or confuſion. Yet ſhe can relate a thouſand civilities paid to her in public, can produce, from a hundred lovers, letters filled with praiſes, proteſtations, extaſies, and deſpair; has been handed by dukes to her chair; has been the occaſion of innumerable quarrels; has paid twenty viſits in an afternoon; been invited to ſix balls in an evening, and been forced to retire to lodgings in the country from the importunity of courtſhip, and the fatigue of pleaſure.

I tell you, Mr. Rambler, I will ſtay here no longer, I have at laſt prevailed upon my mother

to

to ſend me to town, and ſhall ſet out in three weeks on the grand expedition. I intend to live in public, and to crowd into the winter every pleaſure which money can purchaſe, and every honour which beauty can obtain.

But this tedious interval how ſhall I endure? Cannot you alleviate the miſery of delay by ſome pleaſing deſcription of the entertainments of the town? I can read, I can talk, I can think of nothing elſe; and if you will not ſooth my impatience, heighten my ideas, and animate my hopes, you may write for thoſe who have more leiſure, but are not to expect any longer the honour of being read by thoſe eyes which are now intent only on conqueſt and deſtruction.

RHODOCLIA.

NUMB. 63. TUESDAY, *October* 22, 1750.

*——Habebas ſæpe ducentos,*
*Sæpe decem ſervos: modò reges atque tetrarchas,*
*Omnia magna loquens: modò, ſit mihi menſa tripes, et*
*Concha ſalis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,*
*Quamvis craſſa, queat.* HOR.

Now with two hundred ſlaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty ſtrain
At morn, of kings and governors he prates;
At night,—"A frugal table, O ye fates,
"A little ſhell the ſacred ſalt to hold,
"And clothes, tho' coarſe, to keep me from the cold."
FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer, who has left behind him obſervations upon life, that no man is pleaſed with his preſent ſtate,

which proves equally unſatisfactory, ſays Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or choſen with deliberation; we are always diſguſted with ſome circumſtance or other of our ſituation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in bleſſings, or leſs expoſed to calamities.

This univerſal diſcontent has been generally mentioned with great ſeverity of cenſure, as unreaſonable in itſelf, ſince of two, equally envious of each other, both cannot have the larger ſhare of happineſs, and as tending to darken life with unneceſſary gloom, by withdrawing our minds from the contemplation and enjoyment of that happineſs which our ſtate affords us, and fixing our attention upon foreign objects, which we only behold to depreſs ourſelves, and increaſe our miſery by injurious compariſons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others predominates in the heart, ſo as to excite reſolutions of obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to which ſuch tranſcendent privileges are ſuppoſed to be annexed; when it burſts into action, and produces fraud, violence, and injuſtice, it is to be purſued with all the rigour of legal puniſhments. But while operating only upon the thoughts, it diſturbs none but him who has happened to admit it, and, however it may interrupt content, makes no attack on piety or virtue, I cannot think it ſo far criminal or ridiculous, but that it may deſerve ſome pity, and admit ſome excuſe.

That all are equally happy, or miſerable, I ſuppoſe none is ſufficiently enthuſiaſtical to maintain; becauſe though we cannot judge of the condition of others, yet every man has found frequent viciſſitudes in his own ſtate, and muſt therefore be convinced

vinced that life is ſuſceptible of more or leſs felicity. What then ſhall forbid us to endeavour the alteration of that which is capable of being improved, and to graſp at augmentations of good, when we know it poſſible to be increaſed, and believe that any particular change of ſituation will increaſe it?

If he that finds himſelf uneaſy may reaſonably make efforts to rid himſelf from vexation, all mankind have a ſufficient plea for ſome degree of reſtleſſneſs, and the fault ſeems to be little more than too much temerity of concluſion, in favour of ſomething not yet experienced, and too much readineſs to believe, that the miſery which our own paſſions and appetites produce, is brought upon us by accidental cauſes, and external efficients.

It is, indeed, frequently diſcovered by us, that we complained too haſtily of peculiar hardſhips, and imagined ourſelves diſtinguiſhed by embarraſſments, in which other claſſes of men are equally entangled. We often change a lighter for a greater evil, and wiſh ourſelves reſtored again to the ſtate from which we thought it deſirable to be delivered. But this knowledge, though it is eaſily gained by the trial, is not always attainable any other way; and that error cannot juſtly be reproached, which reaſon could not obviate, nor prudence avoid.

To take a view at once diſtinct and comprehenſive of human life, with all its intricacies of combination, and varieties of connection, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences. Of the ſtate with which practice has not acquainted us, we ſnatch a glimpſe, we diſcern a point, and regulate the reſt by paſſion, and by fancy. In this enquiry every favourite prejudice, every innate deſire, is

buſy to deceive us. We are unhappy, at leaſt leſs happy than our nature ſeems to admit; we neceſſarily deſire the melioration of our lot; what we deſire, we very reaſonably ſeek, and what we ſeek we are naturally eager to believe that we have found. Our confidence is often diſappointed, but our reaſon is not convinced, and there is no man who does not hope for ſomething which he has not, though perhaps his wiſhes lie unactive, becauſe he foreſees the difficulty of attainment. As among the numerous ſtudents of Hermetick philoſophy, not one appears to have deſiſted from the taſk of tranſmutation, from conviction of its impoſſibility, but from wearineſs of toil, or impatience of delay, a broken body, or exhauſted fortune.

Irreſolution and mutability are often the faults of men, whoſe views are wide, and whoſe imagination is vigorous and excurſive, becauſe they cannot confine their thoughts within their own boundaries of action, but are continually ranging over all the ſcenes of human exiſtence, and conſequently are often apt to conceive that they fall upon new regions of pleaſure, and ſtart new poſſibilities of happineſs. Thus they are buſied with a perpetual ſucceſſion of ſchemes, and paſs their lives in alternate elation and ſorrow, for want of that calm and immoveable acquieſcence in their condition, by which men of ſlower underſtandings are fixed for ever to a certain point, or led on in the plain beaten track, which their fathers and grand-fires have trod before them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to the proſpect, that will always have the diſadvantage which we have already tried; becauſe the evils which we have felt we cannot extenuate; and though

though we have, perhaps from nature, the power as well of aggravating the calamity which we fear, as of heightening the bleſſing we expect, yet in thoſe meditations which we indulge by choice, and which are not forced upon the mind by neceſſity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleaſing images, and ſuffer hope to diſpoſe the lights by which we look upon futurity.

The good and ill of different modes of life are ſometimes ſo equally oppoſed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full conviction, and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are propoſed to the election, than oſcillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no ſooner imagines itſelf determined by ſome prevalent advantage, than ſome convenience of equal weight is diſcovered on the other ſide, and the reſolutions which are ſuggeſted by the niceſt examination, are often repented as ſoon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a large eſtate from a father, long eminent in conſpicuous employments. His father, haraſſed with competitions, and perplexed with multiplicity of buſineſs, recommended the quiet of a private ſtation with ſo much force, that Eumenes for ſome years reſiſted every motion of ambitious wiſhes; but being once provoked by the ſight of oppreſſion, which he could not redreſs, he began to think it the duty of an honeſt man to enable himſelf to protect others, and gradually felt a deſire of greatneſs, excited by a thouſand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the ſenate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced

him at court, and he poſſeſſed that authority and influence which he had reſolved to exert for the happineſs of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatneſs, and was in a ſhort time convinced, that in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced. He felt himſelf every moment in danger of being either ſeduced or driven from his honeſt purpoſes. Sometimes a friend was to be gratified, and ſometimes a rival to be cruſhed, by means which his conſcience could not approve. Sometimes he was forced to comply with the prejudices of the publick, and ſometimes with the ſchemes of the miniſtry. He was by degrees wearied with perpetual ſtruggles to unite policy and virtue, and went back to retirement as the ſhelter of innocence, perſuaded that he could only hope to benefit mankind by a blameleſs example of private virtue. Here he ſpent ſome years in tranquillity and beneficence; but finding that corruption increaſed, and falſe opinions in government prevailed, he thought himſelf again ſummoned to poſts of public truſt, from which new evidence of his own weakneſs again determined him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconſtant by virtue and by vice, by too much or too little thought; yet inconſtancy, however dignified by its motives, is always to be avoided, becauſe life allows us but a ſmall time for enquiry and experiment, and he that ſteadily endeavours at excellence, in whatever employment, will more benefit mankind than he that heſitates in chuſing his part till he is called to the performance. That traveller that reſolutely follows a rough and winding path, will ſooner reach

reach the end of his journey, than he that is always changing his direction, and waſtes the hours of day-light in looking for ſmoother ground, and ſhorter paſſages.

NUMB. 64. SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1750.

*Idem velle, et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia eſt.*

SALLUST.

To live in friendſhip is to have the ſame deſires and the ſame averſions.

WHEN Socrates was building himſelf a houſe at Athens, being aſked by one that obſerved the littleneſs of the deſign, why a man ſo eminent would not have an abode more ſuitable to his dignity? he replied, that he ſhould think himſelf ſufficiently accommodated, if he could ſee that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great maſter of human life, concerning the infrequency of ſuch an union of minds as might deſerve the name of friendſhip, that among the multitudes whom vanity or curioſity, civility or veneration, crouded about him, he did not expect that very ſpacious apartments would be neceſſary to contain all that ſhould regard him with ſincere kindneſs, or adhere to him with ſteady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requiſite to the poſſibility of friendſhip, and ſo many accid nts muſt concur to its riſe and its continuance, that the greateſt part of mankind content themſelves without it, and ſupply its place as they can, with intereſt and dependance.

Multitudes are unqualified for a conſtant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated

incapacitated for any other elevated excellence, by perpetual attention to their intereſt, and unreſiſting ſubjection to their paſſions. Long habits may ſuperinduce inability to deny any deſire, or repreſs, by ſuperior motives, the importunities of any immediate gratification, and inveterate ſelfiſhneſs will imagine all advantages diminiſhed in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption, but many varieties of diſpoſition, not inconſiſtent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendſhip from the heart. Some ardent enough in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiouſneſs nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, ſoon attracted by new objects, diſguſted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are ſoft and flexible, eaſily influenced by reports or whiſpers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumſtance, and to liſten to every ſuſpicion which envy and flattery ſhall ſuggeſt, to follow the opinion of every confident adviſer, and move by the impulſe of the laſt breath. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a better or a ſafer way to the ſagacity of another, inclined to conſider counſel as inſult, and enquiry as want of confidence, and to confer their regard on no other terms than unreſerved ſubmiſſion, and implicit compliance. Some are dark and involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad purpoſes; and pleaſed with producing effects by inviſible means, and ſhewing their deſign only in its execution. Others are univerſally communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuſe of their own ſecrets and thoſe of others, without the neceſſary vigilance

vigilance of caution, or the honeſt arts of prudent integrity, ready to accuſe without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of theſe may be uſeful to the community, and paſs through the world with the reputation of good purpoſes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for cloſe and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be choſen for a friend, whoſe kindneſs is exhaled by its own warmth, or frozen by the firſt blaſt of ſlander; he cannot be a uſeful counſellor, who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence whoſe principal maxim is to ſuſpect; nor can the candour and frankneſs of that man be much eſteemed, who ſpreads his arms to humankind, and makes every man, without diſtinction, a denizen of his boſom.

That friendſhip may be at once fond and laſting, there muſt not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the ſame kind; not only the ſame end muſt be propoſed, but the ſame means muſt be approved by both. We are often, by ſuperficial accompliſhments and accidental endearments, induced to love thoſe whom we cannot eſteem; we are ſometimes, by great abilities, and inconteſtible evidences of virtue, compelled to eſteem thoſe whom we cannot love. But friendſhip, compounded of eſteem and love, derives from one its tenderneſs, and its permanence from the other; and therefore requires not only that its candidates ſhould gain the judgment, but that they ſhould attract the affections; that they ſhould not only be firm in the day of diſtreſs, but gay in the hour of jollity; not only uſeful in exigencies, but pleaſing in familiar life; their preſence ſhould give cheerfulneſs as well as courage, and diſpel alike the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To

To this mutual complacency is generally requiſite an uniformity of opinions, at leaſt of thoſe active and conſpicuous principles which diſcriminate parties in government, and ſects in religion, and which every day operate more or leſs on the common buſineſs of life. For though great tenderneſs has, perhaps, been ſometimes known to continue between men eminent in contrary factions; yet ſuch friends are to be ſhewn rather as prodigies than examples, and it is no more proper to regulate our conduct by ſuch inſtances, than to leap a precipice, becauſe ſome have fallen from it and eſcaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preſerve private kindneſs in the midſt of publick oppoſition, in which will neceſſarily be involved a thouſand incidents, extending their influence to converſation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious motives, in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almoſt every queſtion upon different principles. When ſuch occaſions of diſpute happen, to comply is to betray our cauſe, and to maintain friendſhip by ceaſing to deſerve it; to be ſilent, is to loſe the happineſs and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual conſtraint, and to deſert, if not to betray: and who ſhall determine which of two friends ſhall yield, where neither believes himſelf miſtaken, and both confeſs the importance of the queſtion? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from thoſe what can be expected, but acrimony and vehemence, the inſolence of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and, in time, a wearineſs of conteſt, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endear-

endearments and intercourſe of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, when the root is wounded; but the poiſon of diſcord is infuſed, and though the countenance may preſerve its ſmile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable, whom we ſee only in times of ſerioufneſs and ſeverity; and therefore to maintain the ſoftneſs and ſerenity of benevolence, it is neceſſary that friends partake each others pleaſures as well as cares, and be led to the ſame diverſions by ſimilitude of taſte. This is, however, not to be conſidered as equally indiſpenſable with conformity of principles, becauſe any man may honeſtly, according to the precepts of Horace, reſign the gratifications of taſte to the humour of another, and friendſhip may well deſerve the ſacrifice of pleaſure, though not of conſcience.

It was once confeſſed to me, by a painter, that no profeſſor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is ſo far juſtified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and conſtant friendſhip, between men whom their ſtudies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every cenſurer are hourly inciting againſt each other. The utmoſt expectation that experience can warrant, is, that they ſhould forbear open hoſtilities and ſecret machinations, and when the whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite againſt a common foe. Some however, though few, may perhaps be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generoſity, who are diſtinguiſhed from lower beings by nobler motives than the love of fame, and can preſerve the ſacred flame

flame of friendſhip from the guſts of pride, and the rubbiſh of intereſt.

Friendſhip is ſeldom laſting but between equals, or where the ſuperiority on one ſide is reduced by ſome equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be diſcharged, are not commonly found to increaſe affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that eaſy freedom, and familiarity of intercourſe, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendſhip. Thus imperfect are all earthly bleſſings; the great effect of friendſhip is beneficence, yet by the firſt act of uncommon kindneſs it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this conſideration ought not to reſtrain bounty, or repreſs compaſſion; for duty is to be preferred before convenience, and he that loſes part of the pleaſures of friendſhip by his generoſity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conſcience.

NUMB. 65. TUESDAY, *October* 30, 1750.

*——Garrit aniles*
*Ex re fabellas.——* HOR.

The cheerful ſage, when ſolemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counſel in a tale.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly

ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſick of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and mur-

muring

muring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the

the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him: the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

——χείμαῤῥοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες
Ἐς μισγάγκειαν ξυμβαλέεσθον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Τόνδε τε τηλόσε δοῦπον ἐν ἄρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν.
Work'd into ſudden rage by wintry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf,

on

on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought "hither; I have been now twenty years an in-"habitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw "a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," ſaid the hermit, "let the errors and "follies, the danger and eſcape of this day, ſink "deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that "human life is the journey of a day. We riſe "in the morning of youth, full of vigour and "full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and "hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel "on a while in the ſtraight road of piety towards "the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit "our fervor, and endeavour to find ſome mitiga-"tion of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means "of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our "vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified "with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our "own conſtancy, and venture to approach what "we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the "bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſe-"curity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance "ſubſides; we are then willing to enquire whe-"ther another advance cannot be made, and "whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes "upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach "them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter "them, but enter timorous and trembling, and "always hope to paſs through them without "loſing the road of virtue, which we, for a

"while,

" while, keep in our ſight, and to which we pro-
" poſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds tempt-
" ation, and one compliance prepares us for
" another; we in time loſe the happineſs of in-
" nocence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual
" gratifications. By degrees we let fall the re-
" membrance of our original intention, and quit
" the only adequate object of rational deſire.
" We entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge
" ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the la-
" byrinths of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs of old
" age begin to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety
" obſtruct our way. We then look back upon
" our lives with horror, with ſorrow, with re-
" pentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly wiſh,
" that we had not forſaken the ways of virtue.
" Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall learn from
" thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall remember,
" that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength
" is waſted, there yet remains one effort to be
" made; that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor
" ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted, that the wan-
" derer may at length return after all his errors,
" and that he who implores ſtrength and courage
" from above, ſhall find danger and difficulty give
" way before him. Go now, my ſon, to thy re-
" poſe, commit thyſelf to the care of Omnipotence,
" and when the morning calls again to toil, begin
" anew thy journey and thy life."

NUMB. 66. SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1750.

*Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt*
*Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa, remotâ*
*Erroris nebula.* JUV.

——————————How few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue?
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears? DRYDEN.

THE folly of human wiſhes and purſuits has always been a ſtanding ſubject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age; till perhaps the fruitleſs repetition of complaints and cenſures may be juſtly numbered among the ſubjects of cenſure and complaint.

Some of theſe inſtructors of mankind have not contented themſelves with checking the overflows of paſſion, and lopping the exuberance of deſire, but have attempted to deſtroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to ſmooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reaſon and eloquence to perſuade us, that nothing is worth the wiſh of a wiſe man, have repreſented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain, and the love of life.

It is almoſt always the unhappineſs of a victorious diſputant, to deſtroy his own authority by claiming too many conſequences, or diffuſing his propoſition to an indefenſible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cauſe, and elated our confidence with ſucceſs, we are naturally inclined to purſue the ſame train of reaſoning, to eſtabliſh ſome

ſome collateral truth, to remove ſome adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehenſion of our ſyſtem. As a prince, in the ardour of acquiſition, is willing to ſecure his firſt conqueſt by the addition of another, add fortreſs to fortreſs, and city to city, till deſpair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loſes in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philoſophers having found an eaſy victory over thoſe deſires which we produce in ourſelves, and which terminate in ſome imaginary ſtate of happineſs unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at laſt our ſenſes and our inſtincts. They continued to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore loſt the trophies of their former combats, and were conſidered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with juſtice denied, that theſe men have been very uſeful monitors, and have left many proofs of ſtrong reaſon, deep penetration, and accurate attention to the affairs of life, which it is now our buſineſs to ſeparate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciouſly to our own uſe. They have ſhewn that moſt of the conditions of life, which raiſe the envy of the timorous, and rouſe the ambition of the daring, are empty ſhows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, loſe their power of delighting; and that the moſt proſperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obſcure fortune, when their dangers and ſolicitudes are balanced againſt their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It

It is natural for every man uninſtructed to murmur at his condition, becauſe in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miſeries, without knowing that they are common to all the reſt of the ſpecies; and therefore, though he will not be leſs ſenſible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at leaſt be freed from the temptation of ſeeking by perpetual changes that eaſe which is no where to be found, and though his diſeaſe ſtill continues, he eſcapes the hazard of exaſperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, muſt be always, by their own nature, confined to a very ſmall number; and the life of the greater part of mankind muſt be loſt in empty wiſhes and painful compariſons, were not the balm of philoſophy ſhed upon us, and our diſcontent at the appearances of an unequal diſtribution ſoothed and appeaſed.

It ſeemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great maſters of moral learning, to deſcend to familiar life, and caution mankind againſt that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longeſt beard, and moſt ſolemn auſterity. For though the paſſions of little minds, acting in low ſtations, do not fill the world with bloodſhed and devaſtations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breaſt on which they ſeize, infeſt thoſe that are placed within the reach of their influence, deſtroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine inſenſibly the happineſs of the world.

The

The deſire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into ſome claſs of mankind, and, without conſulting nature or wiſdom, reſolve to gain their regard by thoſe qualities which they happen to eſteem. I once knew a man remarkably dim-ſighted, who, by converſing much with country gentlemen found himſelf irreſiſtibly determined to ſylvan honours. His great ambition was to ſhoot flying, and he therefore ſpent whole days in the woods purſuing game; which, before he was near enough to ſee them, his approach frighted away.

When it happens that the deſire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with ſome indulgence, becauſe, however fruitleſs or abſurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But moſt of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of poſſeſſion, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occaſion to ſtratagems of malignity, and incite oppoſition, hatred, and defamation. The conteſt of two rural beauties for preference and diſtinction, is often ſufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breaſts with all thoſe paſſions, which are generally thought the curſe only of ſenates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obſcure aſſembly have their partiſans and abettors, often not leſs exaſperated againſt each other, than thoſe who are promoting the intereſts of rival monarchs.

It is common to conſider thoſe whom we find infected with an unreaſonable regard for trifling accompliſhments, as chargeable with all the conſequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappineſs: but perhaps, thoſe whom we

thus ſcorn or deteſt, have more claim to tenderneſs than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our ſeverity to break looſe upon any fault or error, we ought ſurely to conſider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We ſee multitudes buſy in the purſuit of riches, at the expence of wiſdom and of virtue; but we ſee the reſt of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerneſs, by paying that regard and deference to wealth, which wiſdom and virtue only can deſerve. We ſee women univerſally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they ſtudy their complexions, endeavour to preſerve or to ſupply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twiſt their hair into curls, and ſhade the faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodneſs or knowledge was able to attract that officiouſneſs, or inſpire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to perſuade the ladies, that the time ſpent at the toilet is loſt in vanity, when they have every moment ſome new conviction, that their intereſt is more effectually promoted by a ribband well diſpoſed, than by the brighteſt act of heroick virtue?

In every inſtance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be ſhared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praiſe, or inſtigate needleſs emulation by invidious incitements, are to be conſidered as perverters of reaſon, and corrupters of the world: and ſince every man is obliged to promote happi-

neſs

neſs and virtue, he ſhould be careful not to miſlead unwary minds, by appearing to ſet too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

NUMB. 67. TUESDAY, *November* 31, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος,
Καλῶς βλέπουσιν ὄμμασι, μέλλουσι δέ. EURIP.

Exiles, the proverb ſays, ſubſiſt on hope,
Deluſive hope ſtill points to diſtant good,
To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper ſo generally indulged as hope; other paſſions operate by ſtarts on particular occaſions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the firſt power of comparing our actual with our poſſible ſtate, and attends us through every ſtage and period, always urging us forward to new acquiſitions, and holding out ſome diſtant bleſſing to our view, promiſing us either relief from pain or increaſe of happineſs.

Hope is neceſſary in every condition. The miſeries of poverty, of ſickneſs, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be inſupportable; nor does it appear that the happieſt lot of terreſtrial exiſtence can ſet us above the want of this general bleſſing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not ſtill be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of ſome new poſſeſſion, of ſome enjoyment yet behind, by which the wiſh ſhall be at laſt ſatisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmoſt extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promiſes what it ſeldom gives; but its promiſes are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it ſeldom fruſtrates us without aſſuring us of recompenſing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was muſing on this ſtrange inclination which every man feels to deceive himſelf, and conſidering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay proſpect of futurity, when, falling aſleep, on a ſudden I found myſelf placed in a garden, of which my ſight could deſcry no limits. Every ſcene about me was gay and gladſome, light with ſunſhine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of ſpring, and all the choir of nature was ſinging in the groves. When I had recovered from the firſt raptures, with which the confuſion of pleaſure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a ſmall diſtance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with bloſſoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the ſight of ripe fruits, which ſeemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked haſtily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew ſtill ſinging before me, and though I preſſed onward with great celerity, I was ſtill in ſight of pleaſures of which I could not yet gain the poſſeſſion, and which ſeemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though

Though I was confounded with ſo many alternations of joy and grief, I yet perſiſted to go forward, in hopes that theſe fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I ſaw an innumerable multitude of every age and ſex, who ſeemed all to partake of ſome general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye ſparkled with eagerneſs: yet each appeared to have ſome particular and ſecret pleaſure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themſelves. Moſt of them ſeemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too buſy to gratify the curioſity of a ſtranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troubleſome enquiries. At laſt I obſerved one man worn with time, and unable to ſtruggle in the crowd; and, therefore, ſuppoſing him more at leiſure, I began to accoſt him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he muſt not be diſturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury ſhould loſe his wings, and ſlavery ſhould no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whoſe ſoftneſs of mien, and eaſy movement, gave me reaſon to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of ſerving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years ſoliciting would be ſoon vacant. From him I had recourſe to the next, who was departing in haſte to take poſſeſſion of the eſtate of an uncle, who by the courſe of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treaſure in a

new-invented bell; and another was on the point of diſcovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected whereſoever I applied myſelf for information, I began to imagine it beſt to deſiſt from enquiry, and try what my own obſervation would diſcover: but ſeeing a young man, gay and thoughtleſs, I reſolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of HOPE, the daughter of DESIRE, and that all thoſe whom I ſaw thus tumultuouſly buſtling round me, were incited by the promiſes of HOPE, and haſtening to ſeize the gifts which ſhe held in her hand.

I turned my ſight upward, and ſaw a goddeſs in the bloom of youth, ſitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the bleſſings of life were ſpread abroad to view; ſhe had a perpetual gaiety of aſpect, and every one imagined that her ſmile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himſelf, and triumphed in his own ſuperiority to others, who had conceived the ſame confidence from the ſame miſtake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extenſive view of the whole place, and could with leſs perplexity conſider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this ſtation I obſerved, that the entrance into the garden of HOPE was by two gates, one of which was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY. REASON was ſurly and ſcrupulous, and ſeldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long heſitation; but FANCY was a kind and gentle portreſs, ſhe held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the diſtrict under her ſuperintendency; ſo that the paſſage was crowded by all thoſe who either feared the

the examination of REASON, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of REASON there was a way to the throne of HOPE, by a craggy, ſlippery, and winding path, called the *Streight of Difficulty*, which thoſe who entered with the permiſſion of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they ſurveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to riſe, and marked out the ſeveral ſtages of their progreſs, they commonly found unexpected obſtacles, and were obliged frequently to ſtop on the ſudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thouſand intricacies embarraſſed them, a thouſand ſlips threw them back, and a thouſand pitfals impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and ſo frequent the miſcarriages, that many returned from the firſt attempt, and many fainted in the midſt of the way, and only a very ſmall number were led up to the ſummit of HOPE, by the hand of FORTITUDE. Of theſe few the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which HOPE had promiſed them, regretted the labour which it coſt, and felt in their ſucceſs the regret of diſappointment; the reſt retired with their prize, and were led by WISDOM to the bowers of CONTENT.

Turning then towards the gate of FANCY, I could find no way to the ſeat of HOPE; but though ſhe ſat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that ſide, inacceſſibly ſteep, but ſo channelled and ſhaded, that none perceived the impoſſibility of aſcending it, but each imagined himſelf to have diſcovered a way to which the reſt were ſtrangers. Many ex-

pedients were indeed tried by this induſtrious tribe, of whom ſome were making themſelves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never roſe above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of HOPE, but continued ſtill to gaze at a diſtance, and laughed at the ſlow progreſs of ſuch whom they ſaw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of FANCY, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the reſt, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of IDLENESS, a calm and undiſturbed retirement, from whence they could always have HOPE in proſpect, and to which they pleaſed themſelves with believing that ſhe intended ſpeedily to deſcend. Theſe were indeed ſcorned by all the reſt; but they ſeemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were reſolved to expect at eaſe the favour of the goddeſs.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to anſwer all my queſtions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I ſaw two dreadful monſters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be AGE, and the other WANT. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an univerſal ſhriek of affright and diſtreſs burſt out and awaked me.

NUMB. 68. SATURDAY, *November* 10, 1750.

*Vivendum rectè, cum propter plurima, tunc his*
*Præcipue cauſis, ut linguas mancipiorum*
*Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars peſſima ſervi.* JUV.

Let us live well; were it alone for this
The baneful tongues of ſervants to deſpiſe:
Slander, that worſt of poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy entrance to ignoble minds. HERVEY.

THE younger Pliny very juſtly obſerved, that of actions that deſerve our attention, the moſt ſplendid are not always the greateſt. Fame, and wonder, and applauſe, are not excited but by external and adventitious circumſtances, often diſtinct and ſeparate from virtue and heroiſm. Eminence of ſtation, greatneſs of effect, and all the favours of fortune, muſt concur to place excellence in public view; but fortitude, diligence, and patience, diveſted of their ſhow, glide unobſerved through the crowd of life, and ſuffer and act, though with the ſame vigour and conſtancy, yet without pity and without praiſe.

This remark may be extended to all parts of life. Nothing is to be eſtimated by its effect upon common eyes and common ears. A thouſand miſeries make ſilent and inviſible inroads on mankind, and the heart feels innumerable throbs, which never break into complaint. Perhaps, likewiſe, our pleaſures are for the moſt part equally ſecret, and moſt are borne up by ſome private ſatisfaction, ſome internal conſciouſneſs, ſome latent hope, ſome peculiar proſpect, which they never communicate, but reſerve for ſolitary hours, and clandeſtine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, compoſed of ſmall incidents, and petty occurrences; of wiſhes for objects not remote, and grief for diſappointments of no fatal conſequence; of inſect vexations which ſting us and fly away, impertinencies which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleaſures which dance before us and are diſſipated; of compliments which glide off the ſoul like other muſick, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemiſts tell us, that all bodies are reſolvable into the ſame elements, and that the boundleſs variety of things ariſes from the different proportions of very few ingredients; ſo a few pains and a few pleaſures are all the materials of human life, and of theſe the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reaſon and of choice.

As theſe are well or ill diſpoſed, man is for the moſt part happy or miſerable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwiſted with the chain of cauſes on which armies or nations are ſuſpended; and even thoſe who ſeem wholly buſied in publick affairs, and elevated above low cares, or trival pleaſures, paſs the chief part of their time in familiar and domeſtick ſcenes; from theſe they come into publick life, to theſe they are every hour recalled by paſſions not to be ſuppreſſed; in theſe they have the reward of their toils, and to theſe at laſt they retire.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulneſs to thoſe hours, which ſplendour cannot gild, and

and acclamation cannot exhilarate; thoſe ſoft intervals of unbended amuſement, in which a man ſhrinks to his natural dimenſions, and throws aſide the ornaments or diſguiſes, which he feels in privacy to be uſeleſs incumbrances, and to loſe all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate reſult of all ambition, the end to which every enterpriſe and labour tends, and of which every deſire prompts the proſecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man muſt be known by thoſe who would make a juſt eſtimate either of his virtue or felicity; for ſmiles and embroidery are alike occaſional, and the mind is often dreſſed for ſhow in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man muſt have found ſome whoſe lives, in every houſe but their own, was a continual ſeries of hypocriſy, and who concealed under fair appearances bad qualities, which, whenever they thought themſelves out of the reach of cenſure, broke out from their reſtraint, like winds impriſoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reaſon to love, but they whoſe love a wiſe man is chiefly ſolicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any ſhow of general goodneſs, and without the attractions by which popularity is conciliated, are received among their own families as beſtowers of happineſs, and reverenced as inſtructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The moſt authentick witneſſes of any man's character are thoſe who know him in his own family, and ſee him without any reſtraint, or rule of conduct, but ſuch as he voluntarily preſcribes to himſelf. If a man carries virtue with him into

his

his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable ſecrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with thoſe allowances which mortal frailty muſt always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his ſincerity, that one man can have with regard to another: and, indeed, as hypocriſy cannot be its own reward, we may, without heſitation, determine that his heart is pure.

The higheſt panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praiſe of ſervants. For, however vanity or inſolence may look down with contempt on the ſuffrages of men, undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very ſeldom happens that they command or blame without juſtice. Vice and virtue are eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Oppreſſion, according to Harrington's aphoriſm, will be felt by thoſe that cannot ſee it; and, perhaps, it falls out very often that, in moral queſtions, the philoſophers in the gown, and in the livery, differ not ſo much in their ſentiments, as in their language, and have equal power of diſcerning right, though they cannot point it out to others with equal addreſs.

There are very few faults to be committed in ſolitude, or without ſome agents, partners, confederates, or witneſſes; and, therefore, the ſervant muſt commonly know the ſecrets of a maſter, who has any ſecrets to entruſt; and failings, merely perſonal, are ſo frequently expoſed by that ſecurity which pride and folly generally produce, and ſo inquiſitively watched by that deſire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which the lower orders of the world will always feel, that the teſtimony

timony of a menial domeſtick can ſeldom be conſidered as defective for want of knowledge. And though its impartiality may be ſometimes ſuſpected, it is at leaſt as credible as that of equals, where rivalry inſtigates cenſure, or friendſhip dictates palliations.

The danger of betraying our weakneſs to our ſervants, and the impoſſibility of concealing it from them, may be juſtly conſidered as one motive to a regular and irreproachable life. For no condition is more hateful or deſpicable, than his who has put himſelf in the power of his ſervant; in the power of him whom, perhaps, he has firſt corrupted by making him ſubſervient to his vices, and whoſe fidelity he therefore cannot enforce by any precepts of honeſty or reaſon. It is ſeldom known that authority, thus acquired, is poſſeſſed without inſolence, or that the maſter is not forced to confeſs, by his tameneſs or forbearance, that he has enſlaved himſelf by ſome fooliſh confidence. And his crime is equally puniſhed, whatever part he takes of the choice to which he is reduced; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he ſacrificed his dignity to his paſſions, in perpetual dread of inſolence or defamation; of a controuler at home, or an accuſer abroad. He is condemned to purchaſe, by continual bribes, that ſecrecy which bribes never ſecured, and which, after a long courſe of ſubmiſſion, promiſes, and anxieties, he will find violated in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunkenneſs.

To dread no eye, and to ſuſpect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and ſolicitudes; and to make

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it yet more ſhameful and deteſtable, it is doomed often to ſtand in awe of thoſe, to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

NUMB. 69. TUESDAY, *November* 13, 1750.

*Flet quoque, ut in ſpeculo rugas adſpexit aniles,*
*Tyndaris; et ſecum, cur ſit bis rapta, requirit.*
*Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidioſa vetuſtas*
*Omnia deſtruitis: vitiataque dentibus ævi*
*Paulatim lentâ conſumitis omnia morte.* OVID.

The dreadful wrinkles when poor *Helen* ſpy'd
Ah! why this ſecond rape?---with tears ſhe cry'd.
Time, thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who all deſtroy with keen corroding rage,
Beneath your jaws, whate'er have pleas'd or pleaſe,
Muſt ſink, conſum'd by ſwift or ſlow degrees.
ELPHINSTON.

AN old Greek epigrammatiſt, intending to ſhew the miſeries that attend the laſt ſtage of man, imprecates upon thoſe who are ſo fooliſh as to wiſh for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requiſite, that decrepitude itſelf was an epitome of whatever is dreadful, and nothing could be added to the curſe of age, but that it ſhould be extended beyond its natural limits.

The moſt indifferent or negligent ſpectator can indeed ſcarcely retire without heavineſs of heart, from a view of the laſt ſcenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds thoſe who in the former parts of the drama were diſtinguiſhed by oppoſi-

tion

tion of conduct, contrariety of deſigns, and diſſimilitude of perſonal qualities, all involved in one common diſtreſs, and all ſtruggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miſeries, which waylay our paſſage through the world, wiſdom may eſcape, and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumſpection we may ſteal along with very little to obſtruct or incommode us; by ſpirit and vigour we may force a way, and reward the vexation of conteſt by the pleaſures of victory. But a time muſt come when our policy and bravery ſhall be equally uſeleſs; when we ſhall all ſink into helpleſſneſs and ſadneſs, without any power of receiving ſolace from the pleaſures that have formerly delighted us, or any proſpect of emerging into a ſecond poſſeſſion of the bleſſings that we have loſt.

The induſtry of man has, indeed, not been wanting in endeavours to procure comforts for theſe hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The moſt uſual ſupport of old age is wealth. He whoſe poſſeſſions are large, and whoſe cheſts are full, imagines himſelf always fortified againſt invaſions on his authority. If he has loſt all other means of government, if his ſtrength and his reaſon fail him, he can at laſt alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes muſt likewiſe have fears, and he may ſtill continue to give laws to ſuch as have not ceaſed to regard their own intereſt.

This is, indeed, too frequently the citadel of the dotard, the laſt fortreſs to which age retires, and in which he makes the ſtand againſt the upſtart race that ſeizes his domains, diſputes his commands, and cancels his preſcriptions. But here, though

though there may be ſafety, there is no pleaſure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once poſſeſſed.

Nothing ſeems to have been more univerſally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed, to a man who has ſurvived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleaſures and his cares, have been engaged in the ſame events, and filled their minds with the ſame conceptions, this full peopled world is a diſmal ſolitude. He ſtands forlorn and ſilent, neglected or inſulted, in the midſt of multitudes, animated with hopes which he cannot ſhare, and employed in buſineſs which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unleſs he has ſecured ſome domeſtick gratifications, ſome tender employments, and endeared himſelf to ſome whoſe intereſt and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the paſt; and ſo different the opinions and ſentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the converſation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either ſide. To a young man entering the world, with fulneſs of hope, and ardour of purſuit, nothing is ſo unpleaſing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the ſcrupulous diffidence which experience and diſappointments certainly infuſe; and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiſer, that neither precepts, nor teſtimonies, can cure boys of their credulity and ſufficiency: and that not one can be convinced that ſnares are laid for him, till he finds himſelf entangled.

Thus one generation is always the ſcorn and wonder of the other, and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture which never can unite. The ſpirits of youth ſublimed by health, and volatiliſed by paſſion, ſoon leave behind them the phlegmatick ſediment of wearineſs and deliberation, and burſt out in temerity and enterprize. The tenderneſs therefore which nature infuſes, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is neceſſary to reconcile ſuch oppoſition; and an old man muſt be a father to bear with patience thoſe follies and abſurdities which he will perpetually imagine himſelf to find in the ſchemes and expectations, the pleaſures and the ſorrows, of thoſe who have not yet been hardened by time, and chilled by fruſtration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the pleaſure of ſeeing children ripening into ſtrength, be not overbalanced by the pain of ſeeing ſome fall in the bloſſom, and others blaſted in their growth; ſome ſhaken down by ſtorms, ſome tainted with cankers, and ſome ſhrivelled in the ſhade; and whether he that extends his care beyond himſelf, does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleaſures, and weary himſelf to no purpoſe, by ſuperintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings ſufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dreſs, diverſions, and flattery, and who having made no acquaintance with knowledge, or with buſineſs, have conſtantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happineſs to compliments and

treats.

treats. With theſe ladies, age begins early, and very often laſts long; it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loſes its ſprightlineſs, and their motion its eaſe. From that time all which gave them joy vaniſhes from about them; they hear the praiſes beſtowed on others, which uſed to ſwell their boſoms with exultation. They viſit the ſeats of felicity, and endeavour to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleaſure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are paſt; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortleſs uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart, or exerciſe of the reaſon?

Yet, however age may diſcourage us by its appearance from conſidering it in proſpect, we ſhall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to enquire what proviſion can be made againſt that time of diſtreſs? what happineſs can be ſtored up againſt the winter of life? and how we may paſs our latter years with ſerenity and chearfulneſs?

If it has been found by the experience of mankind, that not even the beſt ſeaſons of life are able to ſupply ſufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities, it cannot ſurely be ſuppoſed, that old age, worn with labours, haraſſed with anxieties, and tortured with diſeaſes, ſhould have any gladneſs of its own, or feel any ſatisfaction from the contemplation of the preſent. All the comfort that can now be expected muſt be recalled from the paſt, or borrowed from the future; the paſt is very ſoon exhauſted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleaſure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond

beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying men. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and ſorrows inceſſantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomleſs miſery, in which every reflection muſt plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguiſh, and precipices of horrour.

## NUMB. 70. SATURDAY, *November* 17, 1750.

*——————Argentea proles,*
*Auro deterior, fulvo pretioſior ære.* OVID.

Succeeding times a ſilver age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold. DRYDEN.

HESIOD, in his celebrated diſtribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellect. "The firſt place," ſays he, "belongs "to him that can by his own powers diſcern what "is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter "motives of action. The ſecond is claimed by "him that is willing to hear inſtruction, and can "perceive right and wrong when they are ſhewn "him by another; but he that has neither acute-"neſs nor docility, who can neither find the way "by himſelf, nor will be led by others, is a wretch "without uſe or value."

If we ſurvey the moral world, it will be found, that the ſame diviſion may be made of men, with regard to their virtue. There are ſome whoſe principles are ſo firmly fixed, whoſe conviction is ſo

ſo conſtantly preſent to their minds, and who have raiſed in themſelves ſuch ardent wiſhes for the approbation of God, and the happineſs with which he has promiſed to reward obedience and perſeverance, that they riſe above all other cares and conſiderations, and uniformly examine every action and deſire, by comparing it with the divine commands. There are others in a kind of equipoiſe between good and ill; who are moved on the one part by riches or pleaſure, by the gratifications of paſſion and the delights of ſenſe; and, on the other, by laws of which they own the obligation, and rewards of which they believe the reality, and whom a very ſmall addition of weight turns either way. The third claſs conſiſts of beings immerſed in pleaſure, or abandoned to paſſion, without any deſire of higher good, or any effort to extend their thoughts beyond immediate and groſs ſatisfactions.

The ſecond claſs is ſo much the moſt numerous, that it may be conſidered as compriſing the whole body of mankind. Thoſe of the laſt are not very many, and thoſe of the firſt are very few; and neither the one nor the other fall much under the conſideration of the moraliſt, whoſe precepts are intended chiefly for thoſe who are endeavouring to go forward up the ſteeps of virtue, not for thoſe who have already reached the ſummit, or thoſe who are reſolved to ſtay for ever in their preſent ſituation.

To a man not verſed in the living world, but accuſtomed to judge only by ſpeculative reaſon, it is ſcarcely credible that any one ſhould be in this ſtate of indifference, or ſtand undetermined and unengaged, ready to follow the firſt call to either ſide.

ſide. It ſeems certain, that either a man muſt believe that virtue will make him happy, and reſolve therefore to be virtuous, or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore caſt off all care but for his preſent intereſt. It ſeems impoſſible that conviction ſhould be on one ſide, and practice on the other; and that he who has ſeen the right way, ſhould voluntarily ſhut his eyes, that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet all theſe abſurdities are every hour to be found; the wiſeſt and beſt men deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or ſurpriſe; and moſt are good no longer than while temptation is away, than while their paſſions are without excitements, and their opinions are free from the counteraction of any other motive.

Among the ſentiments which almoſt every man changes as he advances into years, is the expectation of uniformity of character. He that without acquaintance with the power of deſire, the cogency of diſtreſs, the complications of affairs, or the force of partial influence, has filled his mind with the excellence of virtue, and having never tried his reſolution in any encounters with hope or fear, believes it able to ſtand firm whatever ſhall oppoſe it, will be always clamorous againſt the ſmalleſt failure, ready to exact the utmoſt punctualities of right, and to conſider every man that fails in any part of his duty, as without conſcience and without merit; unworthy of truſt or love, of pity or regard; as an enemy whom all ſhould join to drive out of ſociety, as a peſt which all ſhould avoid, or as a weed which all ſhould trample.

It is not but by experience, that we are taught the poſſibility of retaining ſome virtues, and rejecting

ing others, or of being good or bad to a particular degree. For it is very eaſy to the ſolitary reaſoner to prove that the ſame arguments by which the mind is fortified againſt one crime are of equal force againſt all, and the conſequence very naturally follows, that he whom they fail to move on any occaſion, has either never conſidered them, or has by ſome fallacy taught himſelf to evade their validity; and that, therefore, when a man is known to be guilty of one crime, no farther evidence is needful of his depravity and corruption.

Yet ſuch is the ſtate of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, ſometimes extending to the whole compaſs of duty, and ſometimes ſhrinking into a narrow ſpace, and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the reſt is left open to the incurſions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedneſs. Nothing therefore is more unjuſt than to judge of man by too ſhort an acquaintance, and too ſlight inſpection; for it often happens, that in the looſe, and thoughtleſs, and diſſipated, there is a ſecret radical worth, which may ſhoot out by proper cultivation; that the ſpark of heaven, though dimmed and obſtructed, is not yet extinguiſhed, but may by the breath of counſel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to ſuppoſe that all are capable of the ſame degrees of excellence; it is indeed to exact, from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And ſince the pureſt virtue is conſiſtent with ſome vice, and the virtue of the greateſt number with almoſt an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none

too

too haſtily conclude, that all goodneſs is loſt, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for moſt minds are the ſlaves of external circumſtances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of cuſtom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard againſt them.

It may be particularly obſerved of women, that they are for the moſt part good or bad, as they fall among thoſe who practiſe vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reaſon gives them much ſecurity againſt the influence of example. Whether it be that they have leſs courage to ſtand againſt oppoſition, or that their deſire of admiration makes them ſacrifice their principles to the poor pleaſure of worthleſs praiſe, it is certain, whatever be the cauſe, that female goodneſs ſeldom keeps its ground againſt laughter, flattery, or faſhion.

For this reaſon, every one ſhould conſider himſelf as entruſted, not only with his own conduct, but with that of others; and as accountable, not only for the duties which he neglects, or the crimes that he commits, but for that negligence and irregularity which he may encourage or inculcate. Every man, in whatever ſtation, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practiſe virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and ſupport it. For it is poſſible that for want of attention we may teach others faults from which ourſelves are free, or by a cowardly deſertion

tion of a cauſe which we ourſelves approve, may pervert thoſe who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their courſe, are eaſily miſled by the aberrations of that example which they chuſe for their directions.

NUMB. 71. TUESDAY, *November* 20, 1750.

*Vivere quod propero pauper, nec inutilis annis*
*Da veniam, properat vivere nemo ſatis.* MART.

True, ſir, to live I haſte, your pardon give,
For tell me, who makes haſte enough to live? F. LEWIS.

MANY words and ſentences are ſo frequently heard in the mouths of men, that a ſuperficial obſerver is inclined to believe, that they muſt contain ſome primary principle, ſome great rule of action, which it is proper always to have preſent to the attention, and by which the uſe of every hour is to be adjuſted. Yet, if we conſider the conduct of thoſe ſententious philoſophers, it will often be found, that they repeat theſe aphoriſms, merely becauſe they have ſomewhere heard them, becauſe they have nothing elſe to ſay, or becauſe they think veneration gained by ſuch appearances of wiſdom, but that no ideas are annexed to the words, and that according to the old blunder of the followers of *Ariſtotle*, their ſouls are mere pipes or organs, which tranſmit ſounds, but do not underſtand them.

Of this kind is the well known and well atteſted poſition, that *life is ſhort*, which may be heard among mankind by an attentive auditor, many

many times a day, but which never yet within my reach of obſervation left any impreſſion upon the mind; and perhaps, if my readers will turn their thoughts back upon their old friends, they will find it difficult to call a ſingle man to remembrance, who appeared to know that life was ſhort till he was about to loſe it.

It is obſervable that *Horace*, in his account of the characters of men, as they are diverſified by the various influence of time, remarks, that the old man is *dilator, ſpe longus*, given to procraſtination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great diſtance. So far are we generally from thinking what we often ſay of the ſhortneſs of life, that at the time when it is neceſſarily ſhorteſt, we form projects which we delay to execute, indulge ſuch expectations as nothing but a long train of events can gratify, and ſuffer thoſe paſſions to gain upon us, which are only excuſable in the prime of life.

Theſe reflections were lately excited in my mind, by an evening's converſation with my friend *Proſpero*, who, at the age of fifty-five, has bought an eſtate, and is now contriving to diſpoſe and cultivate it with uncommon elegance. His great pleaſure is to walk among ſtately trees, and lie muſing in the heat of noon under their ſhade; he is therefore maturely conſidering how he ſhall diſpoſe his walks and his groves, and has at laſt determined to ſend for the beſt plans from *Italy*, and forbear planting till the next ſeaſon.

Thus is life trifled away in preparations to do what never can be done, if it be left unattempted till all the requiſites which imagination can ſuggeſt are gathered together. Where our deſign terminates only in our own ſatisfaction, the miſtake is

of no great importance; for the pleaſure of expecting enjoyment, is often greater than that of obtaining it, and the completion of almoſt every wiſh is found a diſappointment; but when many others are intereſted in an undertaking, when any deſign is formed, in which the improvement or ſecurity of mankind is involved, nothing is more unworthy either of wiſdom or benevolence, than to delay it from time to time, or to forget how much every day that paſſes over us takes away from our power, and how ſoon an idle purpoſe to do an action, ſinks into a mournful wiſh that it had once been done.

We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the preſent hour, to catch the pleaſures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον. ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃς
Ζητῶν ἑυρήσεις ἃ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

Soon fades the roſe; once paſt the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

But ſurely theſe exhortations may, with equal propriety, be applied to better purpoſes; it may be at leaſt inculcated, that pleaſures are more ſafely poſtponed than virtues, and that greater loſs is ſuffered by miſſing an opportuntty of doing good, than an hour of giddy frolick and noiſy merriment.

When *Baxter* had loſt a thouſand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a ſchool, he uſed frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while GOD gives the power of beſtowing, and conſidered himſelf as culpable in ſome degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and ſuffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickneſs and diligence.

It

It is lamented by *Hearne*, the learned antiquary of *Oxford*, that this general forgetfulneſs of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the ſtudents of monuments and records; as their employment conſiſts firſt in collecting, and afterwards in arranging or abſtracting what libraries afford them, they ought to amaſs no more than they can digeſt; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on ſearching and tranſcribing, call for new ſupplies, when they are already overburthened, and at laſt leave their work unfiniſhed. *It is*, ſays he, *the buſineſs of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.*

Thus, not only in the ſlumber of ſloth, but in the diſſipation of ill-directed induſtry, is the ſhortneſs of life generally forgotten. As ſome men loſe their hours in lazineſs, becauſe they ſuppoſe, that there is time enough for the reparation of neglect; others buſy themſelves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens, that ſluggiſhneſs and activity are equally ſurpriſed by the laſt ſummons, and periſh, not more differently from each other, than the fowl that received the ſhot in the flight, from her that is killed upon the buſh.

Among the many improvements made by the laſt centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life; but whatever may be their uſe in traffick, they ſeem very little to have advanced morality. They have hitherto been rather applied to the acquiſition of money, than of wiſdom; the computer refers none of his calculations to his own tenure, but perſiſts, in contempt of probability, to foretel old age to himſelf, and believes that he is marked out to reach

the utmoſt verge of human exiſtence, and ſee thouſands and ten thouſands fall into the grave.

So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and ſo ſtrongly guarded by hope and fear againſt the approach of reaſon, that neither ſcience nor experience can ſhake it, and we act as if life were without end, though we ſee and confeſs its uncertainty and ſhortneſs.

Divines have, with great ſtrength and ardour, ſhewn the abſurdity of delaying reformation and repentance; a degree of folly indeed, which ſets eternity to hazard. It is the ſame weakneſs, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time; we ſubject ourſelves to needleſs dangers from accidents which early diligence would have obviated, or perplex our minds by vain precautions, and make proviſion for the execution of deſigns, of which the opportunity once miſſed never will return.

As he that lives longeſt lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waſte. The duties of life are commenſurate to its duration, and every day brings its taſk, which if neglected is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away thoſe months and years, in which he ſhould have laboured, muſt remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that ſince the few moments remaining are to be conſidered as the laſt truſt of heaven, not one is to be loſt.

NUMB. 72. SATURDAY, *November* 24, 1750.

*Omnis* Ariſtippum *decuit ſtatus, et color, et res,*
*Sectantem majora fere; preſentibus æquum.* HOR.

Yet *Ariſtippus* ev'ry dreſs became;
In ev'ry various change of life the ſame;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the preſent held an equal mind. FRANCIS.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOSE who exalt themſelves into the chair of inſtruction, without enquiring whether any will ſubmit to their authority, have not ſufficiently conſidered how much of human life paſſes in little incidents, curſory converſation, ſlight buſineſs, and caſual amuſements; and therefore they have endeavoured only to inculcate the more awful virtues, without condeſcending to regard thoſe petty qualities, which grow important only by their frequency, and which though they produce no ſingle acts of heroiſm, nor aſtoniſh us by great events, yet are every moment exerting their influence upon us, and make the draught of life ſweet or bitter by imperceptible inſtillations. They operate unſeen and unregarded, as change of air makes us ſick or healthy, though we breathe it without attention, and only know the particles that impregnate it by their ſalutary or malignant effects.

You have ſhewn yourſelf not ignorant of the value of thoſe ſubaltern endowments, yet have hitherto neglected to recommend good-humour to the world, though a little reflection will ſhew

you that it is the *balm of being*, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind muſt owe its power of pleaſing. Without good-humour, learning and bravery can only confer that ſuperiority which ſwells the heart of the lion in the deſert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without reſiſtance. Without good-humour virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightneſs; but muſt always be viewed at a diſtance, and will ſcarcely gain a friend or attract an imitator.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleaſed; a conſtant and perennial ſoftneſs of manner, eaſineſs of approach, and ſuavity of diſpoſition; like that which every man perceives in himſelf, when the firſt tranſports of new felicity have ſubſided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a ſlow ſucceſſion of ſoft impulſes. Good-humour is a ſtate between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind, at leiſure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aſpire to pleaſe, they are required to be merry, and to ſhew the gladneſs of their ſouls by flights of pleaſantry, and burſts of laughter. But though theſe men may be for a time heard with applauſe and admiration, they ſeldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to eaſineſs and good-humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the ſun, but ſoon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance: the one overpowers weak ſpirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety ſeldom fails to give ſome pain; the hearers either

either ſtrain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and deſpair. Good-humour boaſts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleaſes principally by not offending.

It is well known that the moſt certain way to give any man pleaſure, is to perſuade him that you receive pleaſure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any ſuch appearance of ſuperiority as may overbear and depreſs him. We ſee many that by this art only, ſpend their days in the midſt of careſſes, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the univerſal favourites of both ſexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found ſuch as excite neither jealouſy nor fear, and are not conſidered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themſelves with common accompliſhments, and endeavour rather to ſolicit kindneſs than to raiſe eſteem; therefore in aſſemblies and places of reſort it ſeldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of ſome particular perſon every face brightens with gladneſs, and every hand is extended in ſalutation, yet if you purſue him beyond the firſt exchange of civilities, you will find him of a very ſmall importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themſelves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuſe himſelf when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at eaſe, who will hear a jeſt without criticiſm, and a narrative without a contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every diſputer.

There are many whoſe vanity always inclines them to aſſociate with thoſe from whom they have no reaſon to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wiſe and the knowing are willing to receive praiſe without the labour of deſerving it, in which the moſt elevated mind is willing to deſcend, and the moſt active to be at reſt. All therefore are at ſome hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon eaſy terms, and who will relieve them from ſolicitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are moſt inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to pleaſe ourſelves, will not be long without preference in our affection to thoſe whoſe learning holds us at the diſtance of pupils, or whoſe wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by prince *Henry*, when he ſees *Falſtaff* lying on the ground, that *he could have better ſpared a better man*. He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented, but while his conviction compelled him to do juſtice to ſuperior qualities, his tenderneſs ſtill broke out at the remembrance of *Falſtaff*, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had paſſed his time in all the luxury of idleneſs, who had gladded him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and deſpiſe.

You may perhaps think this account of thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed for their good-humour, not very conſiſtent with the praiſes which I have beſtowed upon it. But ſurely nothing can more evidently ſhew the value of this quality, than that

that it recommends thoſe that are deſtitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendſhip to the worthleſs, and affection to the dull.

Good-humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being conſidered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by thoſe that having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter ſplendour, perhaps imagine that they have ſome right to gratify themſelves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practiſe it. It is by ſome unfortunate miſtake that almoſt all thoſe who have any claim to eſteem or love, preſs their pretenſions with too little conſideration of others. This miſtake my own intereſt, as well as my zeal for general happineſs, makes me deſirous to rectify; for I have a friend, who, becauſe he knows his own fidelity and uſefulneſs, is never willing to ſink into a companion: I have a wife whoſe beauty firſt ſubdued me, and whoſe wit confirmed her conqueſt, but whoſe beauty now ſerves no other purpoſe than to entitle her to tyranny, and whoſe wit is only uſed to juſtify perverſeneſs.

Surely nothing can be more unreaſonable than to loſe the will to pleaſe, when we are conſcious of the power, or ſhow more cruelty than to chuſe any kind of influence before that of kindneſs. He that regards the welfare of others, ſhould make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that conſiders the wants which every man feels, or will feel of external aſſiſtance, muſt rather wiſh to be ſurround-

ed by thoſe that love him, than by thoſe that admire his excellencies, or ſolicit his favours; for admiration ceaſes with novelty, and intereſt gains its end and retires. A man whoſe great qualities want the ornament of ſuperficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treaſure is exhauſted.

*I am, &c.*

PHILOMIDES.

NUMB. 73. TUESDAY, *Nov.* 27, 1750.

*Stulte quid heu votis fruſtra puerilibus optas*
*Quæ non ulla tulit, fertve, feretve dies.* OVID.

Why thinks the fool with childiſh hope to ſee
What neither is, nor was, nor e'er ſhall be?

ELPHINSTON.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

IF you feel any of that compaſſion, which you recommend to others, you will not diſregard a caſe which I have reaſon from obſervation to believe very common, and which I know by experience to be very miſerable. And though the querulous are ſeldom received with great ardour of kindneſs, I hope to eſcape the mortification of finding that my lamentations ſpread the contagion of impatience, and produce anger rather than tenderneſs. I write not merely to vent the ſwelling of my heart, but to enquire by what means I may recover my tranquillity; and ſhall endeavour at brevity in my narrative,

narrative, having long known that complaint quickly tires, however elegant, or however juſt.

I was born in a remote country, of a family that boaſts alliances with the greateſt names in *Engliſh* hiſtory, and extends its claims of affinity to the *Tudors*, and *Plantagenets*. My anceſtors, by little and little, waſted their patrimony, till my father had not enough left for the ſupport of a family, without deſcending to the cultivation of his own grounds, being condemned to pay three ſiſters the fortunes allotted them by my grandfather, who is ſuſpected to have made his will when he was incapable of adjuſting properly the claims of his children, and who, perhaps without deſign, enriched his daughters by beggaring his ſon. My aunts being, at the death of their father, neither young nor beautiful nor very eminent for ſoftneſs of behaviour, were ſuffered to live unſolicited, and by accumulating the intereſt of their portions grew every day richer and prouder. My father pleaſed himſelf with foreſeeing that the poſſeſſions of thoſe ladies muſt revert at laſt to the hereditary eſtate, and that his family might loſe none of its dignity, reſolved to keep me untainted with a lucrative employment; whenever therefore I diſcovered any inclination to the improvement of my condition, my mother never failed to put me in mind of my birth, and charged me to do nothing with which I might be reproached when I ſhould come to my aunts eſtate.

In all the perplexities or vexations which want of money brought upon us, it was our conſtant practice to have recourſe to futurity. If any of our neighbours ſurpaſſed us in appearance, we went home and contrived an equipage, with which the death

death of my aunts was to ſupply us. If any purſe-proud upſtart was deficient in reſpect, vengeance was referred to the time in which our eſtate was to be repaired. We regiſtered every act of civility and rudeneſs, enquired the number of diſhes at every feaſt, and minuted the furniture of every houſe, that we might, when the hour of affluence ſhould come, be able to eclipſe all their ſplendour, and ſurpaſs all their magnificence.

Upon plans of elegance and ſchemes of pleaſure the day roſe and ſet, and the year went round unregarded, while we were buſied in laying out plantations on ground not yet our own, and deliberating whether the manor-houſe ſhould be rebuilt or repaired. This was the amuſement of our leiſure, and the ſolace of our exigencies; we met together only to contrive how our approaching fortune ſhould be enjoyed; for in this our converſation always ended, on whatever ſubject it began. We had none of the collateral intereſts, which diverſify the life of others with joys and hopes, but had turned our whole attention on one event, which we could neither haſten nor retard, and had no other object of curioſity, than the health or ſickneſs of my aunts, of which we were careful to procure very exact and early intelligence.

This viſionary opulence for a while ſoothed our imagination, but afterwards fired our wiſhes, and exaſperated our neceſſities, and my father could not always reſtrain himſelf from exclaiming, that *no creature had ſo many lives as a cat and an old maid.* At laſt, upon the recovery of his ſiſter from an ague, which ſhe was ſuppoſed to have caught by ſparing fire, he began to loſe his ſtomach, and four months afterwards ſunk into the grave.

My

My mother, who loved her huſband, ſurvived him but a little while, and left me the ſole heir of their lands, their ſchemes, and their wiſhes. As I had not enlarged my conceptions either by books or converſation, I differed only from my father by the freſhneſs of my cheeks, and the vigour of my ſtep; and, like him, gave way to no thoughts but of enjoying the wealth which my aunts were hoarding.

At length the eldeſt fell ill. I paid the civilities and compliments which ſickneſs requires with the utmoſt punctuality. I dreamed every night of eſcutcheons and white gloves, and enquired every morning at an early hour, whether there were any news of my dear aunt. At laſt a meſſenger was ſent to inform me that I muſt come to her without the delay of a moment. I went and heard her laſt advice, but opening her will, found that ſhe had left her fortune to her ſecond ſiſter.

I hung my head; the younger ſiſter threatened to be married, and every thing was diſappointment and diſcontent. I was in danger of loſing irreparably one third of my hopes, and was condemned ſtill to wait for the reſt. Of part of my terror I was ſoon eaſed; for the youth, whom his relations would have compelled to marry the old lady, after innumerable ſtipulations, articles, and ſettlements, ran away with the daughter of his father's groom; and my aunt, upon this conviction of the perfidy of man, reſolved never to liſten more to amorous addreſſes.

Ten years longer I dragged the ſhackles of expectation, without ever ſuffering a day to paſs, in which I did not compute how much my chance was improved of being rich to-morrow.

At

At laſt the ſecond lady died, after a ſhort illneſs, which yet was long enough to afford her time for the diſpoſal of her eſtate, which ſhe gave to me after the death of her ſiſter.

I was now relieved from part of my miſery; a larger fortune, though not in my power, was certain and unalienable; nor was there now any danger, that I might at laſt be fruſtrated of my hopes by a fret of dotage, the flatteries of a chamber-maid, the whiſpers of a tale-bearer, or the officiouſneſs of a nurſe. But my wealth was yet in reverſion, my aunt was to be buried before I could emerge to grandeur and pleaſure; and there were yet, according to my father's obſervation, nine lives between me and happineſs.

I however lived on, without any clamours of diſcontent, and comforted myſelf with conſidering, that all are mortal, and they who are continually decaying muſt at laſt be deſtroyed.

But let no man from this time ſuffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt. The good gentlewoman was very regular in her hours, and ſimple in her diet, and in walking or ſitting ſtill, waking or ſleeping, had always in view the preſervation of her health. She was ſubject to no diſorder but hypochondriac dejection; by which, without intention, ſhe increaſed my miſeries, for whenever the weather was cloudy, ſhe would take her bed and ſend me notice that her time was come. I went with all the haſte of eagerneſs, and ſometimes received paſſionate injunctions to be kind to her maid, and directions how the laſt offices ſhould be performed; but if before my arrival the ſun happened to break out, or the wind to change, I met her at the door, or found

found her in the garden, buſtling and vigilant, with all the tokens of long life.

Sometimes, however, ſhe fell into diſtempers, and was thrice given over by the doctor, yet ſhe found means of ſlipping through the gripe of death, and after having tortured me three months at each time with violent alternations of hope and fear, came out of her chamber without any other hurt than the loſs of fleſh, which in a few weeks ſhe recovered by broths and jellies.

As moſt have ſagacity ſufficient to gueſs at the deſires of an heir, it was the conſtant practice of thoſe who were hoping at ſecond hand, and endeavoured to ſecure my favour againſt the time when I ſhould be rich, to pay their court, by informing me that my aunt began to droop, that ſhe had lately a bad night, that ſhe coughed feebly, and that ſhe could never climb *May* hill; or at leaſt, that the autumn would carry her off. Thus was I flattered in the winter with the piercing winds of *March*, and in ſummer, with the fogs of *September*. But ſhe lived through ſpring and fall, and ſet heat and cold at defiance, till after near half a century, I buried her on the fourteenth of laſt *June*, aged ninety-three years, five months, and ſix days.

For two months after her death I was rich, and was pleaſed with that obſequiouſneſs and reverence which wealth inſtantaneouſly procures. But this joy is now paſt, and I have returned again to my old habit of wiſhing. Being accuſtomed to give the future full power over my mind, and to ſtart away from the ſcene before me to ſome expected enjoyment, I deliver up myſelf to the tyranny of every deſire which fancy

fancy ſuggeſts, and long for a thouſand things which I am unable to procure. Money has much leſs power, than is aſcribed to it by thoſe that want it. I had formed ſchemes which I cannot execute, I had ſuppoſed events which do not come to paſs, and the reſt of my life muſt paſs in craving ſolicitude, unleſs you can find ſome remedy for a mind, corrupted with an inveterate diſeaſe of wiſhing, and unable to think on any thing but wants, which reaſon tells me will never be ſupplied.

*I am, &c.*

CUPIDUS.

## NUMB. 74. SATURDAY, *Dec.* 1, 1750.

*Rixatur de lanâ ſæpe caprinâ.* HOR.

For nought tormented, ſhe for nought torments.

ELPHINSTON.

MEN ſeldom give pleaſure, where they are not pleaſed themſelves; it is neceſſary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulneſs, that in whatever ſtate we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may ſecure the love of thoſe with whom we tranſact. For though it is generally imagined, that he who grants favours, may ſpare any attention to his behaviour, and that uſefulneſs will always procure friends; yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requeſts, an art very difficult of attainment; that

that officiouſneſs and liberality may be ſo adulterated, as to loſe the greater part of their effect; that compliance may provoke, relief may haraſs, and liberality diſtreſs.

No diſeaſe of the mind can more fatally diſable it from benevolence, the chief duty of ſocial beings, than ill-humour or peeviſhneſs; for though it breaks not out in paroxiſms of outrage, nor burſts into clamour, turbulence, and bloodſhed, it wears out happineſs by ſlow corroſion, and ſmall injuries inceſſantly repeated. It may be conſidered as the canker of life, that deſtroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot conſume.

Peeviſhneſs, when it has been ſo far indulged, as to outrun the motions of the will, and diſcover itſelf without premeditation, is a ſpecies of depravity in the higheſt degree diſguſting and offenſive, becauſe no rectitude of intention nor ſoftneſs of addreſs, can enſure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peeviſh man, and exerting ourſelves in the moſt diligent civility, an unlucky ſyllable diſpleaſes, an unheeded circumſtance ruffles and exaſperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourſelves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are fruſtrated at once, and all our aſſiduity is forgotten in the caſual tumult of ſome trifling irritation.

This troubleſome impatience is ſometimes nothing more than the ſymptom of ſome deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confeſs his reſentment, or ſorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to

give

give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the firſt paſſages that are opened, and to let his paſſions boil over upon thoſe whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious courſe of ſickneſs frequently produces ſuch an alarming apprehenſion of the leaſt increaſe of uneaſineſs, as keeps the ſoul perpetually on the watch, ſuch a reſtleſs and inceſſant ſolicitude, as no care or tenderneſs can appeaſe, and can only be pacified by the cure of the diſtemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakneſs, is the captiouſneſs of old age. When the ſtrength is cruſhed, the ſenſes are dulled, and the common pleaſures of life become inſipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneaſineſs to cauſes not wholly out of our power, and pleaſe ourſelves with fancying that we ſuffer by neglect, unkindneſs, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon thoſe on whom we reſolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greateſt need of tenderneſs and aſſiſtance.

But though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes claim our compaſſion, as the conſequence or concomitant of miſery, it is very often found, where nothing can juſtify or excuſe its admiſſion. It is frequently one of the attendants on the proſperous, and is employed by inſolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in haraſſing ſubjection. It is the offſpring of idleneſs or pride; of idleneſs anxious for trifles; or pride unwilling to endure the leaſt obſtruction of her wiſhes. Thoſe who

who have long lived in ſolitude indeed naturally contract this unſocial quality, becauſe, having long had only themſelves to pleaſe, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their ſingularities therefore are only blameable, when they have imprudently or moroſely withdrawn themſelves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any neceſſity, nurſed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit ſubmiſſiveneſs the condition of their favour, and ſuffering none to approach them, but thoſe who never ſpeak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himſelf up to his own fancy, and converſes with none but ſuch as he hires to lull him on the down of abſolute authority, to ſooth him with obſequiouſneſs, and regale him with flattery, ſoon grows too ſlothful for the labour of conteſt, too tender for the aſperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarſeneſs of truth; a little oppoſition offends, a little reſtraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accuſtomed to ſee every thing give way to his humour, he ſoon forgets his own littleneſs, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

*Tetrica* had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a ſtate of ſuperiority to all about her. Having no ſuperfluity of underſtanding, ſhe was ſoon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, ſuch as ſhe, had nothing to do but take pleaſure their own way; that ſhe wanted nothing from others, and had therefore

therefore no reaſon to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themſelves ill-treated, ſhould look for better uſage among their equals.

Warm with theſe generous ſentiments, *Tetrica* came forth into the world, in which ſhe endeavoured to force reſpect by haughtineſs of mien and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, ſhe ſuffered ſuch mortifications from thoſe who thought themſelves at liberty to return her inſults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her to practiſe her arts of vexation only where ſhe might hope to tyrannize without reſiſtance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors with ſo much diligence, that ſhe has formed a principle of diſapprobation, and finds in every place ſomething to grate her mind, and diſturb her quiet.

If ſhe takes the air, ſhe is offended with the heat or cold, the glare of the ſun, or the gloom of the clouds; if ſhe makes a viſit, the room in which ſhe is to be received, is too light, or too dark, or furniſhed with ſomething which ſhe cannot ſee without averſion. Her tea is never of the right ſort; the figures on the *China* give her diſguſt. Where there are children, ſhe hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, ſhe cannot bear a place without ſome cheerfulneſs and rattle. If many ſervants are kept in a houſe, ſhe never fails to tell how lord *Laviſh* was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, ſhe relates the ſtory of a miſer that made his company wait on themſelves. She quarrelled with one family, becauſe

ſhe

ſhe had an unpleaſant view from their windows; with another, becauſe the ſquirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, becauſe ſhe could not bear the noiſe of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers ſhe is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another faſhion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at firſt; then will have a ſmall improvement. Thus ſhe proceeds till no profit can recompenſe the vexation; they at laſt leave the clothes at her houſe, and refuſe to ſerve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, profeſſes to take her own courſe, and hear her miſtreſs talk. Such is the conſequence of peeviſhneſs; it can be borne only when it is deſpiſed.

It ſometimes happens that too cloſe an attention to minute exactneſs, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the ſtandard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the underſtanding, and teaches the mind to diſcern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident likewiſe to men of vigorous imagination to pleaſe themſelves too much with futurities, and to fret becauſe thoſe expectations are diſappointed, which ſhould never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by ſuggeſting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man raſhly determine, that his unwillingneſs to be pleaſed is a proof of underſtanding, unleſs his ſuperiority appears from leſs doubtful evidence; for though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes

juſtly

juſtly boaſt its deſcent from learning or from wit, it is much oftner of baſe extraction, the child of vanity, and nurſling of ignorance.

NUMB. 75. TUESDAY, *December* 4, 1750.

*Diligitur nemo, niſi cui Fortuna ſecunda eſt,*
*Quæ, ſimul intonuit, proxima quæque fugat.* OVID.

When ſmiling fortune ſpreads her golden ray,
All crowd around to flatter and obey:
But when ſhe thunders from an angry ſky,
Our friends, our flatterers, our lovers fly. Miſs A. W.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the knowledge of nature, manners, and life, will perhaps incline you to pay ſome regard to the obſervations of one who has been taught to know mankind by unwelcome information, and whoſe opinions are the reſult, not of ſolitary conjectures, but of practice and experience.

I was born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of thoſe arts which are ſuppoſed to accompliſh the mind, and adorn the perſon of a woman. To theſe attainments, which cuſtom and education almoſt forced upon me, I added ſome voluntary acquiſitions by the uſe of books, and the converſation of that ſpecies of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and averſion under the name of ſcholars, but whom I have found a harmleſs and inoffenſive order of beings, not

not ſo much wiſer than ourſelves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly ſubmiſſion, than to overbear or oppreſs us with their learning or their wit.

From theſe men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, ſomething may be gained, which, embelliſhed with elegancy, and ſoftened by modeſty, will always add dignity and value to female converſation; and from my acquaintance with the bookiſh part of the world I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myſelf the general regard in every place of concourſe or pleaſure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation, my remarks were remembered by thoſe who deſired the ſecond degree of fame, my mien was ſtudied, my dreſs was imitated, my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by thoſe who copied them as ſent to themſelves, by viſits were ſolicited as honours, and multitudes boaſted of an intimacy with *Meliſſa*, who had only ſeen me by accident, and whoſe familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courteſy.

I ſhall make no ſcruple of confeſſing that I was pleaſed with this univerſal veneration, becauſe I always conſidered it as paid to my intrinſick qualities and inſeparable merit, and very eaſily perſuaded myſelf, that fortune had no part in my ſuperiority. When I looked upon my glaſs I ſaw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reaſon to hope their continuance: when

when I examined my mind, I found ſome ſtrength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was perſuaſion.

In this manner my life paſſed like a continual triumph amidſt acclamations, and envy, and courtſhip, and careſſes: to pleaſe *Meliſſa* was the general ambition, and every ſtratagem of artful flattery was practiſed upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praiſes are not believed by thoſe who pronounce them: for they prove, at leaſt, our power, and ſhew that our favour is valued, ſince it is purchaſed by the meanneſs of falſehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honeſt mind is not apt to ſuſpect, and no one exerts the power of diſcernment with much vigour when ſelf-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual diſtraction of my thoughts by new ſchemes of pleaſure, prevented me from liſtening to any of thoſe who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-ſeventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of unconteſted excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatneſs and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of ſorrow, or puſillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had loſt, for, having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did

did not ſuddenly enter my imagination, that *Meliſſa* could ſink beneath her eſtabliſhed rank, while her form and her mind continued the ſame; that ſhe could ceaſe to raiſe admiration but by ceaſing to deſerve it, or feel any ſtroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loſs, and to have married, by continuing the ſame appearance, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not ſo far ſunk in my own eſteem, as to ſubmit to the baſeneſs of fraud, or to deſire any other recommendation than ſenſe and virtue I therefore diſmiſſed my equipage, ſold thoſe ornaments which were become unſuitable to my new condition, and appeared among thoſe with whom I uſed to converſe with leſs glitter, but with equal ſpirit.

I found myſelf received at every viſit, with ſorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and conſolation, ſo frequently repeated, that my friends plainly conſulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refuſed my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my viſits; ſome viſited me, but after a longer interval than uſual, and every return was ſtill with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my preſent and former condition, to tell me how much it muſt trouble me to want the ſplendour which I became ſo well, to look at pleaſures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to ſink to a level with thoſe

by whom I had been conſidered as moving in a higher ſphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and ſubmiſſion, which I was now no longer to expect.

Obſervations like theſe, are commonly nothing better than covert inſults, which ſerve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honeſty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindneſs is intended; I will therefore, ſo far maintain my antiquated claim to politeneſs, as to venture the eſtabliſhment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of miſfortunes of which the ſufferer does not complain, and which there are no means propoſed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which neceſſarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by abſurd and unſeaſonable compaſſion.

My endleſs train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raiſing any emotions. The greater part had indeed always profeſſed to court, as it is termed, upon the ſquare, had enquired my fortune, and offered ſettlements; theſe had undoubtedly a right to retire without cenſure, ſince they had openly treated for money, as neceſſary to their happineſs, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreaſonable, who imagine themſelves injured becauſe the men who followed them upon the ſuppoſition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are diſcovered to have leſs. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to ſome ſtipulations in her favour; and ſurely what is claimed by

by the poſſeſſion of money is juſtly forfeited by its loſs. She that has once demanded a ſettlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when ſhe cannot ſhew pecuniary merit, why ſhould ſhe think her cheapener obliged to purchaſe?

My lovers were not all contented with ſilent deſertion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had formerly endured by wanton and ſuperfluous inſults, and endeavoured to mortify me, by paying, in my preſence, thoſe civilities to other ladies, which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never ſuffered any one to waſte his life in ſuſpenſe, who could have employed it to better purpoſe, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whoſe reſentment and reſpect were equally below my conſideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loſs of that influence which I had always exerted on the ſide of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the aſſertion of truth. I now find my opinions ſlighted, my ſentiments criticiſed, and my arguments oppoſed by thoſe that uſed to liſten to me without reply, and ſtruggle to be firſt in expreſſing their conviction.

The female diſputants have wholly thrown off my authority; and if I endeavour to enforce my reaſons by an appeal to the ſcholars that happen to be preſent, the wretches are certain to pay their court by ſacrificing me and my ſyſtem to a finer gown, and I am every hour inſulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that *Meliſſa* was liable to error.

There are two perſons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate that has paſſed his life in the duties of his profeſſion, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of dragoons. The parſon made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and inſtruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous leſt his freedom ſhould be thought rudeneſs. The ſoldier never paid me any particular addreſſes, but very rigidly obſerved all the rules of politeneſs, which he is now ſo far from relaxing, that whenever he ſerves the tea, he obſtinately carries me the firſt diſh, in defiance of the frowns and whiſpers of the table.

This, Mr. RAMBLER, is *to ſee the world*. It is impoſſible for thoſe that have only known affluence and proſperity, to judge rightly of themſelves or others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual maſquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only diſcover in what eſtimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

*I am, &c.*

MELISSA.

NUMB. 76. SATURDAY, *December* 8, 1750.

*——Silvis ubi paſſim*
*Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,*
*Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit, unus utrique*
*Error, ſed variis illudit partibus.* HOR.

While mazy error draws mankind aſtray
From truth's ſure path, each takes his devious way;
One to the right, one to the left recedes,
Alike deluded, as each fancy leads. ELPHINSTON.

IT is eaſy for every man, whatever be his character with others, to find reaſons for eſteeming himſelf, and therefore cenſure, contempt, or conviction of crimes, ſeldom deprive him of his own favour. Thoſe, indeed, who can ſee only external facts, may look upon him with abhorrence, but when he calls himſelf to his own tribunal he finds every fault, if not abſolutely effaced, yet ſo much palliated by the goodneſs of his intention, and the cogency of the motive, that very little guilt or turpitude remains; and when he takes a ſurvey of the whole complication of his character, he diſcovers ſo many latent excellencies, ſo many virtues that want but an opportunity to exert themſelves in act, and ſo many kind wiſhes for univerſal happineſs, that he looks on himſelf as ſuffering unjuſtly under the infamy of ſingle failings, while the general temper of his mind is unknown or unregarded.

It is natural to mean well, when only abſtracted ideas of virtue are propoſed to the mind, and no particular paſſion turns us aſide from rectitude; and ſo willing is every man to flatter himſelf, that the difference between approving laws, and obeying them, is frequently forgotten; he that ac-

knowledges the obligations of morality, and pleaſes his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himſelf zealous in the cauſe of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than they conform to his own deſires; and counts himſelf among her warmeſt lovers, becauſe he praiſes her beauty, though every rival ſteals away his heart.

There are, however, great numbers who have little recourſe to the refinements of ſpeculation, but who yet live at peace with themſelves, by means which acquire leſs underſtanding, or leſs attention. When their hearts are burthened with the conſciouſneſs of a crime, inſtead of ſeeking for ſome remedy within themſelves, they look round upon the reſt of mankind, to find others tainted with the ſame guilt: they pleaſe themſelves with obſerving, that they have numbers on their ſide; and that though they are hunted out from the ſociety of good men, they are not likely to be condemned to ſolitude.

It may be obſerved, perhaps without exception, that none are ſo induſtrious to detect wickedneſs, or ſo ready to impute it, as they whoſe crimes are apparent and confeſſed. They envy an unblemiſhed reputation, and what they envy they are buſy to deſtroy: they are unwilling to ſuppoſe themſelves meaner and more corrupt than others, and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations thoſe with whom they cannot riſe to an equality. No man yet was ever wicked without ſecret diſcontent, and according to the different degrees of remaining virtue, or unextinguiſhed reaſon, he either endeavours to reform himſelf, or corrupt others; either to regain the ſtation which he

he has quitted, or prevail on others to imitate his defection.

It has always been conſidered as an alleviation of miſery not to ſuffer alone, even when union and ſociety can contribute nothing to reſiſtance or eſcape; ſome comfort of the ſame kind ſems to incite wickedneſs to ſeek aſſociates, though indeed another reaſon may be given, for as guilt is propagated the power of reproach is diminiſhed, and among numbers equally deteſtable, every individual may be ſheltered from ſhame, though not from conſcience.

Another lenitive by which the throbs of the breaſt are aſſuaged, is, the contemplation, not of the ſame, but of different crimes. He that cannot juſtify himſelf by his reſemblance to others, is ready to try ſome other expedient, and to enquire what will riſe to his advantage from oppoſition and diſſimilitude. He eaſily finds ſome faults in every human being, which he weighs againſt his own, and eaſily makes them preponderate while he keeps the balance in his own hand, and throws in or takes out at his pleaſure circumſtances that make them heavier or lighter. He then triumphs in his comparative purity, and ſets himſelf at eaſe, not becauſe he can refute the charges advanced againſt him, but becauſe he can cenſure his accuſers with equal juſtice, and no longer fears the arrows of reproach, when he has ſtored his magazine of malice with weapons equally ſharp and equally envenomed.

This practice, though never juſt, is yet ſpecious and artful, when the cenſure is directed againſt deviations to the contrary extreme. The man who is branded with cowardice, may, with ſome appear-

ance of propriety, turn all his force of argument againſt a ſtupid contempt of life, and raſh precipitation into unneceſſary danger. Every receſſion from temerity is an approach towards cowardice, and though it be confeſſed that bravery, like other virtues, ſtands between faults on either hand, yet the place of the middle point may always be diſputed; he may therefore often impoſe upon careleſs underſtandings, by turning the attention wholly from himſelf, and keeping it fixed invariably on the oppoſite fault; and by ſhewing how many evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may conceal for a time thoſe which are incurred.

But vice has not always opportunities or addreſs for ſuch artful ſubterfuges; men often extenuate their own guilt, only by vague and general charges upon others, or endeavour to gain reſt to themſelves, by pointing ſome other prey to the purſuit of cenſure.

Every whiſper of infamy is induſtriouſly circulated, every hint of ſuſpicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully publiſhed, by thoſe whoſe intereſt it is, that the eye and voice of the publick ſhould be employed on any rather than on themſelves.

All theſe artifices, and a thouſand others equally vain and equally deſpicable, are incited by that conviction of the deformity of wickedneſs, from which none can ſet himſelf free, and by an abſurd deſire to ſeparate the cauſe from the effects, and to enjoy the profit of crimes without ſuffering the ſhame. Men are willing to try all methods of reconciling guilt and quiet, and when their underſtandings are ſtubborn and uncomplying, raiſe their

their paſſions againſt them, and hope to overpower their own knowledge.

It is generally not ſo much the deſire of men, ſunk into depravity, to deceive the world as themſelves, for when no particular circumſtances make them depend on others, infamy diſturbs them little, but as it revives their remorſe, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The ſentence moſt dreaded is that of reaſon and conſcience, which they would engage on their ſide at any price but the labours of duty, and the ſorrows of repentance. For this purpoſe every ſeducement and fallacy is ſought, the hopes ſtill reſt upon ſome new experiment till life is at an end; and the laſt hour ſteals on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in reſiſting reaſon, and repreſſing the ſenſe of the divine diſapprobation.

NUMB. 77. TUESDAY, *December* 11, 1750.

*Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat Auro,*
*Si mallet laudare Deum, cui ſordida Monſtra*
*Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit Crimine vocem.*

PRUDENT.

A golden ſtatue ſuch a wit might claim,
Had God and virtue rais'd the noble flame;
But ah! how lewd a ſubject has he ſung,
What vile obſcenity profanes his tongue! F. LEWIS.

AMONG thoſe, whoſe hopes of diſtinction, or riches, ariſe from an opinion of their intellectual attainments, it has been, from age to age, an eſtabliſhed cuſtom to complain of the ingratitude of mankind to their inſtructors, and the diſcouragement which men of genius and ſtudy ſuffer

from avarice and ignorance, from the prevalence of falſe taſte, and the encroachment of barbarity.

Men are moſt powerfully affected by thoſe evils which themſelves feel, or which appear before their own eyes; and as there has never been a time of ſuch general felicity, but that many have failed to obtain the rewards to which they had, in their own judgment, a juſt claim, ſome offended writer has always declaimed, in the rage of diſappointment, againſt his age or nation; nor is there one who has not fallen upon times more unfavourable to learning than any former century, or who does not wiſh, that he had been reſerved in the inſenſibility of non-exiſtence to ſome happier hour, when literary merit ſhall no longer be deſpiſed, and the gifts and careſſes of mankind ſhall recommend the toils of ſtudy, and add luſtre to the charms of wit.

Many of theſe clamours are undoubtedly to be conſidered only as the burſts of pride never to be ſatisfied, as the prattle of affectation mimicking diſtreſſes unfelt, or as the common-places of vanity ſolicitous for ſplendour of ſentences, and acuteneſs of remark. Yet it cannot be denied that frequent diſcontent muſt proceed from frequent hardſhips, and though it is evident, that not more than one age or people can deſerve the cenſure of being more averſe from learning than any other, yet at all times knowledge muſt have encountered impediments, and wit been mortified with contempt, or haraſſed with perſecution.

It is not neceſſary, however, to join immediately in the outcry, or to condemn mankind as pleaſed with ignorance, or always envious of ſuperior abilities. The miſeries of the learned have been related by themſelves, and ſince they have not been

been found exempt from that partiality with which men look upon their own actions and ſufferings, we may conclude that they have not forgotten to deck their cauſe with the brighteſt ornaments, and ſtrongeſt colours. The logician collected all his ſubtilties when they were to be employed in his own defence; and the maſter of rhetorick exerted againſt his adverſary all the arts by which hatred is embittered, and indignation inflamed.

To believe no man in his own cauſe, is the ſtanding and perpetual rule of diſtributive juſtice. Since therefore, in the controverſy between the learned and their enemies, we have only the pleas of one party, of the party more able to delude our underſtandings, and engage our paſſions, we muſt determine our opinion by facts uncontеſted, and evidences on each ſide allowed to be genuine.

By this procedure, I know not whether the ſtudents will find their cauſe promoted, or the compaſſion which they expect much increaſed. Let their conduct be impartially ſurveyed; let them be allowed no longer to direct attention at their pleaſure, by expatiating on their own deſerts; let neither the dignity of knowledge overawe the judgment, nor the grace of elegance ſeduce it. It will then, perhaps, be found, that they were not able to produce claims to kinder treatment, but provoked the calamities which they ſuffered, and ſeldom wanted friends, but when they wanted virtue.

That few men, celebrated for theoretick wiſdom, live with conformity to their precepts, muſt be readily confeſſed; and we cannot wonder that the indignation of mankind riſes with great vehemence againſt thoſe, who neglect the duties which they

they appear to know with ſo ſtrong conviction the neceſſity of performing. Yet ſince no man has power of acting equal to that of thinking, I know not whether the ſpeculatiſt may not ſometimes incur cenſures too ſevere, and by thoſe, who form ideas of his life from their knowledge of his books, be conſidered as worſe than others, only becauſe he was expected to be better.

He, by whoſe writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the paſſions repreſſed, may be conſidered as not unprofitable to the great republic of humanity, even though his behaviour ſhould not always exemplify his rules. His inſtructions may diffuſe their influence to regions, in which it will not be inquired, whether the author be *albus an ater*, good or bad; to times, when all his faults and all his follies ſhall be loſt in forgetfulneſs, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thouſands and ten thouſands that flame which burnt but dimly in himſelf, through the fumes of paſſion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moraliſt may be conſidered as a taper, by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated paſſions, he extends his radiance further than his heat, and guides all that are within view, he burns only thoſe who make too near approaches.

Yet ſince good or harm muſt be received for the moſt part from thoſe to whom we are familiarly known, he whoſe vices overpower his virtues, in the compaſs to which his vices can extend, has no reaſon to complain that he meets not with affection or veneration, when thoſe with whom he paſſes his life are more corrupted by his practice than enlightened by his ideas. Admiration begins where acquaint-

acquaintance ceaſes; and his favourers are diſtant, but his enemies at hand.

Yet many have dared to boaſt of neglected merit, and to challenge their age for cruelty and folly, of whom it cannot be alleged that they have endeavoured to increaſe the wiſdom or virtue of their readers. They have been at once profligate in their lives, and licentious in their compoſitions; have not only forſaken the paths of virtue, but attempted to lure others after them. They have ſmoothed the road of perdition, covered with flowers the thorns of guilt, and taught temptation ſweeter notes, ſofter blandiſhments, and ſtronger allurements.

It has been apparently the ſettled purpoſe of ſome writers, whoſe powers and acquiſitions place them high in the rank of literature, to ſet faſhion on the ſide of wickedneſs; to recommend debauchery and lewdneſs, by aſſociating them with qualities moſt likely to dazzle the diſcernment, and attract the affections; and to ſhow innocence and goodneſs with ſuch attendant weakneſſes as neceſſarily expoſe them to contempt and deriſion.

Such naturally found intimates among the corrupt, the thoughtleſs, and the intemperate; paſſed their lives amidſt the levities of ſportive idleneſs, or the warm profeſſions of drunken friendſhip; and fed their hopes with the promiſes of wretches, whom their precepts had taught to ſcoff at truth. But when fools had laughed away their ſprightlineſs, and the languors of exceſs could no longer be relieved, they ſaw their protectors hourly drop away, and wondered and ſtormed to find themſelves abandoned. Whether their companions perſiſted in wickedneſs, or returned to virtue, they were left equally without aſſiſtance; for debauchery is ſelfiſh and negligent,

gent, and from virtue the virtuous only can expect regard.

It is ſaid by *Florus* of *Catiline*, who died in the midſt of ſlaughtered enemies, that *his death had been illuſtrious, had it been ſuffered for his country.* Of the wits who having languiſhed away life under the preſſures of poverty, or in the reſtleſſneſs of ſuſpenſe, careſſed and rejected, flattered and deſpiſed, as they were of more or leſs uſe to thoſe who ſtiled themſelves their patrons, it might be obſerved that their miſeries would enforce compaſſion, had they been brought upon them by honeſty and religion.

The wickedneſs of a looſe or prophane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken raviſher, not only becauſe it extends its effects wider, as a peſtilence that taints the air is more deſtructive than poiſon infuſed in a draught, but becauſe it is committed with cool deliberation. By the inſtantaneous violence of deſire, a good man may ſometimes be ſurpriſed before reflection can come to his reſcue; when the appetites have ſtrengthened their influence by habit, they are not eaſily reſiſted or ſuppreſſed; but for the frigid villainy of ſtudious lewdneſs, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What puniſhment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to ſolitudes for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ranſacks his memory, only that he may leave the world leſs virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the riſing generation; and ſpread ſnares for the ſoul with more dexterity?

What were their motives, or what their excuſes, is below the dignity of reaſon to examine. If having extinguiſhed in themſelves the diſtinction of right and

and wrong, they were inſenſible of the miſchief which they promoted, they deſerved to be hunted down by the general compact, as no longer partaking of ſocial nature; if influenced by the corruption of patrons, or readers, they ſacrificed their own convictions to vanity or intereſt, they were to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that murders for pay; ſince they committed greater crimes without greater temptations.

*Of him to whom much is given, much ſhall be required.* Thoſe, whom God has favoured with ſuperior faculties, and made eminent for quickneſs of intuition, and accuracy of diſtinctions, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eyes, for defects and deviations which, in ſouls leſs enlightened, may be guiltleſs. But, ſurely, none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he had more means of excelling in virtue, and uſed the light imparted from heaven only to embelliſh folly, and ſhed luſtre upon crimes.

NUMB. 78. SATURDAY, *December* 15, 1750.

*——Mors ſola fatetur*
*Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula.* JUV.

Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
The mighty ſoul how ſmall a body holds. DRYDEN.

CORPORAL ſenſation is known to depend ſo much upon novelty, that cuſtom takes away from many things their power of giving pleaſure or pain. Thus a new dreſs becomes eaſy by wearing it, and the palate is reconciled by degrees to diſhes which at firſt diſguſted it That by long habit of carrying a burden, we loſe, in great part, our ſenſibility of its weight, any man may be convinced by putting on for an hour the armour of our anceſtors; for he will ſcarcely believe that men would have had much inclination to marches and battles, encumbered and oppreſſed, as he will find himſelf, with the ancient panoply. Yet the heroes that overrun regions, and ſtormed towns in iron accoutrements, he knows not to have been bigger, and has no reaſon to imagine them ſtronger than the preſent race of men; he therefore muſt conclude that their peculiar powers were conferred only by peculiar habits, and that their familiarity with the dreſs of war enabled them to move in it with eaſe, vigour, and agility.

Yet it ſeems to be the condition of our preſent ſtate, that pain ſhould be more fixed and permanent than pleaſure. Uneaſineſs gives way by ſlow degrees, and is long before it quits its poſſeſſion of the ſenſory; but all our gratifications are volatile, vagrant, and eaſily diſſipated. The fragrance of the jeſſamine bower is loſt after the enjoyment of a few

a few moments, and the *Indian* wanders among his native ſpices without any ſenſe of their exhalations. It is, indeed, not neceſſary to ſhew by many inſtances what all mankind confeſs, by an inceſſant call for variety, and reſtleſs purſuit of enjoyments, which they value only becauſe unpoſſeſſed.

Something ſimilar, or analogous, may be obſerved in effects produced immediately upon the mind; nothing can ſtrongly ſtrike or affect us, but what is rare or ſudden. The moſt important events, when they become familiar, are no longer conſidered with wonder or ſolicitude, and that which at firſt filled up our whole attention, and left no place for any other thought, is ſoon thruſt aſide into ſome remote repoſitory of the mind, and lies among other lumber of the memory, overlooked and neglected. Thus far the mind reſembles the body, but here the ſimilitude is at an end.

The manner in which external force acts upon the body is very little ſubject to the regulation of the will; no man can at pleaſure obtund or invigorate his ſenſes, prolong the agency of any impulſe, or continue the preſence of any image traced upon the eye, or any ſound infuſed into the ear. But our ideas are more ſubjected to choice; we can call them before us, and command their ſtay, we can facilitate and promote their recurrence, we can either repreſs their intruſion, or haſten their retreat. It is therefore the buſineſs of wiſdom and virtue, to ſelect among numberleſs objects ſtriving for our notice, ſuch as may enable us to exalt our reaſon, extend our views, and ſecure our happineſs. But this choice is to be made with very little regard to rareneſs or frequency; for

for nothing is valuable merely becauſe it is neither rare or common, but becauſe it is adapted to ſome uſeful purpoſe, and enables us to ſupply ſome deficiency of our nature.

*Milton* has judiciouſly repreſented the father of mankind, as ſeized with horror and aſtoniſhment at the ſight of death; exhibited to him on the mount of viſion. For ſurely, nothing can ſo much diſturb the paſſions, or perplex the intellects of man, as the diſruption of his union with viſible nature; a ſeparation from all that has hitherto delighted or engaged him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being; an entrance into a ſtate not ſimply which he knows not, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know; an immediate and perceptible communication with the ſupreme Being, and, what is above all diſtreſsful and alarming, the final ſentence, and unalterable allotment.

Yet we to whom the ſhortneſs of life has given frequent occaſions of contemplating mortality, can, without emotion, ſee generations of men paſs away, and are at leiſure to eſtabliſh modes of ſorrow, and adjuſt the ceremonial of death. We can look upon funeral pomp as a common ſpectacle in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amuſements, without dejection of look, or inquietude of heart.

It is, indeed, apparent from the conſtitution of the world, that there muſt be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the laſt hour, however it may become the ſolitude of a monaſtery, is inconſiſtent with many duties of common life. But ſurely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds, as an habitual

habitual and ſettled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention ſhould ſeldom wander ſo far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by ſight of an event, which muſt ſoon, we know not how ſoon, happen likewiſe to ourſelves, and of which, though we cannot appoint the time, we may ſecure the conſequence.

Every inſtance of death may juſtly awaken our fears and quicken our vigilance, but its frequency ſo much weakens its effect, that we are ſeldom alarmed unleſs ſome cloſe connexion is broken, ſome ſcheme fruſtrated, or ſome hope defeated. Many therefore ſeem to paſs on from youth to decrepitude without any reflection on the end of life, becauſe they are wholly involved within themſelves, and look on others only as inhabitants of the common earth, without any expectation of receiving good, or intention of beſtowing it.

Events, of which we confeſs the importance, excite little ſenſibility, unleſs they affect us more nearly than as ſharers in the common intereſt of mankind; that deſire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, is often mortified when we remark how little concern is cauſed by the eternal departure even of thoſe who have paſſed their lives with publick honours, and been diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary performances. It is not poſſible to be regarded with tenderneſs except by a few. That merit which gives greatneſs and renown, diffuſes its influence to a wide compaſs, but acts weakly on every ſingle breaſt; it is placed at a diſtance from common ſpectators, and ſhines like one of the remote ſtars, of which the light reaches

reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philoſopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topick to the converſation of the day. They impreſs none with any freſh conviction of the fragility of our nature, becauſe none had any particular intereſt in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus it often happens, that thoſe who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at laſt in the ground without the common honour of a ſtone; becauſe by thoſe excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged, and, though they had many to celebrate they had none to love them.

Cuſtom ſo far regulates the ſentiments, at leaſt of common minds, that I believe men may be generally obſerved to grow leſs tender as they advance in age. He, who, when life was new, melted at the loſs of every companion, can look in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his laſt friend was thrown, and into which himſelf is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than formerly, but that he is more familiar to the death of others, and therefore is not alarmed ſo far as to conſider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to ſubmit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to ſuffer our reaſon to lie uſeleſs. Every funeral may juſtly be conſidered as a ſummons to prepare for that ſtate, into which it ſhews us that we muſt ſometime enter; and the ſummons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at leſs diſtance. To neglect

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at any time preparation for death, is to ſleep on our poſt at a ſiege, but to omit it in old age, is to ſleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me one of the moſt ſtriking paſſages in the viſions of *Quevedo*, which ſtigmatiſes thoſe as fools who complain that they failed of happineſs by ſudden death. "How," ſays he, "can death be ſudden to a being who "always knew that he muſt die, and that the time "of his death was uncertain?"

Since buſineſs and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future ſtate, ſome admonition is frequently neceſſary to recall it to our minds, and what can more properly renew the impreſſion than the examples of mortality which every day ſupplies? The great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we muſt die; it will therefore be uſeful to accuſtom ourſelves, whenever we ſee a funeral, to conſider how ſoon we may be added to the number of thoſe whoſe probation is paſt, and whoſe happineſs or miſery ſhall endure for ever.

NUMB. 75. TUESDAY, *December* 18, 1750.

*Tam ſæpe noſtrum decipi Fabullum, quid*
*Miraris, Aule? Semper bonus homo tiro eſt.* MART.

You wonder I've ſo little wit,
Friend *John*, ſo often to be bit,—
None better guard againſt a cheet
Than he who is a knave complete. F. LEWIS.

SUSPICION, however neceſſary it may be to our ſafe paſſage through ways beſet on all ſides by fraud and malice, has been always conſidered, when it exceeds the common meaſures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a *Greek* writer of ſentences has laid down as a ſtanding maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himſelf to be perjured.*

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in compariſon with ſomething that we know: whoever therefore is over-run with ſuſpicion, and detects artifice and ſtratagem in every propoſal, muſt either have learned by experience or obſervation the wickedneſs of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often ſuffered or ſeen treachery, or he muſt derive his judgment from the conſciouſneſs of his own diſpoſition, and impute to others the ſame inclinations, which he feels predominant in himſelf.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and obſerving the arts by which negligence is ſurpriſed, timidity overborne, and credulity amuſed, requires either great latitude of converſe and long acquaintance with buſineſs, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteneſs of penetration. When therefore

therefore a young man, not diſtinguiſhed by vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of ſcruples and diffidence; makes a bargain with many proviſional limitations; heſitates in his anſwer to a common queſtion, leſt more ſhould be intended than he can immediately diſcover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; conſiders every careſs as an act of hypocriſy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderneſs of his friends, becauſe he believes no one to have any real tenderneſs but for himſelf; whatever expectations this early ſagacity may raiſe of his future eminence or riches, I can ſeldom forbear to conſider him as a wretch incapable of generoſity or benevolence, as a villain early completed beyond the need of common opportunities and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this claſs inſtruction and admonition are generally thrown away, becauſe they conſider artifice and deceit as proofs of underſtanding; they are miſled at the ſame time by the two great ſeducers of the world, vanity and intereſt, and not only look upon thoſe who act with openneſs and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obſcurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowneſs of comprehenſion, ſhortneſs of views, and ſlowneſs of contrivance.

The world has been long amuſed with the mention of policy in publick tranſactions, and of art in private affairs; they have been conſidered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level: yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required ſuch ſtupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falſehood and imprudence,

impudence, without the aſſiſtance of any other powers. To profeſs what he does not mean, to promiſe what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with proſpects of promotion, and miſery with hopes of relief, to ſooth pride with appearances of ſubmiſſion, and appeaſe enmity by blandiſhments and bribes, can ſurely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purpoſes, a face that cannot bluſh, and a heart that cannot feel.

Theſe practices are ſo mean and baſe, that he who finds in himſelf no tendency to uſe them, cannot eaſily believe that they are conſidered by others with leſs deteſtation; he therefore ſuffers himſelf to ſlumber in falſe ſecurity, and becomes a prey to thoſe who applaud their own ſubtilty, becauſe they know how to ſteal upon his ſleep, and exult in the ſucceſs which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themſelves, who was hindered from obviating their ſtratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suſpicion is, indeed, a temper ſo uneaſy and reſtleſs, that it is very juſtly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is ſaid, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of ſleep long continued; a pain, to which the ſtate of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give reſt to his vigilance and circumſpection, but conſiders himſelf as ſurrounded by ſecret foes, and fears to intruſt his children, or his friend, with the ſecret that throbs in his breaſt, and the anxieties that break into his face. To avoid, at this expence, thoſe evils to which eaſineſs and friendſhip might have expoſed him, is ſurely to buy ſafety at too dear a rate, and

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in the language of the *Roman* ſatiriſt, to ſave life bye loſing all for which a wiſe man would live.

When in the diet of the *German* empire, as *Camerarius* relates, the princes were once diſplaying their felicity, and each boaſting the advantages of his own dominions, one who poſſeſſed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertility of its ſoil, roſe to ſpeak, and the reſt liſtened between pity and contempt, till he declared in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and if he was weary, ſleep in ſafety upon the lap of the firſt man whom he ſhould meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boaſt of palaces, paſtures, or ſtreams.

Suſpicion is not leſs an enemy to virtue than to happineſs: he that is already corrupt is naturally ſuſpicious, and he that becomes ſuſpicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourſelves have ſuffered; men who are once perſuaded that deceit will be employed againſt them, ſometimes think the ſame arts juſtified by the neceſſity of defence. Even they whoſe virtue is too well eſtabliſhed to give way to example, or to be ſhaken by ſophiſtry, muſt yet feel their love of mankind diminiſhed with their eſteem, and grow leſs zealous for the happineſs of thoſe by whom they imagine their own happineſs endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which ſuſpicion has been ſtrongly impreſſed by long intercourſe with the world, inflexible and ſevere, not eaſily ſoftened by ſubmiſſion, melted by complaint, ot ſubdued by ſupplication. Frequent experience of counterfeited miſeries, and diſſembled virtue, in time overcomes

that diſpoſition to tenderneſs and ſympathy, which is ſo powerful in our younger years, and they that happen to petition the old for compaſſion or aſſiſtance, are doomed to languiſh without regard, and ſuffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeſerving or ungrateful.

Hiſtorians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without cenſure thoſe ſtratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his deſtruction. A ſhip comes before a port, weather-beaten and ſhattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, ſupplying themſelves with neceſſaries, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to conſent, the ſtrangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall ſuddenly upon their benefactors, deſtroy thoſe that make reſiſtance, and become maſters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their ſucceſs is recorded to encourage imitation.

But ſurely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with ſome regard to the univerſal intereſt of man. Thoſe may juſtly be purſued as enemies to the community of nature, who ſuffer hoſtility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and purſue their private advantage by means, which, if once eſtabliſhed, muſt deſtroy kindneſs, cut off from every man all hopes of aſſiſtance from another, and fill the world with perpetual ſuſpicion and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be reſtored, and thoſe who have conquered by ſuch treachery may be juſtly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which conſtitutes not only the eaſe but the exiſtence of ſociety. He that ſuffers by impoſture has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is neceſſary not to invite robbery by ſupineneſs, ſo it is our duty not to ſuppreſs tenderneſs by ſuſpicion; it is better to ſuffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be ſometimes cheated than not to truſt.

NUMB. 81. SATURDAY, *December* 22, 1750.

*Vides ut altâ ſtet Nive candidum*
Soracte, *nec jam ſuſtineant Onus*
*Silvæ laborantes*——— HOR.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Opreſs the lab'ring woods below. DRYDEN.

AS providence has made the human ſoul an active being, always impatient for novelty; and ſtruggling for ſomething yet unenjoyed with unwearied progreſſion, the world ſeems to have been eminently adapted to this diſpoſition of the mind; it is formed to raiſe expectations by conſtant viciſſitudes, and to obviate ſatiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find ſomething to revive our curioſity, and engage our attention. In the duſk of the morning we watch the riſing of the ſun, and ſee the day diverſify the clouds, and

open new proſpects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, we ſee the ſhades lengthen, and the light decline, till the ſky is reſigned to a multitude of ſhining orbs different from each other in magnitude and ſplendour. The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it; the woods offer their ſhades, and the fields their harveſts; the hill flatters with an extenſive view, and the valley invites with ſhelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of ſeaſons, and a perpetuity of ſpring; but I am not certain that in this ſtate of imaginary happineſs they have made ſufficient proviſion for that inſatiable demand of new gratifications, which ſeems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our ſenſe of delight is in a great meaſure comparative, and ariſes at once from the ſenſations which we feel, and thoſe which we remember: Thus eaſe after torment is pleaſure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity; but the joy ceaſes when we have forgot the cold, we muſt fall below eaſe again, if we deſire to riſe above it, and purchaſe new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely that however the fancy may be amuſed with the deſcriptions of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no ſcenes are diſplayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we ſhould ſoon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languiſh for want of other ſubjects, call on heaven for our wonted round of ſeaſons, and think ourſelves liberally recompenſed for the inconveniencies

inconveniences of ſummer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmneſs and mildneſs of the intermediate variations.

Every ſeaſon has its particular power of ſtriking the mind. The nakedneſs and aſperity of the wintry world always fills the beholder with penſive and profound aſtoniſhment; as the variety of the ſcene is leſſened, its grandeur is increaſed; and the mind is ſwelled at once by the mingled ideas of the preſent and the paſt, of the beauties which have vaniſhed from the eyes, and the waſte and deſolation that are now before them.

It is obſerved by *Milton*, that he who neglects to viſit the country in ſpring, and rejects the pleaſures that are then in their firſt bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *ſullenneſs againſt nature*. If we allot different duties to different ſeaſons, he may be charged with equal diſobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills and leafleſs woods, without ſerioufneſs and awe. Spring is the ſeaſon of gaiety, and winter of terror; in ſpring the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence ſparkles at the ſight of happineſs and plenty: In the winter, compaſſion melts at univerſal calamity, and the tear of ſoftneſs ſtarts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of the creation in diſtreſs.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heavineſs and ſorrow, nor do I recommend them beyond the degree of neceſſary to maintain in its full vigour that habitual ſympathy and tenderneſs, which in a world of ſo much miſery, is neceſſary to the ready diſcharge of our moſt important duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper

ſeaſon for domeſtick merriment and gaiety. We are ſeldom invited by the votaries of pleaſure to look abroad for any other purpoſe, than that we may ſhrink back with more ſatisfaction to our coverts, and when we have heard the howl of the tempeſt, and felt the gripe of the froſt, congratulate each other with more gladneſs upon a cloſe room, an eaſy chair, a large fire, and a ſmoaking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and converſation. Differences, we know, are never ſo effectually laid aſleep, as by ſome common calamity: An enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the ſame fire-ſide thoſe, who, by the oppoſition of inclinations, or difference of employment, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual intereſt to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wiſh for the continuance of the ſocial ſeaſon, with all its bleakneſs and all its ſeverities.

To the men of ſtudy and imagination the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and ſilence produce compoſure of mind, and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleaſure naturally cauſes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which thoſe, whom literature enables to find amuſements for themſelves, have more than common convictions of their own happineſs. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from moſt of the diverſions which are called in to aſſiſt the flight of time, they can find new ſubjects of enquiry, and preſerve themſelves from

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that wearineſs which always hangs flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philoſophers; it is neceſſary that the greater part of mankind ſhould be employed in the minute buſineſs of common life; minute, indeed, not if we conſider its influence upon our happineſs, but if we reſpect the abilities requiſite to conduct it. Theſe muſt neceſſarily be more dependent on accident for the means of ſpending agreeably thoſe hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or nature obliges them to allow to relaxation. Yet even on theſe I would willingly impreſs ſuch a ſenſe of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careleſs hours amuſements of more uſe and dignity than the common games, which not only weary the mind without improving it, but ſtrengthen the paſſions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profuſion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reaſonable being to ſpend any of the little time allotted us, without ſome tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our exiſtence. And though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the ſtated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none ſhould be ſo ſpent as to exclude wiſdom or virtue, or paſs without poſſibility of qualifying us more or leſs for the better employment of thoſe which are to come.

It is ſcarcely poſſible to paſs an hour in honeſt converſation, without being able when we riſe from it, to pleaſe ourſelves with having given or received ſome advantages; but a man may ſhuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, with-

out tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loſs, and a confuſed remembrance of agitated paſſions, and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to ſpend the dreary months before them, may conſider which of their paſt amuſements fills them now with the greateſt ſatisfaction, and reſolve to repeat thoſe gratifications of which the pleaſure is moſt durable.

NUMB. 81. TUESDAY, *December* 25, 1750.

*Diſcite Juſtitiam moniti——* VIRG.

Hear, and be juſt.

AMONG queſtions which have been diſcuſſed without any approach to deciſion may, be numbered the precedency or ſuperior excellence of one virtue to another, which has long furniſhed a ſubject of diſpute to men whoſe leiſure ſent them out into the intellectual world in ſearch of employment, and who have, perhaps, been ſometimes withheld from the practice of their favourite duty, by zeal for its advancement, and diligence in its celebration.

The intricacy of this diſpute may be alleged as a proof of that tenderneſs for mankind which Providence has, I think, univerſally diſplayed, by making attainments eaſy in proportion as they are neceſſary. That all the duties of morality ought to be practiſed, is without difficulty diſcoverable, becauſe ignorance or uncertainty would immediately

immediately involve the world in confuſion and diſtreſs; but which duty ought to be moſt eſteemed, we may continue to debate, without inconvenience, ſo all be diligently performed as there is opportunity or need: for upon practice, not upon opinion, depends the happineſs of mankind; and controverſies, merely ſpeculative, are of ſmall importance in themſelves, however they may have ſometimes heated a diſputant, or provoked a faction.

Of the divine author of our religion it is impoſſible to peruſe the evangelical hiſtories, without obſerving how little he favoured the vanity of inquiſitiveneſs; how much more rarely he condeſcended to ſatisfy curioſity, than to relieve diſtreſs; and how much he deſired that his followers ſhould rather excel in goodneſs than in knowledge. His precepts tend immediately to the rectification of the moral principles, and the direction of daily conduct, without oſtentation, without art, at once irrefragable and plain, ſuch as well-meaning ſimplicity may readily conceive, and of which we cannot miſtake the meaning, but when we are afraid to find it.

The meaſures of juſtice preſcribed to us, in our tranſactions with others, is remarkably clear and comprehenſive: *Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them.* A law by which every claim of right may be immediately adjuſted, as far as the private conſcience requires to be informed; a law, of which every man may find the expoſition in his own breaſt, and which may always be obſerved without any other qualifications than honeſty of intention, and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, ſome ſons of ſophiſtry have been ſubtle enough to throw miſts, which have darkened their own eyes. To perplex this univerſal principle, they have enquired whether a man, conſcious to himſelf of unreaſonable wiſhes, be bound to gratify them in another. But ſurely there needed no long deliberation to conclude, that the deſires, which are to be conſidered by us as the meaſure of right, muſt be ſuch as we approve, and that we ought to pay no regard to thoſe expectations in others which we condemn in ourſelves, and which, however they may intrude upon our imagination, we know it our duty to reſiſt and ſuppreſs.

One of the moſt celebrated caſes which have been produced as requiring ſome ſkill in the direction of conſcience to adapt them to this great rule, is that of a criminal aſking mercy of his judge, who cannot but know, that if he was in the ſtate of the ſupplicant, he ſhould deſire that pardon which he now denies. The difficulty of this ſophiſm will vaniſh, if we remember that the parties are, in reality, on one ſide the criminal, and on the other the community, of which the magiſtrate is only the miniſter, and by which he is intruſted with the publick ſafety. The magiſtrate, therefore, in pardoning a man unworthy of pardon, betrays the truſt with which he is inveſted, gives away what is not his own, and, apparently, does to others what he would not that others ſhould do to him. Even the community, whoſe right is ſtill greater to arbitrary grants of mercy, is bound by thoſe laws which regard the great republick of mankind, and cannot juſtify ſuch forbearance as may promote wickedneſs,

wickedneſs, and leſſen the general confidence and ſecurity in which all have an equal intereſt, and which all are therefore bound to maintain. For this reaſon the ſtate has not a right to erect a general ſanctuary for fugitives, or give protection to ſuch as have forfeited their lives by crimes againſt the laws of common morality equally acknowledged by all nations, becauſe no people can, without infraction of the univerſal league of ſocial beings, incite by proſpects of impunity and ſafety, thoſe practices in another dominion, which they would themſelves puniſh in their own.

One occaſion of uncertainty and heſitation, in thoſe by whom this great rule has been commented and dilated, is the confuſion of what the exacter caſuiſts are careful to diſtinguiſh, *debts of juſtice* and *debts of charity*. The immediate and primary intention of this precept, is to eſtabliſh a rule of juſtice, and I know not whether invention, or ſophiſtry, can ſtart a ſingle difficulty to retard its application, when it is thus expreſſed and explained, *let every man allow the claim of right in another, which he ſhould think himſelf entitled to make in the like circumſtances.*

The diſcharge of the *debts of charity*, or duties which we owe to others, not merely as required by juſtice, but as dictated by benevolence, admits in its own nature greater complication of circumſtances, and greater latitude of choice. Juſtice is indiſpenſably and univerſally neceſſary, and what is neceſſary muſt always be limited, uniform, and diſtinct. But beneficence, though in general equally enjoined by our religion, and equally needful to the conciliation of the divine favour, is

yet,

yet, for the moſt part, with regard to its ſingle acts, elective and voluntary. We may certainly, without injury to our fellow-beings, allow in the diſtribution of kindneſs ſomething to our affections, and change the meaſure of our liberality according to our opinions and proſpects, our hopes and fears. This rule therefore is not equally determinate and abſolute with reſpect to offices of kindneſs, and acts of liberality, becauſe liberality and kindneſs, abſolutely determined, would loſe their nature; for how could we be called tender or charitable, for giving that which we are poſitively forbidden to withhold?

Yet even in adjuſting the extent of our beneficence no other meaſure can be taken than this precept affords us, for we can only know what others ſuffer or want, by conſidering how we ſhould be affected in the ſame ſtate; nor can we proportion our aſſiſtance by any other rule than that of doing what we ſhould then expect from others. It indeed generally happens that the giver and receiver differ in their opinions of generoſity; the ſame partiality to his own intereſt inclines one to large expectations, and the other to ſparing diſtributions. Perhaps the infirmity of human nature will ſcarcely ſuffer a man groaning under the preſſure of diſtreſs, to judge rightly of the kindneſs of his friends, or think they have done enough till his deliverance is completed; not therefore what we might wiſh, but what we could demand from others, we are obliged to grant, ſince, though we can eaſily know how much we might claim, it is impoſſible to determine what we ſhould hope.

But

But in all enquiries concerning the practice of voluntary and occaſional virtues, it is ſafeſt for minds not oppreſſed with ſuperſtitious fears to determine againſt their own inclinations, and ſecure themſelves from deficiency, by doing more than they believe ſtrictly neceſſary. For of this every man may be certain, that, if he were to exchange conditions with his dependent, he ſhould expect more than, with the utmoſt exertion of his ardour, he now will prevail upon himſelf to perform; and when reaſon has no ſettled rule, and our paſſions are ſtriving to miſlead us, it is ſurely the part of a wiſe man to err on the ſide of ſafety.

NUMB. 82. SATURDAY, *December* 29, 1750.

*Omnia* Caſtor *emit, ſic ſiet ut omnia vendat.* MART.
Who buys without diſcretion, buys to ſell.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT will not be neceſſary to ſolicit your good-will by any formal preface, when I have informed you, that I have long been known as the moſt laborious and zealous virtuoſo that the preſent age has had the honour of producing, and that inconveniencies have been brought upon me by an unextinguiſhable ardour of curioſity, and an unſhaken perſeverance in the acquiſition of the productions of art and nature.

It was obſerved, from my entrance into the world, that I had ſomething uncommon in my diſpoſition,

poſition, and that there appeared in me very early tokens of ſuperior genius, I was always an enemy to trifles; the playthings which my mother beſtowed upon me I immediately broke, that I might diſcover the method of their ſtructure, and the cauſes of their motions; of all the toys with which children are delighted I valued only my coral, and as ſoon as I could ſpeak, aſked, like *Pierefc*, innumerable queſtions which the maids about me could not reſolve. As I grew older I was more thoughtful and ſerious, and inſtead of amuſing myſelf with puerile diverſions, made collections of natural rarities, and never walked into the fields without bringing home ſtones of remarkable forms, or inſects of ſome uncommon ſpecies. I never entered an old houſe, from which I did not take away the painted glaſs, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demoliſhed the convents and monaſteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early poſſeſſed by a taſte for ſolid knowledge, I paſſed my youth with very little diſturbance from paſſions and appetites, and having no pleaſure in the company of boys and girls, who talked of plays, politicks, faſhions, or love, I carried on my enquiries with inceſſant diligence, and had amaſſed more ſtone, moſſes, and ſhells, than are to be found in many celebrated collections, at an age in which the greateſt part of young men are ſtudying under tutors, or endeavouring to recommend themſelves to notice by their dreſs, their air, and their levities.

When I was two and twenty years old, I became, by the death of my father, poſſeſſed of a ſmall eſtate in land, with a very large ſum of money

money in the publick funds, and muſt confeſs that I did not much lament him, for he was a man of mean parts, bent rather upon growing rich than wiſe. He once fretted at the expence of only ten ſhillings, which he happened to overhear me offering for the ſting of a hornet, though it was a cold moiſt ſummer, in which very few hornets had been ſeen. He often recommended to me the ſtudy of phyſick, in which, ſaid he, you may at once gratify your curioſity after natural hiſtory, and increaſe your fortune by benefiting mankind. I heard him, Mr. *Rambler*, with pity, and as there was no proſpect of elevating a mind formed to grovel, ſuffered him to pleaſe himſelf with hoping that I ſhould ſome time follow his advice. For you know that there are men, with whom, when they have once ſettled a notion in their heads, it is to very little purpoſe to diſpute.

Being now left wholly to my own inclinations, I very ſoon enlarged the bounds of my curioſity, and contented myſelf no longer with ſuch rarities as required only judgment and induſtry, and when once found, might be had for nothing. I now turned my thoughts to *Exoticks* and *Antiques*, and became ſo well known, for my generous patronage of ingenious men, that my levee was crowded with viſitants, ſome to ſee my muſeum, and others to increaſe its treaſures, by ſelling me whatever they had brought from other countries.

I had always a contempt for that narrowneſs of conception, which contents itſelf with cultivating ſome ſingle corner of the field of ſcience; I took the whole region into my view, and wiſhed it of yet greater extent. But no man's power can be equal to his will. I was forced to proceed by ſlow degrees,

degrees, and to purchaſe what chance or kindneſs happened to preſent. I did not however proceed without ſome deſign, or imitate the indiſcretion of thoſe, who begin a thouſand collections, and finiſh none. Having been always a lover of geography, I determined to collect the maps drawn in the rude and barbarous times, before any regular ſurveys, or juſt obſervations; and have, at a great expence, brought together a volume, in which, perhaps, not a ſingle country is laid down according to its true ſituation, and by which, he that deſires to know the errors of the ancient geographers may be amply informed.

But my ruling paſſion is patriotiſm: my chief care has been to procure the products of our own country; and as *Alfred* received the tribute of the *Welch* in wolves heads, I allowed my tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till I had exhauſted the papilionaceous tribe. I then directed them to the purſuit of other animals, and obtained, by this eaſy method, moſt of the grubs and inſects, which land, air, or water can ſupply, I have three ſpecies of earthworms not known to the naturaliſts, have diſcovered a new ephemera, and can ſhew four waſps that were taken torpid in their winter quarters. I have, from my own ground, the longeſt blade of graſs upon record, and once accepted, as a half year's rent for a field of wheat, an ear containing more grains than had been ſeen before upon a ſingle ſtem.

One of my tenants ſo much neglected his own intereſt, as to ſupply me, in a whole ſummer, with only two horſe-flies, and thoſe of little more than the common ſize; and I was upon the brink of ſeizing for arrears, when his good fortune threw a white

a white mole in his way, for which he was not only forgiven, but rewarded.

Theſe, however, were petty acquiſitions, and made at ſmall expence; nor ſhould I have ventured to rank myſelf among the virtuoſi without better claims. I have ſuffered nothing worthy the regard of a wiſe man to eſcape my notice: I have ranſacked the old and the new world, and been equally attentive to paſt ages and the preſent. For the illuſtration of ancient hiſtory, I can ſhew a marble, of which the inſcription, though it is not now legible, appears, from ſome broken remains of the letters, to have been *Tuſcan*, and therefore probably engraved before the foundation of *Rome*. I have two pieces of porphyry found among the ruins of *Epheſus*, and three letters broken off by a learned traveller from the monuments of *Perſepolis*; a piece of ſtone which paved the *Areopagus* of *Athens*, and a plate without figures or characters, which was found at *Corinth*, and which I therefore believe to be that metal which was once valued before gold. I have ſand gathered out of the *Granicus*; a fragment of *Trajan*'s bridge over the *Danube*; ſome of the mortar which cemented the watercourſe of *Tarquin*; a horſeſhoe broken on the *Flaminian* way; and a turf with five daiſies dug from the field of *Pharſalia*.

I do not wiſh to raiſe the envy of unſucceſsful collectors, by too pompous a diſplay of my ſcientifick wealth, but cannot forbear to obſerve, that there are few regions of the globe which are not honoured with ſome memorial in my cabinets. The *Perſian* monarchs are ſaid to have boaſted the greatneſs of their empire, by being ſerved at their tables with drink from the *Ganges* and the *Danube*: I can

I can ſhew one vial, of which the water was formerly an icicle on the crags of *Caucaſus*, and another that contains what once was ſnow on the top of *Atlas*; in a third is dew bruſhed from a banana in the gardens of *Iſpahan*; and, in another, brine that has rolled in the Pacifick ocean. I flatter myſelf that I am writing to a man who will rejoice at the honour which my labours have procured to my country; and therefore I ſhall tell you that *Britain* can, by my care, boaſt of a ſnail that has crawled upon the wall of *China*; a humming bird which an *American* princeſs wore in her ear; the tooth of an elephant who carried the queen of *Siam*; the ſkin of an ape that was kept in the palace of the great mogul; a ribbon that adorned one of the maids of a *Turkiſh* ſultana; and a ſcymitar once wielded by a ſoldier of *Abas* the great.

In collecting antiquities of every country, I have been careful to chuſe only by intrinſick worth, and real uſefulneſs, without regard to party or opinions. I have therefore a lock of *Cromwell*'s hair in a box turned from a piece of the royal oak; and keep in the ſame drawers, ſand ſcraped from the coffin of king *Richard*, and a commiſſion ſigned by *Henry* the ſeventh. I have equal veneration for the ruff of *Elizabeth* and the ſhoe of *Mary* of *Scotland*; and ſhould loſe, with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of *Raleigh*, and a ſtirrup of king *James*. I have paid the ſame price for a glove of *Lewis*, and a thimble of queen *Mary*; for a fur cap of the *Czar*, and a boot of *Charles* of *Sweden*.

You will eaſily imagine that theſe accumulations were not made without ſome diminution of my fortune, for I was ſo well known to ſpare no coſt,

that

that at every ſale ſome bid againſt me for hire, ſome for ſport, and ſome for malice; and if I aſked the price of any thing, it was ſufficient to double the demand. For curioſity, trafficking thus with avarice, the wealth of *Indian* had not been enough; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to my cloſet: here I was inclined to ſtop, and live upon my eſtate in literary leiſure, but the ſale of the *Harleian* collection ſhook my reſolution: I mortgaged my land and purchaſed thirty medals, which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has ſeized my repoſitory; I am therefore condemned to diſperſe what the labour of an age will not reaſſemble. I ſubmit to that which cannot be oppoſed, and ſhall, in a ſhort time, declare a ſale. I have, while it is yet in my power, ſent you a pebble, picked up by *Tavernier* on the banks of the *Ganges*; for which I deſire no other recompence than that you will recommend my catalogue to the publick.

QUISQUILIUS.

NUMB. 83. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 1, 1750.

*Niſi utile eſt quod facias ſtulta eſt gloria.* PHÆD.
All uſeleſs ſcience is an empty boaſt.

THE publication of the letter in my laſt paper has naturally led me to the conſideration of that thirſt after curioſities, which often draws contempt and ridicule upon itſelf, but which is perhaps no otherwiſe blameable, than as it wants thoſe circum-

circumſtantial recommendations which add luſtre even to moral excellencies, and are abſolutely neceſſary to the grace and beauty of indifferent actions.

Learning confers ſo much ſuperiority on thoſe who poſſeſs it, that they might probably have eſcaped all cenſure had they been able to agree among themſelves; but as envy and competition have divided the republick of letters into factions, they have neglected the common intereſt; each has called in foreign aid, and endeavoured to ſtrengthen his own cauſe by his frown of power, the hiſs of ignorance, and the clamour of popularity. They have all engaged in feuds, till by mutual hoſtilities they demoliſhed thoſe outworks which veneration had raiſed for their ſecurity, and expoſed themſelves to barbarians, by whom every region of ſcience is equally laid waſte.

Between men of different ſtudies and poſſeſſions, may be obſerved a conſtant reciprocation of reproaches. The collector of ſhells and ſtones, derides the folly of him who paſtes leaves and flowers upon paper, pleaſes himſelf with colours that are perceptibly fading, and amaſſes with care what cannot be preſerved. The hunter of inſects ſtands amazed that any man can waſte his ſhort time upon lifeleſs matter, while many tribes of animals yet want their hiſtory. Every one is inclined not only to promote his own ſtudy, but to exclude all others from regard, and having heated his imagination with ſome favourite purſuit, wonders that the reſt of mankind are not ſeized with the ſame paſſion.

There are indeed, many ſubjects of ſtudy which ſeem but remotely allied to uſeful knowledge, and of

of little importance to happineſs or virtue; nor is it eaſy to forbear ſome ſallies of merriment, or expreſſions of pity, when we ſee a man wrinkled with attention, and emaciated with ſolicitude, in the inveſtigation of queſtions, of which, without viſible inconvenience, the world may expire in ignorance. Yet it is dangerous to diſcourage well-intended labours, or innocent curioſity; for he who is employed in ſearches, which by any deduction of conſequences tend to the benefit of life, is ſurely laudable, in compariſon of thoſe who ſpend their time in counteracting happineſs, and filling the world with wrong and danger, confuſion and remorſe. No man can perform ſo little as not to have reaſon to congratulate himſelf on his merits, when he beholds the multitudes that live in total idleneſs, and have never yet endeavoured to be uſeful.

It is impoſſible to determine the limits of enquiry, or to foreſee what conſequences a new diſcovery may produce. He who ſuffers not his faculties to lie torpid, has a chance, whatever be his employment, of doing good to his fellow-creatures. The man that firſt ranged the woods in ſearch of medicinal ſprings, or climbed the mountains for ſalutary plants, has undoubtedly merited the gratitude of poſterity, how much ſoever his frequent miſcarriages might excite the ſcorn of his cotemporaries. If what appears little be univerſally deſpiſed, nothing greater can be attained, for all that is great was at firſt little, and roſe to its preſent bulk by gradual acceſſions, and accumulated labours.

Thoſe who lay out time or money in aſſembling matter for contemplation, are doubtleſs entitled to

ſome

ſome degree of reſpect, though in a flight of gaiety it be eaſy to ridicule their treaſure, or in a fit of ſullenneſs to deſpiſe it. A man who thinks only on the particular object before him, goes not away much illuminated by having enjoyed the privilege of handling the tooth of a ſhark, or the paw of a white bear; yet there is nothing more worthy of admiration to a philoſophical eye, than the ſtructure of animals, by which they are qualified to ſupport life in the elements or climates to which they are appropriated; and of all natural bodies it muſt be generally confeſſed, that they exhibit evidence of infinite wiſdom, bear their teſtimony to the ſupreme reaſon, and excite in the mind new raptures of gratitude, and new incentives to piety.

To collect the productions of art, and examples of mechanical ſcience or manual ability, is unqueſtionably uſeful, even when the things themſelves are of ſmall importance, becauſe it is always advantageous to know how far the human powers have proceeded, and how much experience has found to be within the reach of diligence. Idleneſs and timidity often deſpair without being overcome, and forbear attempts for fear of being defeated; and we may promote the invigoration of faint endeavours, by ſhewing what has been already performed. It may ſometimes happen that the greateſt efforts of ingenuity have been exerted in trifles; yet the ſame principles and expedients may be applied to more valuable purpoſes, and the movements, which put into action machines of no uſe but to raiſe the wonder of ignorance, may be employed to drain fens, or manufacture metals, to aſſiſt the architect, or preſerve the ſailor.

For

For the utenſils, arms, or dreſſes of foreign nations, which make the greateſt part of many collections, I have little regard when they are valued only becauſe they are foreign, and can ſuggeſt no improvement of our own practice. Yet they are not all equally uſeleſs, nor can it be always ſafely determined, which ſhould be rejected or retained: for they may ſometimes unexpectedly contribute to the illuſtration of hiſtory, and to the knowledge of the natural commodities of the country, or of the genius and cuſtoms of its inhabitants.

Rarities there are of yet a lower rank, which owe their worth merely to accident, and which can convey no information, nor ſatisfy any rational deſire. Such are many fragments of antiquity, as urns and pieces of pavement; and things held in veneration only for having been once the property of ſome eminent perſon, as the armour of King *Henry*; or for having been uſed on ſome remarkable occaſion, as the lantern of *Guy Faux*. The loſs or preſervation of theſe ſeems to be a thing indifferent, nor can I perceive why the poſſeſſion of them ſhould be coveted. Yet, perhaps, even this curioſity is implanted by nature; and when I find *Tully* confeſſing of himſelf, that he could not forbear at *Athens* to viſit the walks and houſes which the old philoſophers had frequented or inhabited, and recollect the reverence which every nation, civil and barbarous, has paid to the ground where merit has been buried, I am afraid to declare againſt the general voice of mankind, and am inclined to believe, that this regard, which we involuntarily pay to the meaneſt relique of a man great and illuſtrious, is intended as an incite-

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ment to labour, and an encouragement to expect the ſame renown, if it be ſought by the ſame virtues.

The virtuoſo therefore cannot be ſaid to be wholly uſeleſs; but perhaps he may be ſometimes culpable for confining himſelf to buſineſs below his genius, and loſing in petty ſpeculations, thoſe hours by which, if he had ſpent them in nobler ſtudies, he might have given new light to the intellectual world. It is never without grief, that I find a man capable of ratiocination or invention enliſting himſelf in this ſecondary claſs of learning; for when he has once diſcovered a method of gratifying his deſire of eminence by expence rather than by labour, and known the ſweets of a life bleſt at once with the eaſe of idleneſs, and the reputation of knowledge, he will not eaſily be brought to undergo again the toil of thinking, or leave his toys and trinkets for arguments and principles, arguments which require circumſpection and vigilance, and principles which cannot be obtained but by the drudgery of meditation. He will gladly ſhut himſelf up for ever with his ſhells and medals, like the companions of *Ulyſſes*, who having taſted the fruit of *Lotos*, would not even by the hope of ſeeing their own country be tempted again to the dangers of the ſea.

Ἀλλ' αὐτε βάλοιτο μετ' ἀνδρασι Λωτοφάγοισι,
Λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι μίνεμεν, νοσέτε λαθέσθαι.

——Whoſo taſtes
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts;
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends. POPE.

Collections of this kind are of uſe to the learned, as heaps of ſtone and piles of timber are neceſſary

ſary to the architect. But to dig the quarry or to ſearch the field, requires not much of any quality, beyond ſtubborn perſeverance; and though genius muſt often lie unactive without this humble aſſiſtance, yet this can claim little praiſe, becauſe every man can afford it.

To mean underſtandings, it is ſufficient honour to be numbered amongſt the loweſt labourers of learning; but different abilities muſt find different taſks. To hew ſtone, would have been unworthy of *Palladio*; and to have rambled in ſearch of ſhells and flowers, had but ill ſuited with the capacity of *Newton*.

NUMB. 84. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 5, 1751.

*Cunarum fueras motor,* CHARIDEME, *mearum,*
*Et pueri cuſtos, aſſiduuſque comes.*
*Jam mihi nigreſcunt tonſa ſudaria barba,——*
*Sed tibi non crevi: te noſter villicus horret:*
*Te diſpenſator, te domus ipſa pavet.*
*Corripis, obſervas, quereris, ſuſpiria ducis,*
*Et vix a ferulis abſtinet ira manum.* MART.

You rock'd my cradle, were my guide
In youth, ſtill tending at my ſide:
But now, dear ſir, my beard is grown,
Still I'm a child to thee alone.
Our ſteward, butler, cook and all
You fright, nay e'en the very wall;
You pry, and frown, and growl, and chide,
And ſcarce will lay the rod aſide. F. LEWIS.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU ſeem in all your papers to be an enemy to tyranny, and to look with impartiality upon the world; I ſhall therefore lay my caſe be-

fore you, and hope by your deciſion to be ſet free from unreaſonable reſtraints, and enabled to juſtify myſelf againſt the accuſations which ſpite and peeviſhneſs produce againſt me.

At the age of five years I loſt my mother, and my father being not qualified to ſuperintend the education of a girl, committed me to the care of his ſiſter, who inſtructed me with the authority, and, not to deny her what ſhe may juſtly claim, with the affection of a parent. She had not very elevated ſentiments or extenſive views, but her principles were good, and her intentions pure; and though ſome may practiſe more virtues, ſcarce any commit fewer faults.

Under this good lady I learned all the common rules of decent behaviour, and ſtanding maxims of domeſtick prudence; and might have grown up by degrees to a country gentlewoman, without any thoughts of ranging beyond the neighbourhood, had not *Flavia* come down, laſt ſummer, to viſit her relations in the next village. I was taken, of courſe, to compliment the ſtranger, and was, at the firſt ſight, ſurpriſed at the unconcern with which ſhe ſaw herſelf gazed at by company whom ſhe had never known before; at the careleſſneſs with which ſhe received compliments, and the readineſs with which ſhe returned them, I found ſhe had ſomething which I perceived myſelf to want, and could not but wiſh to be like her, at once eaſy and officious, attentive and unembarraſſed. I went home, and for four days could think and talk of nothing but miſs *Flavia*; though my aunt told me, that ſhe was a forward ſlut, and thought herſelf wiſe before her time.

In a little time ſhe repaid my viſit, and raiſed in my heart a new confuſion of love and admiration.

tion. I ſoon ſaw her again, and ſtill found new charms in her air, converſation, and behaviour. You who have perhaps ſeen the world, may have obſerved, that formality ſoon ceaſes between young perſons. I know not how others are affected on ſuch occaſions, but I found myſelf irreſiſtibly allured to friendſhip and intimacy, by the familar complaiſance and airy gaiety of *Flavia*; ſo that in a few weeks I became her favourite, and all the time was paſſed with me, that ſhe could gain from ceremony and viſit.

As ſhe came often to me, ſhe neceſſarily ſpent ſome hours with my aunt, to whom ſhe paid great reſpect, by low courteſies, ſubmiſſive compliance, and ſoft acquieſcence; but as I became gradually more accuſtomed to her manners, I diſcovered that her civility was general; that there was a certain degree of deference ſhewn by her to circumſtances and appearances; that many went away flattered by her humility, whom ſhe deſpiſed in her heart; that the influence of far the greateſt part of thoſe with whom ſhe converſed ceaſed with their preſence; and that ſometimes ſhe did not remember the names of them, whom, without any intentional inſincerity or falſe commendation, her habitual civility had ſent away with very high thoughts of their own importance.

It was not long before I perceived, that my aunt's opinion was not of much weight in *Flavia's* deliberations, and that ſhe was looked upon by her as a woman of narrow ſentiments, without knowledge of books, or obſervations on mankind. I had hitherto conſidered my aunt, as entitled by her wiſdom and experience to the

higheſt reverence, and could not forbear to wonder that any one ſo much younger ſhould venture to ſuſpect her of error, or ignorance; but my ſurprize was without uneaſineſs, and being now accuſtomed to think *Flavia* always in the right, I readily learned from her to truſt my own reaſon, and to believe it poſſible, that they who had lived longer might be miſtaken.

*Flavia* had read much, and uſed ſo often to converſe on ſubjects of learning, that ſhe put all the men in the county to flight, except the old parſon, who declared himſelf much delighted with her company, becauſe ſhe gave him opportunities to recollect the ſtudies of his younger years, and by ſome mention of ancient ſtory, had made him rub the duſt off his *Homer*, which had lain unregarded in his cloſet. With *Homer*, and a thouſand other names familiar to *Flavia*, I had no acquaintance, but began, by comparing her accompliſhments with my own, to repine at my education, and wiſh that I had not been ſo long confined to the company of thoſe from whom nothing but houſewifery was to be learned. I then ſet myſelf to peruſe ſuch books as *Flavia* recommended, and heard her opinion of their beauties and defects. I ſaw new worlds hourly burſting upon my mind, and was enraptured at the proſpect of diverſifying life with endleſs entertainment.

The old lady finding that a large ſcreen, which I had undertaken to adorn with turkey-work againſt winter, made very ſlow advances, and that I had added in two months but three leaves to a flowered apron then in the frame, took the alarm, and with all the zeal of honeſt folly exclaimed againſt my new

new acquaintance, who had filled me with idle notions, and turned my head with books. But ſhe had now loſt her authority, for I began to find innumerable miſtakes in her opinions, and improprieties in her language; and therefore thought myſelf no longer bound to pay much regard to one who knew little beyond her needle and her dairy, and who profeſſed to think that nothing more is required of a woman than to ſee that the houſe is clean, and that the maids go to bed and riſe at a certain hour.

She ſeemed however to look upon *Flavia* as ſeducing me, and to imagine that when her influence was withdrawn, I ſhould return to my allegiance; ſhe therefore contented herſelf with remote hints, and gentle admonitions, intermixed with ſage hiſtories of the miſcarriages of wit, and diſappointments of pride. But ſince ſhe has found, that though *Flavia* is departed, I ſtill perſiſt in my new ſcheme, ſhe has at length loſt her patience, ſhe ſnatches my book out of my hand, tears my paper if ſhe finds me writing, burns *Flavia*'s letters before my face when ſhe can ſeize them, and threatens to lock me up, and to complain to my father of my perverſeneſs. If women, ſhe ſays, would but know their duty and their intereſt, they would be careful to acquaint themſelves with family affairs, and many a penny might be ſaved; for while the miſtreſs of the houſe is ſcribbling and reading, ſervants are junketing, and linen is wearing out. She then takes me round the rooms, ſhews me the worked hangings, and chairs of tent-ſtitch, and aſks whether all this was done with a pen and a book.

I cannot deny that I ſometimes laugh and ſometimes am ſullen; but ſhe has not delicacy enough to be much moved either with my mirth or my gloom, if ſhe did not think the intereſt of the family endangered by this change of my manners. She had for ſome years marked out young Mr. *Surly*, an heir in the neighbourhood, remarkable for his love of fighting-cocks, as an advantageous match; and was extremely pleaſed with the civilities which he uſed to pay me, till under *Flavia*'s tuition I learned to talk of ſubjects which he could not underſtand. This, ſhe ſays, is the conſequence of female ſtudy; girls grow too wiſe to be adviſed, and too ſtubborn to be commanded; but ſhe is reſolved to try who ſhall govern, and will thwart my humour till ſhe breaks my ſpirit.

Theſe menaces, Mr. *Rambler*, ſometimes make me quite angry; for I have been ſixteen theſe ten weeks, and think myſelf exempted from the dominion of a governeſs, who has no pretenſions to more ſenſe or knowledge than myſelf. I am reſolved, ſince I am as tall and as wiſe as other women, to be no longer treated like a girl. Miſs *Flavia* has often told me, that ladies of my age go to aſſemblies and routes, without their mothers and their aunts; I ſhall therefore, from this time, leave aſking advice, and refuſe to give accounts. I wiſh you would ſtate the time at which young ladies may judge for themſelves, which I am ſure you cannot but think ought to begin before ſixteen; if you are inclined to delay it longer, I ſhall have very little regard to your opinion.

My

My aunt often tells me of the advantages of experience, and of the deference due to ſeniority; and both ſhe, and all the antiquated part of the world, talk of the unreſerved obedience which they paid to the commands of their parents, and the undoubting confidence with which they liſtened to their precepts; of the terrors which they felt at a frown, and the humility with which they ſupplicated forgiveneſs whenever they had offended. I cannot but fancy that this boaſt is too general to be true, and that the young and the old were always at variance. I have, however, told my aunt, that I will mend whatever ſhe will prove to be wrong; but ſhe replies that ſhe has reaſons of her own, and that ſhe is ſorry to live in an age when girls have the impudence to aſk for proofs.

I beg once again, Mr. *Rambler*, to know whether I am not as wiſe as my aunt, and whether, when ſhe preſumes to check me as a baby, I may not pluck up a ſpirit and return her inſolence. I ſhall not proceed to extremities without your advice, which is therefore impatiently expected by

MYRTYLLA.

P. S. Remember I am paſt ſixteen.

NUMB. 85. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 8, 1751.

*Otia ſi tollas periere* Cupidinis *arcus*
*Contemptæque jacent, et ſine luce faces.* OVID.
At buſy hearts in vain love's arrows fly;
Dim, ſcorn'd, and impotent, his torches lie.

MANY writers of eminence in phyſick have laid out their diligence upon the conſideration of thoſe diſtempers to which men are expoſed by particular ſtates of life, and very learned treatiſes have been produced upon the maladies of the camp, the ſea, and the mines. There are, indeed, few employments which a man accuſtomed to anatomical enquiries, and medical refinements, would not find reaſons for declining as dangerous to health, did not his learning or experience inform him, that almoſt every occupation, however inconvenient or formidable, is happier and ſafer than a life of ſloth.

The neceſſity of action is not only demonſtrable from the fabrick of the body, but evident from obſervation of the univerſal practice of mankind, who for the preſervation of health, in thoſe whoſe rank or wealth exempts them from the neceſſity of lucrative labour, have invented ſports and diverſions, though not of equal uſe to the world with manual trades, yet of equal fatigue to thoſe that practiſe them, and differing only from the drudgery of the huſbandman or manufacturer, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful ſenſe of compulſion. The huntſman riſes early, purſues his game through all the dangers and obſtructions

of

of the chace, ſwims rivers, and ſcales precipices, till he returns home no leſs haraſſed than the ſoldier, and has perhaps ſometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or death: Yet he has no motive to incite his ardour; he is neither ſubject to the commands of a general, nor dreads any penalties for neglect and diſobedience; he has neither profit or honour to expect from his perils and his conqueſts, but toils without the hope of mural or civick garlands, and muſt content himſelf with the praiſe of his tenants and companions.

But ſuch is the conſtitution of man, that labour may be ſtyled its own reward; nor will any external incitements be requiſite, if it be conſidered how much happineſs is gained, and how much miſery eſcaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Eaſe is the utmoſt that can be hoped from a ſedentary and unactive habit; eaſe, a neutral ſtate between pain and pleaſure. The dance of ſpirits, the bound of vigour, readineſs of enterprize, and defiance of fatigue, are reſerved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and by frequent expoſure fortifies his frame againſt the common accidents of cold and heat.

Wih eaſe, however, if it could be ſecured, many would be content; but nothing terreſtrial can be kept at a ſtand. Eaſe, if it is not riſing into pleaſure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of ſpeculation may ſuggeſt of obſerving the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy ſtate by ſupplies exactly equal to its waſte,

we know that, in effect, the vital powers unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that as their vigour fails, obſtructions are generated; and that from obſtructions proceed moſt of thoſe pains which wear us away ſlowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they ſometimes ſuffer life to be long, condemn it to be uſeleſs, chain us down to the couch of miſery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exerciſe cannot ſecure us from that diſſolution to which we are decreed; but while the ſoul and body continue united, it can make the aſſociation pleaſing, and give probable hopes that they ſhall be diſjoined by an eaſy ſeparation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diſeaſes are from heaven, and chronical from ourſelves; the dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poiſon it by our own miſconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguiſh is generally his folly.

It is neceſſary to that perfection of which our preſent ſtate is capable, that the mind and body ſhould both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be ſuffered to grow lax or torpid for want of uſe; that neither health be purchaſed by voluntary ſubmiſſion to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health, which muſt enable it either to give pleaſure to its poſſeſſor, or aſſiſtance to others. It is too frequently the pride of ſtudents to deſpiſe thoſe amuſements and recreations, which give to the reſt of mankind ſtrength of limbs and cheerfulneſs of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed ſeldom conſiſtent with ſuch ſkill in common exerciſes or ſports as is neceſſary

neceſſary to make them practiſed with delight, and no man is willing to do that of which the neceſſity is not preſſing and immediate, when he knows that his aukwardneſs muſt make him ridiculous.

*Ludere qui neſcit, compeſtribus abſtinet armis,*
*Indoctuſque Pilæ, Diſcive, Trochive quieſcit,*
*Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impunè Coronæ.* HOR.

He that's unſkilful will not toſs a ball,
Nor run, nor wreſtle, for he fears the fall;
He juſtly fears to meet deſerv'd diſgrace,
And that the ring will hiſs the baffled aſs. CREECH.

Thus the man of learning is often reſigned, almoſt by his own conſent, to languor and pain; and while in the proſecution of his ſtudies he ſuffers the wearineſs of labour, is ſubject by his courſe of life to the maladies of idleneſs.

It was, perhaps, from the obſervation of this miſchievous omiſſion in thoſe who are employed about intellectual objects, that *Locke* has, in his *Syſtem of Education*, urged the neceſſity of a trade to men of all ranks and profeſſions, that when the mind is weary with its proper taſk, it may be relaxed by a ſlighter attention to ſome mechanical operation; and that while the vital functions are reſuſcitated and awakened by vigorous motion, the underſtanding may be reſtrained from that vagrance and diſſipation by which it relieves itſelf after a long intenſeneſs of thought, unleſs ſome allurement be preſented that may engage application without anxiety.

There is ſo little reaſon for expecting frequent conformity to *Locke*'s precept, that it is not neceſſary to enquire whether the practice of mechanical arts might not give occaſion to petty emulation,

tion, and degenerate ambition; and whatever, if our divines and phyſicians were taught the lathe and the chizzel, they would not think more of their tools than their books; as *Nero* neglected the care of his empire for his chariot and his fiddle. It is certainly dangerous to be too much pleaſed with little things; but what is there which may not be perverted? Let us remember how much worſe employment might have been found for thoſe hours, which a manual occupation appears to engroſs; let us compute the profit with the loſs, and when we reflect how often a genius is allured from his ſtudies, conſider likewiſe that perhaps by the ſame attractions he is ſometimes with-held from debauchery, or recalled from malice, from ambition, from envy, and from luſt.

I have always admired the wiſdom of thoſe by whom our female education was inſtituted, for having contrived, that every woman of whatever condition ſhould be taught ſome arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluſe and domeſtick leiſure may be filled up. Theſe arts are more neceſſary, as the weakneſs of their ſex and the general ſyſtem of life debar ladies from many employments which, by diverſifying the circumſtances of men, preſerve them from being cankered by the ruſt of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happineſs of the world may be the conſequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps, the moſt powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confuſion and ſlaughter that would be produced by ſo many piercing eyes and vivid underſtandings, turned looſe at once upon mankind, with no other buſineſs than to ſparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to deſtroy.

For

For my part, whenever chance brings within my obſervation a knot of miſſes buſy at their needles, I conſider myſelf as in the ſchool of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary ſkill in plain work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much ſatisfaction as their governeſs, becauſe I regard them as providing a ſecurity againſt the moſt dangerous enſnarers of the ſoul, by enabling themſelves to exclude idleneſs from their ſolitary moments, and with idleneſs her attendant train of paſſions, fancies, and chimeras, fears, ſorrows, and deſires. *Ovid* and *Cervantes* will inform them that love has no power but over thoſe whom he catches unemployed; and *Hector*, in the *Iliad*, when he ſees *Andromache* overwhelmed with terrors, ſends her for conſolation to the loom and the diſtaff.

It is certain that any wild wiſh or vain imagination never takes ſuch firm poſſeſſion of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetick principle, that *Nature abhors a Vacuum*, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however abſurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of thoſe deſires that diſturb his life and contaminate his conſcience, from ſome unhappy hour when too much leiſure expoſed him to their incurſions; for he has lived with little obſervation either on himſelf or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

NUMB. 86. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 12, 1751.

*Legitimumque ſonum Digitis callemus et Aure.* HOR.
By fingers, or by ear, we numbers ſcan. ELPHINSTON.

ONE of the ancients has obſerved, that the burthen of government is encreaſed upon princes by the virtues of their immediate predeceſſors. It is, indeed, always dangerous to be placed in a ſtate of unavoidable compariſon with excellence, and the danger is ſtill greater when that excellence is conſecrated by death; when envy and intereſt ceaſe to act againſt it, and thoſe paſſions by which it was at firſt vilified and oppoſed, now ſtand in its defence, and turn their vehemence againſt honeſt emulation.

He that ſucceeds a celebrated writer, has the ſame difficulties to encounter; he ſtands under the ſhade of exalted merit, and is hindered from riſing to his natural height, by the interception of thoſe beams which ſhould invigorate and quicken him. He applies to that attention which is already engaged, and unwilling to be drawn off from certain ſatisfaction; or perhaps to an attention already wearied, and not to be recalled to the ſame object.

One of the old poets congratulates himſelf that he has the untrodden regions of *Parnaſſus* before him, and that his garland will be gathered from plantations which no writer had yet culled. But the imitator treads a beaten walk, and with all his diligence can only hope to find a few flowers or branches untouched by his predeceſſor, the refuſe of contempt, or the omiſſions of negligence. The *Macedonian* conqueror, when he was once invited

to

to hear a man that ſung like a nightingale, replied with contempt, " that he had heard the nightin-" gale herſelf;" and the ſame treatment muſt every man expect, whoſe praiſe is that he imitates another.

Yet, in the midſt of theſe diſcouraging reflexions, I am about to offer to my reader ſome obſervations upon *Paradiſe Loſt*, and hope, that, however I may fall below the illuſtrious writer who has ſo long dictated to the commonwealth of learning, my attempt may not be wholly uſeleſs. There are, in every age, new errors to be rectified, and new prejudices to be oppoſed. Falſe taſte is always buſy to miſlead thoſe that are entering upon the regions of learning; and the traveller, uncertain of his way, and forſaken by the ſun, will be pleaſed to ſee a fainter orb ariſe on the horizon, that may reſcue him from total darkneſs, though with weak and borrowed luſtre.

*Addiſon*, though he has conſidered this poem under moſt of the general topicks of criticiſm, has barely touched upon the verſification; not probably becauſe he thought the art of numbers unworthy of his notice, for he knew with how minute attention the ancient criticks conſidered the diſpoſition of ſyllables, and had himſelf given hopes of ſome metrical obſervations upon the great *Roman* poet; but being the firſt who undertook to diſplay the beauties, and point out the defects of *Milton*, he had many objects at once before him, and paſſed willingly over thoſe which were moſt barren of ideas, and required labour, rather than genius.

Yet verſification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indiſpenſably neceſſary to a poet.

Every

Every other power by which the underſtanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exerciſed in proſe. But the poet has this peculiar ſuperiority, that to all the powers which the perfection of every other compoſition can require, he adds the faculty of joining muſick with reaſon, and of acting at once upon the ſenſes and the paſſions. I ſuppoſe there are few who do not feel themſelves touched by poetical melody, and who will not confeſs that they are more or leſs moved by the ſame thoughts, as they are conveyed by different ſounds, and more affected by the ſame words in one order than in another. The perception of harmony is indeed conferred upon men in degrees very unequal, but there are none who do not perceive it, or to whom a regular ſeries of proportionate ſounds cannot give delight.

In treating on the verſification of *Milton* I am deſirous to be generally underſtood, and ſhall therefore ſtudiouſly decline the dialect of grammarians; though, indeed, it is always difficult, and ſometimes ſcarcely poſſible, to deliver the precepts of an art, without the terms by which the peculiar ideas of that art are expreſſed, and which had not been invented but becauſe the language already in uſe was inſufficient. If therefore I ſhall ſometimes ſeem obſcure, it may be imputed to this voluntary interdiction, and to a deſire of avoiding that offence which is always given by unuſual words.

The heroick meaſure of the *Engliſh* language may be properly conſidered as pure or mixed. It is pure when the accent reſts upon every ſecond ſyllable through the whole line.

Courage

Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But whó can béar th' appróach of cértain fáte,
DRYDEN.

Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His cónſtant lámp, and wáves his púrple wings,
Reigns here, and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of hárlots, lóveleſs, jóyleſs, únendéar'd. MILTON.

The accent may be obſerved, in the ſecond line of *Dryden*, and the ſecond and fourth of *Milton*, to repoſe upon every ſecond ſyllable.

The repetition of this ſound or percuſſion at equal times, is the moſt complete harmony of which a ſingle verſe is capable, and ſhould therefore be exactly kept in diſtichs, and generally in the laſt line of a paragraph, that the ear may reſt without any ſenſe of imperfection.

But, to preſerve the ſeries of ſounds untranſpoſed in a long compoſition, is not only very difficult but tireſome and diſguſting; for we are ſoon wearied with the perpetual recurrence of the ſame cadence. Neceſſity has therefore enforced the mixed meaſure, in which ſome variation of the accents is allowed; this, though it always injures the harmony of the line conſidered by itſelf, yet compenſates the loſs by relieving us from the continual tyranny of the ſame ſound, and makes us more ſenſible of the harmony of the pure meaſure.

Of theſe mixed numbers every poet affords us innumerable inſtances, and *Milton* ſeldom has two pure lines together, as will appear if any of his paragraphs be read with attention merely to the muſick.

Thus

Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld; the moon's reſplendent globe,
*And ſtarry pole: thou alſo mad'ſt the night,*
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
*And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs*
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large; where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground;
But thou haſt promis'd from us to a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

In this paſſage it will be at firſt obſerved, that all the lines are not equally harmonious, and upon a nearer examination it will be found that only the fifth and ninth lines are regular, and the reſt are more or leſs licentious with reſpect to the accent. In ſome the accent is equally upon two ſyllables together, and in both ſtrong. As

Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, *both ſtood,*
*Both turn'd,* and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, *air, earth,* and heav'n.

In others the accent is equally upon two ſyllables, but upon both weak.

——————a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy

Thy goodneſs *infinite*, both when we wake,
*And when* we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

In the firſt pair of ſyllables the accent may deviate from the rigour of exactneſs, without any unpleaſing diminution of harmony, as may be obſerved in the lines already cited, and more remarkably in this,

——— ———Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
*Maker* omnipotent! and thou the day.

But, excepting in the firſt pair of ſyllables, which may be conſidered as arbitrary, a poet, who not having the invention or knowledge of *Milton*, has more need to allure his audience by muſical cadences, ſhould ſeldom ſuffer more than one aberration from the rule in any ſingle verſe.

There are two lines in this paſſage more remarkably unharmonious:

———————This delicious place,
For us too large; *where thy* abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd *falls to* the ground.

Here the third pair of ſyllables in the firſt, and fourth pair in the ſecond verſe, have their accents retrograde or inverted; the firſt ſyllable being ſtrong or acute, and the ſecond weak. The detriment which the meaſure ſuffers by this inverſion of the accents is ſometimes leſs perceptible, when the verſes are carried one into another, but is remarkably ſtriking in this place, where the vicious verſe concludes a period; and is yet more offenſive in rhyme, when we regularly attend the flow of every ſingle line. This will appear by reading a couplet

couplet in which *Cowley*, an author not ſufficiently ſtudious of harmony, has committed the ſame fault:

——— ——— his harmleſs life
Does with ſubſtantial bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft wings of peace *cover* him round.

In theſe the law of metre is very groſsly violated by mingling combinations of ſound directly oppoſite to each other, as *Milton* expreſſes in his ſonnet, by *committing ſhort and long*, and ſetting one part of the meaſure at variance with the reſt. The ancients, who had a language more capable of variety than ours, had two kinds of verſe, the *Iambick*, conſiſting of ſhort and long ſyllables alternately, from which our heroick meaſure is derived, and the *Trochaick*, conſiſting in a like alternation of long and ſhor. Theſe were conſidered as oppoſites, and conveyed the contrary images of ſpeed and ſlowneſs; to confound them, therefore, as in theſe lines, is to deviate from the eſtabliſhed practice. But when the ſenſes are to judge, authority is not neceſſary, the ear is ſufficient to detect diſſonance, nor ſhould I have ſought auxiliaries on ſuch an occaſion againſt any name but that of *Milton*.

NUMB. 87. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 15, 1751.

*Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator,*
*Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non mitеſcere poſſit,*
*Si modo culturæ patientum commodet aurem.* HOR.

The ſlave to envy, anger, wine, or love,
The wretch of ſloth, its excellence ſhall prove;
Fierceneſs itſelf ſhall hear its rage away,
When liſt'ning calmly to th' inſtructive lay. FRANCIS.

THAT few things are ſo liberally beſtowed, or ſquandered with ſo little effect, as good advice, has been generally obſerved; and many ſage poſitions have been advanced concerning the reaſons of this complaint, and the means of removing it. It is an important and noble enquiry, for little would be wanting to the happineſs of life, if every man could conform to the right as ſoon as he was ſhown it.

This perverſe neglect of the moſt ſalutary precepts, and ſtubborn reſiſtance of the moſt pathetic perſuaſion, is uſually imputed to him by whom the counſel is received, and we often hear it mentioned as a ſign of hopeleſs depravity, that though good advice was given, it has wrought no reformation.

Others, who imagine themſelves to have quicker ſagacity and deeper penetration, have found out, that the inefficacy of advice is uſually the fault of the counſellor, and rules have been laid down, by which this important duty may be ſucceſsfully performed: We are directed by what tokens to diſcover the favourable moment at which the heart is diſpoſed for the operation of truth and reaſon, with

with what addreſs to adminiſter, and with what vehicles to diſguiſe *the cathartick's of the ſoul.*

But, notwithſtanding this ſpecious expedient, we find the world yet in the ſame ſtate; advice is ſtill given, but ſtill received with diſguſt; nor has it appeared that the bitterneſs of the medicine has been yet abated, or its power encreaſed, by any methods of preparing it.

If we conſider the manner in which thoſe who aſſume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently uſeleſs. For what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence and inculcated with importunity, but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

It is not often that any man can have ſo much knowledge of another, as is neceſſary to make inſtruction uſeful. We are ſometimes not ourſelves conſcious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our firſt care is to hide them from the ſight of others, and often from thoſe moſt diligently, whoſe ſuperiority either of power or underſtanding may intitle them to inſpect our lives; it is therefore very probable that he who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, miſtakes their cauſe; and that his preſcriptions avail nothing, becauſe he knows not which of the paſſions or deſires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of ſuperiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is moſt neceſſary or moſt judicious. But for the ſame reaſon every one is eager to inſtruct

ſtruct his neighbours. To be wiſe or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is neceſſary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is ſo ſenſible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

———*Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim*
*Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.* VIRG.

New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame. DRYDEN.

Vanity is ſo frequently the apparent motive of advice, that we for the moſt part, ſummon our powers to oppoſe it without any very accurate enquiry whether it is right. It is ſufficient that another is growing great in his own eyes at our expence, and aſſumes authority over us without our permiſſion; for many would contentedly ſuffer the conſequences of their own miſtakes, rather than the inſolence of him who triumphs as their deliverer.

It is, indeed, ſeldom found that any advantages are enjoyed with that moderation which the uncertainty of all human good ſo powerfully enforces; and therefore the adviſer may juſtly ſuſpect, that he has inflamed the oppoſition which he laments by arrogance and ſuperciliouſneſs. He may ſuſpect, but needs not haſtily to condemn himſelf, for he can rarely be certain that the ſofteſt language or moſt humble diffidence would have eſcaped reſentment; ſince ſcarcely any degree of circumſpection can prevent or obviate the rage with which the ſlothful, the impotent, and the unſucceſsful, vent their diſcontent upon thoſe that excel them. Modeſty itſelf, if it is praiſed,

will

will be envied; and there are minds ſo impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a ſpecies of revenge, and they return benefits, not becauſe recompence is a pleaſure, but becauſe obligation is a pain.

The numbers of thoſe whom the love of themſelves has thus far corrupted, is perhaps not great; but there are few ſo free from vanity, as not to dictate to thoſe who will hear their inſtructions with a viſible ſenſe of their own beneficence; and few to whom it is not unpleaſing to receive documents, however tenderly and cautiouſly delivered, or who are not willing to raiſe themſelves from pupillage, by diſputing the propoſitions of their teacher.

It was the maxim, I think, of *Alphonſus* of *Arragon*, that *dead counſellors are ſafeſt*. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information that we receive from books is pure from intereſt, fear, or ambition. Dead counſellors are likewiſe moſt inſtructive; becauſe they are heard with patience and with reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that man wiſer than ourſelves, from whoſe abilities we may receive advantage, without any danger of rivalry or oppoſition, and who affords us the light of his experience, without hurting our eyes by flaſhes of inſolence.

By the conſultation of books, whether of dead or living authors, many temptations to petulance and oppoſition, which occur in oral conferences, are avoided An author cannot obtrude his advice unaſked, nor can be often ſuſpected of any malignant intention to inſult his readers with his knowledge or his wit. Yet ſo prevalent is the habit of comparing ourſelves with others, while they

they reach within the reach of our paſſions, that books are ſeldom read with complete impartiality, but by thoſe from whom the writer is placed at ſuch a diſtance that his life or death is indifferent.

We ſee that volumes may be peruſed and peruſed with attention, to little effect; and that maxims of prudence, or principles of virtue, may be treaſured in the memory without influencing the conduct. Of the numbers that paſs their lives among books, very few read to be made wiſer or better, apply any general reproof of vice to themſelves, or try their own manners by axioms of juſtice. They propoſe either to conſume thoſe hours for which they can find no other amuſement, to gain or preſerve that reſpect which learning has always obtained; or to gratify their curioſity with knowledge, which, like treaſures buried and forgotten, is of no uſe to others or themſelves.

"The preacher (ſays a *French* author) may "ſpend an hour in explaining and enforcing a pre-"cept of religion, without feeling any impreſſion "from his own performances, becauſe he may "have no further deſign than to fill up his hour." A ſtudent may eaſily exhauſt his life in comparing divines and moraliſts, without any practical regard to morality or religion; he may be learning not to live, but to reaſon; he may regard only the elegance of ſtyle, juſtneſs of argument, and accuracy of method; and may enable himſelf to criticiſe with judgment, and diſpute with ſubtilty, while the chief uſe of his volumes is unthought of, his mind is unaffected, and his life is unreformed.

But though truth and virtue are thus frequently defeated by pride, obſtinacy, or folly, we are not allowed to deſert them: for whoever can furniſh arms which they hitherto have not employed, may enable them to gain ſome hearts which would have reſiſted any other method of attack. Every man of genius has ſome arts of fixing the attention peculiar to himſelf, by which, honeſtly exerted, he may benefit mankind; for the arguments for purity of life fail of their due influence, not becauſe they have been conſidered and confuted, but becauſe they have been paſſed over without conſideration. To the poſition of *Tully*, that if Virtue could be ſeen, ſhe muſt be loved, may be added, that if Truth could be heard, ſhe muſt be obeyed.

NUMB. 88. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 19, 1751.

*Cum Tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:*
*Audebit quæcunque minus ſplendoris habebunt,*
*Aut ſine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,*
*Verba movere loco, quamvis invita recedant,*
*Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ.* HOR.

But he that hath a curious piece deſign'd,
When he begins muſt take a cenſor's mind,
Severe and honeſt; and what words appear
Too light and trivial, or too weak to bear
The weighty ſenſe, nor worth the reader's care,
Shake off: tho' ſtubborn, they are loth to move,
And tho' we fancy, dearly tho' we love. CREECH.

"THERE is no reputation for genius, ſays "*Quintilian*, to be gained by writing on "things, which, however neceſſary, have little "ſplendor or ſhew. The height of a building

"attracts

" attracts the eye, but the foundations lie with-
" out regard. Yet ſince there is not any way to
" the top of ſcience, but from the loweſt parts, I
" ſhall think nothing unconnnected with the art
" of oratory, which he that wants cannot be an
" orator."

Confirmed and animated by this illuſtrious precedent, I ſhall continue my enquiries into *Milton*'s art of verſification. Since, however minute the employment may appear, of analyſing lines into ſyllables, and whatever ridicule may be incurred by a ſolemn deliberation upon accents and pauſes, it is certain that without this petty knowledge no man can be a poet: and that from the proper diſpoſition of ſingle ſounds reſults that harmony that adds force to reaſon, and gives grace to ſublimity; that ſhackles attention, and governs paſſions.

That verſe may be melodious and pleaſing, it is neceſſary, not only that the words be ſo ranged as that the accent may fall on its proper place, but that the ſyllables themſelves be ſo choſen as to flow ſmoothly into one another. This is to be effected by a proportionate mixture of vowels and conſonants, and by tempering the mute conſonants with liquids and ſemivowels. The *Hebrew* grammarians have obſerved, that it is impoſſible to pronounce two conſonants without the intervention of a vowel, or without ſome emiſſion of the breath between one and the other; this is longer and more perceptible, as the ſounds of the conſonants are leſs harmonically conjoined, and, by conſequence, the flow of the verſe is longer interrupted.

It is pronounced by *Dryden*, that a line of monoſyllables is almoſt always harſh. This, with regard

to our language, is evidently true, not becauſe monoſyllables cannot compoſe harmony, but becauſe our monoſyllables being of *Teutonick* original, or formed by contraction, commonly begin and end with conſonants, as,

——— Every lower faculty
*Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte.*

The difference of harmony ariſing principally from the collocation of vowels and conſonants, will be ſufficiently conceived by attending to the following paſſages:

Immortal *Amarant*——there grows
And flow'rs aloft, ſhading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliſs through midſt of heav'n
*Rolls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream;*
With theſe that never fade, the ſpirits elect
*Bind their reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.*

The ſame compariſon that I propoſe to be made between the fourth and ſixth verſes of this paſſage, may be repeated between the laſt lines of the following quotations:

Under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
*Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with ſtone*
Of coſtlieſt emblem.

Here in cloſe receſs,
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs,
Eſpouſed *Eve* firſt deck'd her nuptial bed;
*And heav'nly choirs the hymenean ſung.*

*Milton*, whoſe ear had been accuſtomed, not only to the muſick of the ancient tongues, which, however

ever vitiated by our pronunciation, excel all that are now in uſe, but to the ſoftneſs of the *Italian*, the moſt melliſluous of all modern poetry, ſeems fully convinced of the unfitneſs of our language for ſmooth verſification, and is therefore pleaſed with an opportunity of calling in a ſofter word to his aſſiſtance; for this reaſon, and I believe for this only, he ſometimes indulges himſelf in a long ſeries of proper names, and introduces them where they add little but muſick to his poem.

——The richer ſeat
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unſpoil'd
*Guiana*, whoſe great city *Geryon*'s ſons
Call *El Dorado*.——

The moon——The *Tuſcan* artiſt views
At evening, from the top of *Feſole*
Or in *Valdarno*, to deſcry new lands ——

He has indeed been more attentive to his ſyllables than to his accents, and does not often offend by colliſions of conſonants, or openings of vowels upon each other, at leaſt not more often than other writers who have had leſs important or complicated ſubjects to take off their care from the cadence of their lines.

The great peculiarity of *Milton*'s verſification, compared with that of later poets, is the eliſion of one vowel before another, or the ſuppreſſion of the laſt ſyllable of a word ending with a vowel, when a vowel begins the following word. As

Knowledge——
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly, as nouriſhment to wind.

This licence, though now diſuſed in *Engliſh* poetry, was practiſed by our old writers, and is allowed in many other languages ancient and modern, and therefore the criticks on *Paradiſe Loſt* have, without much deliberation, commended *Milton* for continuing it. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another. We have already tried and rejected the hexameter of the ancients, the double cloſe of the *Italians*, and the alexandrine of the *French*; and the eliſion of vowels, however graceful it may ſeem to other nations, may be very unſuitable to the genius of the *Engliſh* tongue.

There is reaſon to believe that we have negligently loſt part of our vowels, and that the ſilent *e* which our anceſtors added to moſt of our monoſyllables, was once vocal. By this detruncation of our ſyllables, our language is overſtocked with conſonants, and it is more neceſſary to add vowels to the beginning of words, than to cut them off from the end.

*Milton* therefore ſeems to have ſomewhat miſtaken the nature of our language, of which the chief defect is ruggedneſs and aſperity, and has left our harſh cadences yet harſher. But his eliſions are not all equally to be cenſured; in ſome ſyllables they may be allowed, and perhaps in a few may be ſafely imitated. The abſciſſion of a vowel is undoubtedly vicious when it is ſtrongly ſounded, and makes, with its aſſociate conſonants, a full and audible ſyllable.

——————What he gives,
Spiritual, may to pureſt ſpirits be found,
*No* ingrateful food, and food alike theſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require.

Fruits,

Fruits,——*Heſperian* fables true,
If true, here *only*, and of delicious taſte.

———Evening now approach'd,
For we have *alſo* our evening and our morn,

Of gueſts he makes them ſlaves,
Inhoſpita*bly*, and kills their infant males.

And vital vir*tue* infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs.———

God made *thee* of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him.

I believe every reader will agree that in all thoſe paſſages, though not equally in all, the muſick is injured, and in ſome the meaning obſcured. There are other lines in which the vowel is cut off, but it is ſo faintly pronounced in common ſpeech, that the loſs of it in poetry is ſcarcely perceived; and therefore ſuch compliance with the meaſure may be allowed,

Nature breeds
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abomina*ble*, inutter*able*; and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd———

———From the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immenſura*ble* abyſs.
Impenetra*ble*, impal'd with circling fire.
To none communica*ble* in earth or heav'n.

Yet even theſe contractions encreaſe the roughneſs of a language too rough already; and though in long poems they may be ſometimes ſuffered, it never can be faulty to forbear them.

*Milton* frequently uſes in his poems the hypermetrical or redundant line of eleven ſyllables.

——Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth in woman over-truſt*ing*
Lets her will rule ——

I alſo err'd in over-much admir*ing*.

Verſes of this kind occur almoſt in every page; but though they are not unpleaſing or diſſonant, they ought not to be admitted into heroick poetry, ſince the narrow limits of our language allow us no other diſtinction of epick and tragick meaſures, than is afforded by the liberty of changing at will the terminations of the dramatick lines, and bringing them by that relaxation of metrical rigour nearer to proſe.

NUMB. 89. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 22, 1751.

*Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.* HOR.
Wiſdom at proper times is well forgot.

LOCKE, whom there is no reaſon to ſuſpect of being a favourer of idleneſs or libertiniſm, has advanced, that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigour, muſt allow ſome of it to paſs in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to ſpend a whole life in profound ſtudy and intenſe meditation, and the moſt rigorous exacters of induſtry and ſeriouſneſs have appointed hours for relaxation and amuſement.

It is certain, that, with or without our conſent, many of the few moments allotted us will ſlide imperceptibly

imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break, from confinement to its ſtated taſk, into ſudden excurſions. Severe and connected attention is preſerved for a ſhort time, and when a man ſhuts himſelf up in his cloſet, and bends his thoughts to the diſcuſſion of any abſtruſe queſtion, he will find his faculties continually ſtealing away to more pleaſing entertainments. He often perceives himſelf tranſported, he knows not how, to diſtant tracts of thought, and return to his firſt object as from a dream, without knowing when he forſook it, or how long he has been abſtracted from it.

It has been obſerved that the moſt ſtudious are not always the moſt learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in diſcovering that this difference of proficiency may ariſe from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the convenience of information. But I believe it likewiſe frequently happens that the moſt recluſe are not the moſt vigorous proſecutors of ſtudy. Many impoſe upon the world, and many upon themſelves, by an appearance of ſevere and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themſelves up to the luxury of fancy, pleaſe their minds with regulating the paſt, or planning out the future; place themſelves at will in varied ſituations of happineſs, and ſlumber away their days in voluntary viſions. In the journey of life ſome are left behind, becauſe they are naturally feeble and ſlow; ſome becauſe they miſs the way, and many becauſe they leave it by choice, and inſtead of preſſing onward with a ſteady pace, delight themſelves with momentary deviations, turn aſide to pluck every flower, and repoſe in every ſhade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whoſe buſineſs is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with thoſe airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are reſtrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the compariſon of our conduct with that of others, may in time produce. But this inviſible riot of the mind, this ſecret prodigality of being, is ſecure from detection, and fearleſs of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, ſhuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himſelf to his own fancy; new worlds riſe up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long ſucceſſion of delights dances round him. He is at laſt called back to life by nature, or by cuſtom, and enters peeviſh into ſociety, becauſe he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excurſions with the aſperity, though not with the knowledge of a ſtudent, and haſtens again to the ſame felicity with the eagerneſs of a man bent upon the advancement of ſome favourite ſcience. The infatuation ſtrengthens by degrees, and, like the poiſon of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external ſymptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that theſe hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced by diſgrace and diſappointment of the difference between the labour of thought, and the ſport of muſing. But this diſcovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled away. A thouſand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early ſenſe of their danger and their ſhame. But they who are convinced of the neceſſity of breaking from this habitual drowſineſs,

drowſineſs, too often relapſe in ſpite of their reſolution; for theſe ideal ſeducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is neceſſary to their influence; they invade the ſoul without warning, and have often charmed down reſiſtance before their approach is perceived or ſuſpected.

This captivity, however, it is neceſſary for every man to break, who has any deſire to be wiſe or uſeful, to paſs his life with the eſteem of others, or to look back with ſatisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he muſt find the means of flying from himſelf; he muſt, in oppoſition to the *Stoick* precept, teach his deſires to fix upon external things; he muſt adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of ſocial pleaſures and amicable communication.

It is, perhaps, not impoſſible to promote the cure of this mental malady, by cloſe application to ſome new ſtudy, which may pour in freſh ideas, and keep curioſity in perpetual motion. But ſtudy requires ſolitude, and ſolitude is a ſtate dangerous to thoſe who are too much accuſtomed to ſink into themſelves. Active employment or public pleaſure, is generally a neceſſary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though ſome remiſſion may be obtained, a complete cure will ſcarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obſtinate diſeaſe of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardeſt taſks of reaſon and of virtue. Its ſlighteſt attacks, therefore, ſhould be watchfully oppoſed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotick infection beginning

ning to ſeize him, ſhould turn his whole attention againſt it, and check it at the firſt diſcovery by proper counteraction.

The great reſolution to be formed, when happineſs and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is, that no part of life be ſpent in a ſtate of neutrality or indifference; but that ſome pleaſure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labour; and that, whenever the neceſſary buſineſs of life grows irkſome or diſguſting, an immediate tranſition be made to diverſion and gaiety.

After the exerciſes which the health of the body requires, and which have themſelves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the moſt eligible amuſements of a rational being ſeems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiſed in free and eaſy converſation; where ſuſpicion is baniſhed by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man ſpeaks with no other reſtraint than unwillingneſs to offend, and hears with no other diſpoſition than deſire to be pleaſed.

There muſt be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us, is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleaſure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amuſements ſhould not terminate wholly in the preſent moment, but contribute more or leſs to future advantage. He that amuſes himſelf among well choſen companions, can ſcarcely fail to receive, from the moſt careleſs and obſtreperous merriment which virtue can allow, ſome uſeful hints; nor can converſe on the moſt familiar topicks, without ſome caſual information. The looſe ſparkles of thoughtleſs wit may

may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical poſitions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which thoſe friendſhips that give happineſs or conſolation, relief or ſecurity, are generally formed. A wiſe and good man is never ſo amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroick generoſity, or philoſophical diſcoveries, may compel veneration and reſpect, but love always implies ſome kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulneſs which diſencumbers all minds from awe and ſolicitude, invites the modeſt to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This eaſy gaiety is certain to pleaſe, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our ſuperiors deſcend from their elevation, we love them for leſſening the diſtance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no laſting advantage, will always keep our affections while their ſprightlineſs and mirth contribute to our pleaſure.

Every man finds himſelf differently affected by the ſight of fortreſſes of war, and palaces of pleaſure; we look on the height and ſtrength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy ſatisfaction, for we cannot think of defence without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, becauſe nothing is impreſſed by them on the mind but joy and feſtivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters; with protectors we are ſafe, with companions we are happy.

NUMB. 90. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 26, 1751.

*In tenui labor.* VIRG.

What toil in ſlender things!

IT is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature without failing either to pleaſe or inſtruct. Too much nicety of detail diſguſts the greateſt part of readers, and to throw a multitude of particulars under general heads, and lay down rules of extenſive comprehenſion, is to common underſtandings of little uſe. They who undertake theſe ſubjects are therefore always in danger, as one or other inconvenience ariſes to their imagination, of frighting us with rugged ſcience, or amuſing us with empty ſound.

In criticiſing the work of *Milton*, there is, indeed, opportunity to interſperſe paſſages that can hardly fail to relieve the languors of attention; and ſince, in examining the variety and choice of the pauſes with which he has diverſified his numbers, it will be neceſſary to exhibit the lines in which they are to be found, perhaps the remarks may be well compenſated by the examples, and the irkſomeneſs of grammatical diſquiſitions ſomewhat alleviated.

*Milton* formed his ſcheme of verſification by the poets of *Greece* and *Rome*, whom he propoſed to himſelf for his models, ſo far as the difference of his language from theirs would permit the imitation. There are indeed many inconveniencies inſeparable from our heroick meaſure compared with that of *Homer* and *Virgil*; inconveniencies, which it is no reproach to *Milton* not to have overcome,

overcome, becauſe they are in their own nature inſuperable; but againſt which he has ſtruggled with ſo much art and diligence, that he may at leaſt be ſaid to have deſerved ſucceſs.

The hexameter of the ancients may be conſidered as conſiſting of fifteen ſyllables, ſo melodiouſly diſpoſed, that, as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleaſing and ſonorous lyrick meaſures are formed from the fragments of the heroick. It is, indeed, ſcarce poſſible to break them in ſuch a manner but that *invenias etiam diſjecti membra poëtæ*, ſome harmony will ſtill remain, and the due proportions of ſound will always be diſcovered. This meaſure therefore allowed great variety of pauſes, and great liberties of connecting one verſe with another, becauſe wherever the line was interrupted, either part ſingly was muſical. But the ancients ſeem to have confined this privilege to hexameters; for in their other meaſures, though longer than the *Engliſh* heroick, thoſe who wrote after the refinements of verſification, venture ſo ſeldom to change their pauſes, that every variation may be ſuppoſed rather a compliance with neceſſity than the choice of judgment.

*Milton* was conſtrained within the narrow limits of a meaſure not very harmonious in the utmoſt perfection; the ſingle parts, therefore, into which it was to be ſometimes broken by pauſes, were in danger of loſing the very form of verſe. This has, perhaps, notwithſtanding all his care, ſometimes happened.

As harmony is the end of poetical meaſures, no part of a verſe ought to be ſo ſeparated from the reſt as not to remain ſtill more harmonious than proſe,

proſe, or to ſhew, by the diſpoſition of the tones, that it is part of a verſe. This rule in the old hexameter might be eaſily obſerved, but in *Engliſh* will very frequently be in danger of violation; for the order and regularity of accents cannot well be perceived in a ſucceſſion of fewer than three ſyllables, which will confine the *Engliſh* poet to only five pauſes; it being ſuppoſed, that, when he connects one line with another, he ſhould never make a full pauſe at leſs diſtance than that of three ſyllables from the beginning or end of a verſe.

That this rule ſhould be univerſally and indiſpenſably eſtabliſhed, perhaps cannot be granted; ſomething may be allowed to variety, and ſomething to the adaptation of the numbers to the ſubject; but it will be found generally neceſſary, and the ear will ſeldom fail to ſuffer by its neglect.

Thus when a ſingle ſyllable is cut off from the reſt, it muſt either be united to the line with which the ſenſe connects it, or be ſounded alone. If it be united to the other line, it corrupts its harmony; if diſjoined it muſt ſtand alone, and with regard to muſick be ſuperfluous; for there is no harmony in a ſingle ſound, becauſe it has no proportion to another.

Hypocrites auſterely talk,
Defaming as impure what God declares
*Pure*; and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.

When two ſyllables likewiſe are abſcinded from the reſt, they evidently want ſome aſſociate ſounds to make them harmonious.

—Eyes—
—more wakeful than to drouze,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the paſt'ral reed
Of

Of *Hermes*, or his opiate rod. *Meanwhile*
To re-ſalute the world with ſacred light
*Leucothea* wak'd.

He ended, and the ſun gave ſignal high
To the bright miniſter that watch'd: *he blew*
His trumpet.

Firſt in the eaſt his glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude though heav'n's high road; *the gray*
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence.

The ſame defect is perceived in the following line, where the pauſe is at the ſecond ſyllable from the beginning.

The race
Of that wild rout that tore the *Thracian* bard
In *Rhodope*, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, 'till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the muſe defend
*Her ſon*. So fail not thou, who thee implores.

When the pauſe falls upon the third ſyllable or the ſeventh, the harmony is better preſerved; but as the third and ſeventh are weak ſyllables, the period leaves the ear unſatisfied, and in expectation of the remaining part of the verſe.

He, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,
Confounded though immor*tal*. But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments *him*.

God,

God,——with frequent intercourſe,
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcend*ing*.

It may be, I think, eſtabliſhed as a rule, that a pauſe which concludes a period ſhould be made for the moſt part upon a ſtrong ſyllable, as the fourth and ſixth; but thoſe pauſes which only ſuſpend the ſenſe may be placed upon the weaker. Thus the reſt in the third line of the firſt paſſage ſatisfies the ear better than in the fourth, and the cloſe of the ſecond quotation better than of the third.

The evil ſoon
Drawn back, redounded (as a flood) on thoſe
From whom it *ſprung*; impoſſible to mix
With *bleſſedneſs*.

——What we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to *wild*.

The paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt *us*.

The reſt in the fifth place has the ſame inconvenience as in the ſeventh and third, that the ſyllable is weak.

Beaſt now with beaſt 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fiſh with fiſh, to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd

Devour'd each *other*: Nor ſtood much in awe
Of man, but fled *him*, or with countenance grim,
Glar'd on him paſs*ing*.

The nobleſt and moſt majeſtick pauſes which our verſification admits, are upon the fourth and ſixth ſyllables, which are both ſtrongly ſounded in a pure and regular verſe, and at either of which the line is ſo divided, that both members participate of harmony.

But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light *appears*, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the boſom of dim night
A glimmering *dawn*: here nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and chaos to retire.

But far above all others, if I can give any credit to my own ear, is the reſt upon the ſixth ſyllable, which taking in a complete compaſs of ſound, ſuch as is ſufficient to conſtitute one of our lyrick meaſures, makes a full and ſolemn cloſe. Some paſſages which conclude at this ſtop, I could never read without ſome ſtrong emotions of delight or admiration.

Before the hills appear'd or fountain flow'd,
Thou with the eternal wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter; and with her didſt play
In preſence of the almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial *ſong*.

Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
Like thoſe *Heſperian* gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy iſles! But who dwelt happy there,
He ſtaid not to in*quire*.

He

He blew
His trumpet, heard in *Oreb* ſince, perhaps
When GOD deſcended; and, perhaps, once more
To ſound at general *doom.*

If the poetry of *Milton* be examined, with regard to the pauſes and flow of his verſes into each other, it will appear, that he has performed all that our language would admit; and the compariſon of his numbers with thoſe who have cultivated the ſame manner of writing, will ſhow that he excelled as much in the lower as the higher parts of his art, and that his ſkill in harmony was not leſs than his invention or his learning.

NUMB. 91. TUESDAY, *Jan.* 29, 1751.

*Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,*
*Expertus metuit.* HOR.

To court the great ones, and to ſooth their pride,
Seems a ſweet taſk to thoſe that never tried;
But thoſe that have, know well that danger's near.
CREECH.

THE SCIENCES having long ſeen their votaries labouring for the benefit of mankind without reward, put up their petition to *Jupiter* for a more equitable diſtribution of riches and honours. *Jupiter* was moved at their complaints, and touched with the approaching miſeries of men, whom the SCIENCES, wearied with perpetual ingratitude, were now threatening to forſake, and who would have been reduced by their departure to feed in dens upon the maſt of trees,

to

to hunt their prey in deſerts, and to periſh under the paws of animals ſtronger and fiercer than themſelves.

A ſynod of the celeſtials was therefore convened, in which it was reſolved, that PATRONAGE ſhould deſcend to the aſſiſtance of the SCIENCES. PATRONAGE was the daughter of ASTREA, by a mortal father, and had been educated in the ſchool of TRUTH, by the Goddeſſes, whom ſhe was now appointed to protect. She had from her mother that dignity of aſpect, which ſtruck terror into falſe merit, and from her miſtreſs that reſerve, which made her only acceſſible to thoſe whom the SCIENCES brought into her preſence.

She came down, with the general acclamation of all the powers that favour learning. HOPE danced before her, and LIBERALITY ſtood at her ſide, ready to ſcatter by her direction the gifts which FORTUNE, who followed her, was commanded to ſupply. As ſhe advanced towards *Parnaſſus*, the cloud which had long hung over it, was immediately diſpelled. The ſhades, before withered with drought, ſpread their original verdure, and the flowers that had languiſhed with chilneſs brightened their colours, and invigorated their ſcents; the Muſes tuned their harps and exerted their voices; and all the concert of nature welcomed her arrival.

On *Parnaſſus* ſhe fixed her reſidence, in a palace raiſed by the SCIENCES, and adorned with whatever could delight the eye, elevate the imagination, or enlarge the underſtanding. Here ſhe diſperſed the gifts of FORTUNE with the impartiality of JUSTICE, and the diſcernment of TRUTH. Her gate ſtood always open, and HOPE

ſat

ſat at the portal, inviting to entrance all whom the SCIENCES numbered in their train. The court was therefore thronged with innumerable multitudes, of whom, though many returned diſappointed, ſeldom any had confidence to complain; for PATRONAGE was known to neglect few, but for want of the due claims to her regard. Thoſe, therefore, who had ſolicited her favour without ſucceſs, generally withdrew from publick notice, and either diverted their attention to meaner employments, or endeavoured to ſupply their deficiencies by cloſer application.

In time, however, the number of thoſe who had miſcarried in their pretenſions grew ſo great, that they became leſs aſhamed of their repulſes; and inſtead of hiding their diſgrace in retirement, began to beſiege the gates of the palace, and obſtruct the entrance of ſuch as they thought likely to be more careſſed. The deciſions of PATRONAGE, who was but half a Goddeſs, had been ſometimes erroneous; and though ſhe always made haſte to rectify her miſtakes, a few inſtances of her fallibility encouraged every one to appeal from her judgment to his own and that of his companions, who are always ready to clamour in the common cauſe, and elate each other with reciprocal applauſe.

HOPE was a ſteady friend to the diſappointed, and IMPUDENCE incited them to accept a ſecond invitation, and lay their claim again before PATRONAGE. They were again, for the moſt part, ſent back with ignominy, but found HOPE not alienated, and IMPUDENCE more reſolutely zealous; they therefore contrived new expedients,

and

and hoped at laſt to prevail by their multitudes which were always increaſing, and their perſeverance which HOPE and IMPUDENCE forbad them to relax.

PATRONAGE having been long a ſtranger to the heavenly aſſemblies, began to degenerate towards terreſtrial nature, and forget the precepts of JUSTICE and TRUTH. Inſtead of confining her friendſhip to the SCIENCES, ſhe ſuffered herſelf, by little and little, to contract an acquaintance with PRIDE, the ſon of FALSEHOOD, by whoſe embraces ſhe had two daughters, FLATTERY and CAPRICE. FLATTERY was nurſed by LIBERALITY, and CAPRICE by FORTUNE, without any aſſiſtance from the leſſons of the SCIENCES.

PATRONAGE began openly to adopt the ſentiments and imitate the manners of her huſband, by whoſe opinion ſhe now directed her deciſions with very little heed to the precepts of TRUTH; and as her daughters continually gained upon her affections, the SCIENCES loſt their influence, till none found much reaſon to boaſt of their reception, but thoſe whom CAPRICE or FLATTERY conducted to her throne.

The throngs who had ſo long waited, and ſo often been diſmiſſed for want of recommendation from the SCIENCES, were delighted to ſee the power of thoſe rigorous Goddeſſes tending to its extinction. Their patroneſſes now renewed their encouragements. HOPE ſmiled at the approach of CAPRICE, and IMPUDENCE was always at hand to introduce her clients to FLATTERY.

PATRONAGE had now learned to procure herſelf reverence by ceremonies and formalities, and inſtead

ſtead of admitting her petitioners to an immediate audience, ordered the antechamber to be erected, called among mortals, the *Hall of Expectation*. Into this hall the entrance was eaſy to thoſe whom IMPUDENCE had conſigned to FLATTERY, and it was therefore crowded with a promiſcuous throng, aſſembled from every corner of the earth, preſſing forward with the utmoſt eagerneſs of deſire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

They entered this general receptacle with ardour and alacrity, and made no doubt of ſpeedy acceſs, under the conduct of FLATTERY, to the preſence of PATRONAGE. But it generally happened that they were here left to their deſtiny, for the inner doors were committed to CAPRICE, who opened and ſhut them, as it ſeemed, by chance, and rejected or admitted without any ſettled rule of diſtinction. In the mean time, the miſerable attendants were left to wear out their lives in alternate exultation and dejection, delivered up to the ſport of SUSPICION, who was always whiſpering into their ear deſigns againſt them which were never formed, and of ENVY, who diligently pointed out the good fortune of one or other of their competitors. INFAMY flew round the hall, and ſcattered mildews from her wings, with which every one was ſtained; REPUTATION followed her with ſlower flight, and endeavoured to hide the blemiſhes, with paint, which was immediately bruſhed away, or ſeparated of itſelf, and left the ſtains more viſible; nor were the ſpots of INFAMY ever effaced, but with limpid water effuſed by the hand of TIME from a well which ſprung up beneath the throne of TRUTH.

It

It frequently happened that SCIENCE, unwilling to loſe the ancient prerogative of recommending to PATRONAGE, would lead her followers into the *Hall of Expectation*; but they were ſoon diſcouraged from attending, for not only ENVY and SUSPICION inceſſantly tormented them, but IMPUDENCE conſidered them as intruders, and incited INFAMY to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but ſeldom without ſome ſpots which they could ſcarcely waſh away, and which ſhewed that they had once waited in the *Hall of Expectation*.

The reſt continued to expect the happy moment, at which CAPRICE ſhould beckon them to approach; and endeavoured to propitiate her, not with *Homerical* harmony, the repreſentation of great actions, or the recital of noble ſentiments, but with ſoft and voluptuous melody, intermingled with the praiſes of PATRONAGE and PRIDE, by whom they were heard at once with pleaſure and contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by CAPRICE, when they leaſt expected it, and heaped by PATRONAGE with the gifts of FORTUNE, but they were from that time chained to her footſtool, and condemned to regulate their lives by her glances and nods; they ſeemed proud of their manacles, and ſeldom complained of any drudgery, however ſervile, or any affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithſtanding their obedience, ſeized on a ſudden by CAPRICE, diveſted of their ornaments, and thruſt back into the *Hall of Expectation*.

Here they mingled again with the tumult, and all, except a few whom experience had taught to

ſeek happineſs in the regions of liberty, continued to ſpend hours, and days, and years, courting the ſmile of CAPRICE by the arts of FLATTERY; till at length new crowds preſſed in upon them, and drove them forth at different outlets into the habitations of DISEASE, and SHAME, and POVERTY, and DESPAIR, where they paſſed the reſt of their lives in narratives of promiſes and breaches of faith, of joys and ſorrows, of hopes and diſappointments.

The SCIENCES, after a thouſand indignities, retired from the palace of PATRONAGE, and having long wandered over the world in grief and diſtreſs, were led at laſt to the cottage of INDEPENDENCE, the daughter of FORTITUDE; where they were taught by PRUDENCE and PARSIMONY to ſupport themſelves in dignity and quiet.

NUMB. 92. SATURDAY, *February* 2, 1751.

*Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum*
*Perſtringis aures, jam litui ſtrepunt.* HOR.

Lo! now the clarion's voice I hear,
Its threatning murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines with brazen breath
The trumpet ſounds the charge of death. FRANCIS.

IT has been long obſerved, that the idea of beauty is vague and undefined, different in different minds, and diverſified by time or place. It has been a term hitherto uſed to ſignify that which pleaſes us we know not why, and in our approbation of which we can juſtify ourſelves only by the concurrence of numbers, without much power of enforcing our opinion upon others by

any argument, but example and authority. It is, indeed, ſo little ſubject to the examinations of reaſon, that *Paſchal* ſuppoſes it to end where demonſtration begins, and maintains, that without incongruity and abſurdity we cannot ſpeak of *geometrical beauty*.

To trace all the ſources of that various pleaſure which we aſcribe to the agency of beauty, or to diſentangle all the perceptions involved in its idea, would, perhaps, require a very great part of the life of *Ariſtotle* or *Plato*. It is, however, in many caſes, apparent that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful becauſe they have ſomething which we agree, for whatever reaſon, to call beauty, in a greater degree than we have been accuſtomed to find it in other things of the ſame kind; and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge increaſes, and appropriate it to higher excellence, when higher excellence comes within our view.

Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; and therefore *Boileau* juſtly remarks, that the books which have ſtood the teſt of time, and been admired through all the changes which the mind of man has ſuffered from the various revolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary cuſtoms, have a better claim to our regard than any modern can boaſt, becauſe the long continuance of their reputation proves that they are adequate to our faculties, and agreeable to nature.

It is, however, the taſk of criticiſm to eſtabliſh principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; and to diſtinguiſh thoſe means of pleaſing which depend upon known cauſes and rational deduction, from the nameleſs and inexplicable elegancies

which appeal wholly to the fancy, from which we feel delight, but know not how they produce it, and which may well be termed the enchantreſſes of the ſoul. Criticiſm reduces thoſe regions of literature under the dominion of ſcience, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of preſcription.

There is nothing in the art of verſifying ſo much expoſed to the power of imagination as the accommodation of the ſound to the ſenſe, or the repreſentation of particular images, by the flow of the verſe in which they are expreſſed. Every ſtudent has innumerable paſſages, in which he, and perhaps he alone, diſcovers ſuch reſemblances; and ſince the attention of the preſent race of poetical readers ſeems particularly turned upon this ſpecies of elegance, I ſhall endeavour to examine how much theſe conformities have been obſerved by the poets, or directed by the criticks, how far they can be eſtabliſhed upon nature and reaſon, and on what occaſions they have been practiſed by *Milton*.

*Homer*, the father of all poetical beauty, has been particularly celebrated by *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, as *he that, of all the poets, exhibited the greateſt variety of ſound; for there are*, ſays he, *innumerable paſſages, in which length of time, bulk of body, extremity of paſſion, and ſtillneſs of repoſe; or, in which, on the contrary, brevity, ſpeed, and eagerneſs, are evidently marked out by the ſound of the ſyllables. Thus the anguiſh and ſlow pace with which the blind* Polypheme *groped out with his hands the entrance of his cave, are perceived in the cadence of the verſes which deſcribe it.*

Κύκλωψ

Κύκλοψ δὲ ςενάχων τε καὶ ὠδίνων ὀδύνησι,
Χεσρὶ ψηλοφόων————

Mean time the *cyclop* raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and ſearches round and round,
POPE.

The critick then proceeds to ſhew, that the efforts of *Achilles* ſtruggling in his armour againſt the current of a river, ſometimes reſiſting and ſometimes yielding, may be perceived in the eliſions of the ſyllables, the ſlow ſucceſſion of the feet, and the ſtrength of the conſonants.

Δεῖνον δ' αμφ' Αχιλῆα κυκώμενον ἵςατο κῦμα.
Ὤθει δ' ἐν σάκεϊ πίπτων ροος· οὐδὲ πόδεσσιν
Ἔσκε ςηρίξασθαι.————

So oft the ſurge, in watry mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head,
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him, ſlides the ſlimy ſoil. POPE.

When *Homer* deſcribes the cruſh of men daſhed againſt a rock, he collects the moſt unpleaſing and harſh ſounds.

Εὖν δὲ δύω μάρψας, ὥςε σκύλακας ποτὶ γαιη
Κόπτ'· ἐκ δ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.
————His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band,
And daſh'd like dogs againſt the ſtony floor:
The pavement ſwims with brains and mingled gore,
POPE.

And when he would place before the eyes ſomething dreadful and aſtoniſhing, he makes choice of the ſtrongeſt vowels, and the letters of moſt difficult utterance.

Τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργὼ βλοσυρῶπις ἐστεφάνωτο
Δεινὸν δερκομένη· περὶ δὲ Δεῖμός τε Φόβος τε.

Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield. POPE.

Many other examples *Dionyſius* produces; but theſe will ſufficiently ſhew, that either he was fanciful, or we have loſt the genuine pronunciation; for I know not whether, in any one of theſe inſtances, ſuch ſimilitude can be diſcovered. It ſeems, indeed, probable, that the veneration with which *Homer* was read, produced many ſuppoſititious beauties; for though it is certain, that the ſound of many of his verſes very juſtly correſponds with the things expreſſed, yet when the force of his imagination, which gave him full poſſeſſion of every object, is conſidered, together with the flexibility of his language, of which the ſyllables might be often contracted or dilated at pleaſure, it will ſeem unlikely that ſuch conformity ſhould happen leſs frequently even without deſign.

It is not however to be doubted, that *Virgil*, who wrote amidſt the light of criticiſm, and who owed ſo much of his ſucceſs to art and labour, endeavoured, among other excellencies, to exhibit this ſimilitude; nor has he been leſs happy in this than in the other graces of verſification. This felicity of his numbers was, at the revival of learning, diſplayed with great elegance by *Vida*, in his Art of Poetry.

*Haud ſatis eſt illis utcunque claudere verſum.——*
*Omnia ſed numeris vocum concordibus aptant,*
*Atque ſono quæcunque canunt imitantur, & apta*
*Verborum facie, & quæſito carminis ore.*
*Nam diverſa opus eſt veluti dare verſibus ora,——*
*Hic melior motuque pedum, & pernicibus alis,*
*Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit:*
*Ille autem membris, ac mole ignavius ingens*

*Incedit*

*Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.*
*Ecce aliquis ſubit egregio pulcherrimus ore,*
*Cui lætum membris Venus omnibus afflat honorem.*
*Contra alius rudis, informes oſtendit & artus,*
*Hirſutumque ſupercilium, ac caudam ſinuoſam,*
*Ingratus viſu, ſonitu illætabilis ipſo.——*
*Ergo ubi jam nautæ ſpumas ſalis ære ruentes*
*Incubuere mari, videas ſpumare reductis*
*Convulſum remis, roſtriſque ſtridentibus æquor.*
*Tunc longe ſale ſaxa ſonant, tunc & freta ventis.*
*Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere: littore fluctus*
*Illidunt rauco, atque refracta remurmurat unda*
*Ad ſcopulos, cumulo inſequitur præruptus aquæ mons.——*
*Cum vero ex alto ſpeculatus cærula Nereus*
*Leniit in morem ſtagni, placidæque paludis,*
*Labitur uncta vadis abies, natat uncta carina.——*
*Verba etiam res exiguas anguſta ſequuntur,*
*Ingenteſque juvant ingentia: cuncta gigantem*
*Vaſta decent, vultus immanes, pectora lata,*
*Et magni membrorum artus, magna oſſa lacertique.*
*Atque adeo, ſiquid geritur molimine magno,*
*Adde moram, & pariter tecum quoque verba laborem*
*Segnia: ſeu quando vi multa gleba coactis*
*Æternum frangenda bidentibus, æquore ſeu cum*
*Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.*
*At mora ſi fuerit damno, properare jubebo.*
*Si ſe forte cava extulerit mala vipera terra,*
*Tolle moras, cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, paſtor;*
*Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite peſtem.*
*Ipſe etiam verſus ruat, in præcepſque feratur,*
*Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano nox,*
*Aut cum perculſus graviter procumbit humi bos,*
*Cumque etiam requies rebus datur, ipſa quoque ultro*
*Carmina pauliſper curſu ceſſare videbis*
*In medio interrupta: quiérunt cum freta ponti,*
*Poſtquam auræ poſuere, quieſcere protinus ipſum*
*Cernere erit, mediiſque incæptis ſiſtere verſum.*
*Quid dicam, ſenior cum telum imbelle ſine ictu*
*Invalidus jacit, & defectis viribus æger?*
*Num quoque tum verſus ſegni pariter pede languet:*

*Sanguis hebet, frigent effætæ in corpore vires.*
*Fortem autem juvenem deceat prorumpere incarces,*
*Evertisse domos, præfractaque quadrupedantum*
*Pectora pectoribus perrumpere, sternere turres*
*Ingentes, totoque, ferum dare funera campo.*

'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, number, or determin'd feet.
To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense;
The correspondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the same.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And *Venus* breathes on every limb a grace;
That, of rude form, his uncouth members shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind;
At once the image and the lines appear,
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Lo! when the sailors steer the pond'rous ships,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around,
Beneath the lab'ring oars the waves resound;
The prows wide echoing thro' the dark profound.
To the loud call each distant rock replies;
Toss't by the storm the tow'ring surges rise;
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar.
Flash at the shock, and gath'ring in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and over-hang the deep.
But when blue *Neptune* from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas,
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And the pitch'd vessel o'er the surface glides.
When things are small, the terms should still be so;
For low words please us, when the theme is low.
But when some giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vast in ev'ry limb,

Stalks

Stalks tow'ring on; the ſwelling words muſt riſe
In juſt proportion to the monſter's ſize.
If ſome large weight his huge arms ſtrive to ſhove,
The verſe too labours; the throng'd words ſcarce move.
When each ſtiff clod beneath the pond'rous plough
Crumbles and breaks, th' encumber'd lines muſt flow.
Nor leſs, when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their ſhrouds, and hoiſt the wide-ſtretch'd ſails.
But if the poem ſuffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away,
And when the viper iſſues from the brake,
Be quick; with ſtones, and brands, and fire, attack
His riſing creſt, and drive the ſerpent back.
When night deſcends, or ſtunn'd by num'rous ſtrokes,
And groaning, to the earth drops the vaſt ox;
The line too ſinks with correſpondent ſound,
Flat with the ſteer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves ſubſide, and tempeſt ceaſe,
And huſh the roarings of the ſea to peace;
So oft we ſee the interrupted ſtrain
Stop'd in the midſt—and with the ſilent main
Pauſe for a ſpace—at laſt it glides again.
When *Priam* ſtrains his aged arms, to throw
His unavailing jav'line at the foe;
(His blood congeal'd, and ev'ry nerve unſtrung)
Then with the theme complies the artful ſong;
Like him, the ſolitary numbers flow,
Weak, trembling, melancholy, ſtiff, and ſlow.
Not ſo young *Pyrrhus*, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his courſe.
The raging youth on trembling *Ilion* falls,
Burſts her ſtrong gates, and ſhakes her lofty walls;
Provokes his flying courſer to the ſpeed,
In full career to charge the warlike ſteed:
He piles the field with mountains of the ſlain;
He pours, he ſtorms, he thunders thro' the plain. PITT.

From the *Italian* gardens *Pope* ſeems to have tranſplanted this flower, the growth of happier

climates, into a ſoil leſs adapted to its nature, and leſs favourable to its increaſe.

Soft is the ſtrain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud billows laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
Not ſo when ſwift *Camilla* ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

From theſe lines, laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the moſt diligent endeavours after this imagery of ſound. The verſe intended to repreſent the whiſper of the vernal breeze, muſt be confeſſed not much to excel in ſoftneſs or volubility; and the ſmooth ſtream runs with a perpetual claſh of jarring conſonants. The noiſe and turbulence of the torrent is, indeed, diſtinctly imaged, for it requires very little ſkill to make our language rough; but in thoſe lines, which mention the effort of *Ajax*, there is no particular heavineſs, obſtruction, or delay. The ſwiftneſs of *Camilla* is rather contraſted than exemplified; why the verſe ſhould be lengthened to expreſs ſpeed, will not eaſily be diſcovered. In the dactyls uſed for that purpoſe by the ancients, two ſhort ſyllables were pronounced with ſuch rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they, therefore, naturally exhibit the act of paſſing through a long ſpace in a ſhort time. But the *Alexandrine*, by its pauſe in the midſt, is a tardy and ſtately meaſure;

ſure; and the word *unbending*, one of the moſt ſluggiſh and ſlow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion.

Theſe rules and theſe examples have taught our preſent criticks to enquire very ſtudiouſly and minutely into ſounds and cadences. It is, therefore, uſeful to examine with what ſkill they have proceeded; what diſcoveries they have made; and whether any rules can be eſtabliſhed which may guide us hereafter in ſuch reſearches.

NUMB. 93. TUESDAY, *February* 5, 1751.

*——Experiar quid concedatur in illos*
*Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.* JUV.

More ſafely truth to urge her claim preſumes,
On names now found alone on books and tombs.

THERE are few books on which more time is ſpent by young ſtudents, than on treatiſes which deliver the characters of authors; nor any which oftener deceive the expectation of the reader, or fill his mind with more opinions which the progreſs of his ſtudies and the encreaſe of his knowledge oblige him to reſign.

*Baillet* has introduced his collection of the deciſions of the learned, by an enumeration of the prejudices which miſlead the critick, and raiſe the paſſions in rebellion againſt the judgment. His catalogue, though large, is imperfect; and who can hope to complete it? The beauties of writing have been obſerved to be often ſuch as cannot in the preſent ſtate of human knowledge be evinced by

by evidence, or drawn out into demonſtrations; they are therefore wholly ſubject to the imagination, and do not force their effects upon a mind preoccupied by unfavourable ſentiments, nor overcome the counter-action of a falſe principle or of ſtubborn partiality.

To convince any man againſt his will is hard, but to pleaſe him againſt his will is juſtly pronounced by *Dryden* to be above the reach of human abilities. Intereſt and paſſion will hold out long againſt the cloſeſt ſiege of diagrams and ſyllogiſms, but they are abſolutely impregnable to imagery and ſentiment; and will for ever bid defiance to the moſt powerful ſtrains of *Virgil* or *Homer*, though they may give way in time to the batteries of *Euclid*, or *Archimedes*.

In truſting therefore to the ſentence of a critick, we are in danger not only from that vanity which exalts writers too often to the dignity of teaching what they are yet to learn, from that negligence which ſometimes ſteals upon the moſt vigilant caution, and that fallibility to which the condition of nature has ſubjected every human underſtanding; but from a thouſand extrinſick and accidental cauſes, from every thing which can excite kindneſs or malevolence, veneration or contempt.

Many of thoſe who have determined with great boldneſs, upon the various degrees of literary merit, may be juſtly ſuſpected of having paſſed ſentence, as *Seneca* remarks of *Claudius*,

*Una tantum Parte audita,*
*Sæpe et nulla,*

without much knowledge of the cauſe before them: for it will not eaſily be imagined of *Langbane*, *Borrichitus*,

*richitus*, or *Rapin*, that they had very accurately peruſed all the books which they praiſe or cenſure; or that, even if nature and learning had qualified them for judges, they could read for ever with the attention neceſſary to juſt criticiſm. Such performances, however, are not wholly without their uſe; for they are commonly juſt echoes to the voice of fame, and tranſmit the general ſuffrage of mankind when they have no particular motives to ſuppreſs it.

Criticks, like the reſt of mankind, are very frequently miſled by intereſt. The bigotry with which editors regard the authors whom they illuſtrate or correct, has been generally remarked. *Dryden* was known to have written moſt of his critical diſſertations only to recommend the work upon which he then happened to be employed; and *Addiſon* is ſuſpected to have denied the expediency of poetical juſtice, becauſe his own *Cato* was condemned to periſh in a good cauſe.

There are prejudices which authors, not otherwiſe weak or corrupt, have indulged without ſcruple; and perhaps ſome of them are ſo complicated with our natural affections, that they cannot eaſily be diſintangled from the heart. Scarce any can hear with impartiality a compariſon between the writers of his own and another country; and though it cannot, I think, be charged equally on all nations, that they are blinded with this literary patriotiſm, yet there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondneſs of affinity, and eſteem them as well for the place of their birth, as for their knowledge or their wit. There is, therefore, ſeldom much reſpect due to comparative criticiſm, when the competitors are of different

ferent countries, unleſs the judge is of a nation equally indifferent to both. The *Italians* could not for a long time believe, that there was any learning beyond the mountains; and the *French* ſeem generally perſuaded, that there are no wits or reaſoners equal to their own. I can ſcarcely conceive that if *Scaliger* had not conſidered himſelf as allied to *Virgil*, by being born in the ſame country, he would have found his work ſo much ſuperior to thoſe of *Homer*, or have thought the controverſy worthy of ſo much zeal, vehemence, and acrimony.

There is, indeed, one prejudice, and only one, by which it may be doubted whether it is any diſhonour to be ſometimes miſguided. Criticiſm has ſo often given occaſion to the envious and ill-natured of gratifying their malignity, that ſome have thought it neceſſary to recommend the virtue of candour without reſtriction, and to preclude all future liberty of cenſure. Writers poſſeſſed with this opinion are continually enforcing civility and decency, recommending to criticks the proper diffidence of themſelves, and inculcating the veneration due to celebrated names.

I am not of opinion that theſe profeſſed enemies of arrogance and ſeverity have much more benevolence or modeſty than the reſt of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts, any other intention than to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their ſoftneſs and delicacy. Some are modeſt becauſe they are timorous, and ſome are laviſh of praiſe becauſe they hope to be repaid.

There is indeed ſome tenderneſs due to living writers, when they attack none of thoſe truths which are of importance to the happineſs of mankind,

kind, and having committed no other offence than that of betraying their own ignorance or dulneſs. I ſhould think it cruelty to cruſh an inſect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmleſs ſtupidity, or deſtroy the jeſt which makes its author laugh. Yet I am far from thinking this tenderneſs univerſally neceſſary; for he that writes may be conſidered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack; ſince he quits the common rank of life, ſteps forward beyond the liſts, and offers his merit to the publick judgment. To commence author is to claim praiſe, and no man can juſtly aſpire to honour, but at the hazard of diſgrace.

But whatever be decided concerning contemporaries, whom he that knows the treachery of the human heart, and conſiders how often we gratify our own pride or envy under the appearance of contending for elegance and propriety, will find himſelf not much inclined to diſturb; there can ſurely be no exemptions pleaded to ſecure them from criticiſm, who can no longer ſuffer by reproach, and of whom nothing now remains but their writings and their names. Upon theſe authors the critick is undoubtedly at full liberty to exerciſe the ſtricteſt ſeverity, ſince he endangers only his own fame, and, like *Æneas* when he drew his ſword in the infernal regions, encounters phantoms which cannot be wounded. He may indeed pay ſome regard to eſtabliſhed reputation; but he can by that ſhew of reverence conſult only his own ſecurity, for all other motives are now at an end.

The faults of a writer of acknowledged excellence are more dangerous, becauſe the influence of

of his example is more extenſive; and the intereſt of learning requires that they ſhould be diſcovered and ſtigmatized, before they have the ſanction of antiquity conferred upon them, and become precedents of indiſputable authority.

It has, indeed, been advanced by *Addiſon*, as one of the characteriſticks of a true critick, that he points out beauties rather than faults. But it is rather natural to a man of learning and genius, to apply himſelf chiefly to the ſtudy of writers who have more beauties than faults to be diſplayed: for the duty of criticiſm is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by partial repreſentations, but to hold out the light of reaſon, whatever it may diſcover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever ſhe ſhall dictate.

## Numb. 94. Saturday, *February* 9, 175·.

*——Bonus atque fidus*
*Judex—per obſtantes catervas*
*Explicuit ſua victor arma.* Hor.

Perpetual magiſtrate is he
Who keeps ſtrict juſtice full in ſight;
Who bids the crowd at awful diſtance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriouſly diſplays. Francis.

THE reſemblance of poetick numbers, to the ſubject which they mention or deſcribe, may be conſidered as general or particular; as conſiſting in the flow and ſtructure of a whole paſſage taken together, or as compriſed in the ſound of ſome emphatical and deſcriptive words, or in the cadence and harmony of ſingle verſes.

The

The general reſemblance of the ſound to the ſenſe is to be found in every language which admits of poetry, in every author whoſe foree of fancy enables him to impreſs images ſtrongly on his own mind, and whoſe choice and variety of language readily ſupplies him with juſt repreſentations. To ſuch a writer it is natural to change his meaſure with his ſubject, even without any effort of the underſtanding, or intervention of the judgment. To revolve jollity and mirth neceſſarily tunes the voice of a poet to gay and ſprightly notes, as it fires his eye with vivacity; and reflection on gloomy ſituations and diſaſtrous events, will ſadden his numbers, as it will cloud his countenance. But in ſuch paſſages there is only the ſimilitude of pleaſure to pleaſure, and of grief to grief, without any immediate application to particular images. The ſame flow of joyous verſification will celebrate the jollity of marriage, and the exultation of triumph; and the ſame languor of melody will ſuit the complaints of an abſent lover, as of a conquered king.

It is ſcarcely to be doubted, that on many occaſions we make the muſick which we imagine ourſelves to hear; that we modulate the poem by our own diſpoſition, and aſcribe to the numbers the effects of the ſenſe. We may obſerve in life, that it is not eaſy to deliver a pleaſant meſſage in an unpleaſing manner, and that we readily aſſociate beauty and deformity with thoſe whom for any reaſon we love or hated. Yet it would be too daring to declare that all the celebrated adaptations of harmony are chimerical; that *Homer* had no extraordinary attention to the melody of his verſe when he deſcribed a nuptial feſtivity;

Νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων, δαΐδων ὑπολαμπομενάων,
Ἡγίνεον ἀνὰ ἄστυ, πολὺς δ' ὑμέναιος ὀρώρει.

Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
The youthful maidens in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound. POPE.

that *Vida* was merely fanciful, when he ſuppoſed *Virgil* endeavouring to repreſent by uncommon ſweetneſs of numbers the adventitious beauty of *Æneas*;

*Os, humeroſque Deo ſimiles: namque ipſe decoram*
*Cæſariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ*
*Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.*

The Trojan chief appear'd in open ſight,
Auguſt in viſage, and ſerenely bright.
His mother goddeſs, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples ſhine;
And giv'n his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face. DRYDEN.

or that *Milton* did not intend to exemplify the harmony which he mentions:

Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praiſe.

That *Milton* underſtood the force of ſounds well adjuſted, and knew the compaſs and variety of the ancient meaſures, cannot be doubted, ſince he was both a muſician and a critick; but he ſeems to have conſidered theſe conformities of cadence, as either not often attainable in our language, or as petty excellencies unworthy of his ambition; for

it

it will not be found that he has always aſſigned the ſame caſt of numbers to the ſame objects. He has given in two paſſages very minute deſcriptions of angelick beauty; but though the images are nearly the ſame, the numbers will be found upon compariſon very different.

And now a ſtripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to ev'ry limb
*Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd;*
Under a coronet his flowing hair
*In curls on either cheek play'd: wings he wore*
*Of many a colour'd plume, ſprinkled with gold.*

Some of the lines of this deſcription are remarkably defective in harmony, and therefore by no means correſpondent with that ſymmetrical elegance and eaſy grace which they are intended to exhibit. The failure, however, is fully compenſated by the repreſentation of *Raphael*, which equally delights the ear and imagination.

A ſeraph wing'd: ſix wings he wore to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs, with downy gold,
And colours dipp'd in heaven: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain! like *Maia*'s ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.——

The

The adumbration of particular and diſtinct images by an exact and perceptible reſemblance of ſound, is ſometimes ſtudied, and ſometimes caſual. Every language has many words formed in imitation of the noiſes which they ſignify. Such are *Stridor*, *Balo*, and *Beatus*, in *Latin*; and in *Engliſh* to *growl*, to *buzz*, to *hiſs*, and to *jarr*. Words of this kind give to a verſe the proper ſimilitude of ſound, without much labour of the writer, and ſuch happineſs is therefore rather to be attributed to fortune than ſkill; yet they are ſometimes combined with great propriety, and undeniably contribute to enforce the impreſſion of the idea. We hear the paſſing arrow in this line of *Virgil*;

Et fugit *horrendum ſtridens* elapſa ſagitta;
Th' impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing. POPE.

and the creeking of hell-gates, in the deſcription by *Milton*;

Open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors; and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder.

But many beauties of this kind, which the moderns, and perhaps the ancients, have obſerved, ſeem to be the product of blind reverence acting upon fancy. *Dionyſius* himſelf tells us, that the ſound of *Homer*'s verſes ſometimes exhibits the idea of corporeal bulk: is not this a diſcovery nearly approaching to that of the blind man, who after long enquiry into the nature of the ſcarlet colour, found that it repreſented nothing ſo much as the clangour of a trumpet? The repreſentative power

power of poetick harmony conſiſts of ſound and meaſure; of the force of the ſyllables ſingly conſidered, and of the time in which they are pronounced. Sound can reſemble nothing but ſound, and time can meaſure nothing but motion and duration.

The criticks, however, have ſtruck out other ſimilitudes; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot diſcover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of theſe lines has been celebrated by writers whoſe opinion the world has reaſon to regard,

*Vertitur interea cælum, & ruit oceano nox.*——
Meantime the rapid heav'ns rowl'd down the light,
And on the ſhaded ocean ruſh'd the night. DRYDEN.

*Sternitur, exanimiſque tremens procumbit humi bos.*——
Down drops the beaſt, nor needs a ſecond wound;
But ſprawls in pangs of death, and ſpurns the ground.
DRYDEN.

*Parturiunt montes, naſcitur ridiculus mus.*——
The mountains labour, and a mouſe is born.
ROSCOMMON.

If all theſe obſervations are juſt, there muſt be ſome remarkable conformity between the ſudden ſucceſſion of night to day, the fall of an ox under a blow, and the birth of a mouſe from a mountain; ſince we are told of all theſe images, that they are very ſtrongly impreſſed by the ſame form and termination of the verſe.

We may, however, without giving way to enthuſiaſm, admit that ſome beauties of this kind may be produced. A ſudden ſtop at an unuſual ſyllable

ſyllable may image the ceſſation of action, or the pauſe of diſcourſe; and *Milton* has very happily imitated the repetitions of an echo:

I fled, and cried out *death:*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded *death.*

The meaſure or time in pronouncing may be varied ſo as very ſtrongly to repreſent, not only the modes of external motion, but the quick or ſlow ſucceſſion of ideas, and conſequently the paſſions of the mind. This at leaſt was the power of the ſpondaick and dactylick harmony, but our language can reach no eminent diverſities of ſound. We can indeed ſometimes, by encumbering and retarding the line, ſhew the difficulty of a progreſs made by ſtrong efforts and with frequent interruptions, or mark a ſlow and heavy motion. Thus *Milton* has imaged the toil of *Satan* ſtruggling through chaos.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on: with difficulty and labour he—

thus he has deſcribed the leviathans or whales;

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait.

But he has at other times neglected ſuch repreſentations, as may be obſerved in the volubility and levity of theſe lines, which expreſs an action tardy and reluctant.

Deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and purſu'd us through the deep,
With what confuſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then.

In

In another place, he deſcribes the gentle glide of ebbing waters in a line remarkably rough and halting;

Tripping ebb; that ſtole
With ſoft foot tow'rds the deep who now had ſtopp'd
His ſluices.

It is not indeed to be expected, that the ſound ſhould always aſſiſt the meaning, but it ought never to counteract it; and therefore *Milton* has here certainly committed a fault like that of the player, who looked on the earth when he implored the heavens, and to the heaven when he addreſſed the earth.

Thoſe who are determined to find in *Milton* an aſſemblage of all the excellencies which have ennobled all other poets, will perhaps be offended that I do not celebrate his verſification in higher terms; for there are readers who diſcover that in this paſſage,

So ſtretch'd out huge in length the arch fiend lay,

a *long* form is deſcribed in a *long* line; but the truth is, that length of body is only mentioned in a *ſlow* line, to which it has only the reſemblance of time to ſpace, of an hour to a maypole.

The ſame turn of ingenuity might perform wonders upon the deſcription of the ark:

Then from the mountains hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk;
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, breadth, and height.

In theſe lines the poet apparently deſigns to fix the attention upon bulk; but this is effected by the enumeration,

enumeration, not by the meaſure; for what analogy can there be between modulations of ſound, and corporeal dimenſions?

*Milton*, indeed, ſeems only to have regarded this ſpecies of embelliſhment ſo far as not to reject it when it came unſought; which would often happen to a mind ſo vigorous, employed upon a ſubject ſo various and extenſive. He had, indeed, a greater and a nobler work to perform; a ſingle ſentiment of moral or religious truth, a ſingle image of life or nature, would have been cheaply loſt for a thouſand echoes of the cadence to the ſenſe; and he who had undertaken to *vindicate the ways of God to man*, might have been accuſed of neglecting his cauſe, had he laviſhed much of his attention upon ſyllables and ſounds.

NUMB. 95. TUESDAY, *February* 12, 1751.

*Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens,*
*Inſanientis dum ſapientiæ*
*Conſultus erro; nunc retrorſum*
*Vela dare, atque iterare curſus*
*Cogor relictos.* HOR.

A fugitive from heav'n and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep ſcienc'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philoſophy; but now
Hoiſt ſail, and back my voyage plow
To that bleſt harbour, which I left before. FRANCIS.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

THERE are many diſeaſes both of the body and mind, which it is far eaſier to prevent than to cure, and therefore I hope you will think me

me employed in an office not uſeleſs either to learning or virtue, if I deſcribe the ſymptoms of an intellectual malady, which, though at firſt it ſeizes only the paſſions, will, if not ſpeedily remedied, infect the reaſon, and, from blaſting the bloſſoms of knowledge, proceed in time to canker the root.

I was born in the houſe of diſcord. My parents were of unſuitable ages, contrary tempers, and different religions, and therefore employed the ſpirit and acuteneſs which nature had very liberally beſtowed upon both, in hourly diſputes, and inceſſant contrivances to detect each other in the wrong; ſo that from the firſt exertions of reaſon I was bred a diſputant, trained up in all the arts of domeſtick ſophiſtry, initiated in a thouſand low ſtratagems, nimble ſhifts, and ſly concealments; verſed in all the turns of altercation, and acquainted with the whole diſcipline of *fending* and *proving*.

It was neceſſarily my care to preſerve the kindneſs of both the controvertiſts, and therefore I had very early formed the habit of ſuſpending my judgment, of hearing arguments with indifference, inclining as occaſion required to either ſide, and of holding myſelf undetermined between them till I knew for what opinion I might conveniently declare.

Thus, Sir, I acquired very early the ſkill of diſputation; and, as we naturally love the arts in which we believe ourſelves to excel, I did not let my abilities lie uſeleſs, nor ſuffer my dexterity to be loſt for want of practice. I engaged in perpetual wrangles with my ſchoolfellows, and was never to be convinced or repreſſed by any other arguments than blows, by which my antagoniſts commonly

determined the controverſy, as I was, like the *Roman* orator, much more eminent for eloquence than courage.

At the univerſity I found my predominant ambition completely gratified by the ſtudy of logick. I impreſſed upon my memory a thouſand axioms, and ten thouſand diſtinctions, practiſed every form of ſyllogiſm, paſſed all my days in the ſchools of diſputation, and ſlept every night with *Smiglecius* on my pillow.

You will not doubt but ſuch a genius was ſoon raiſed to eminence by ſuch application; I was celebrated in my third year for the moſt artful opponent that the univerſity could boaſt, and became the terror and envy of all the candidates for philoſophical reputation.

My renown, indeed, was not purchaſed but at the price of all my time and all my ſtudies. I never ſpoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a poſition univerſally acknowledged to be falſe, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of falſe repreſentation, and ſtrengthened with all the art of fallacious ſubtilty.

My father, who had no other wiſh than to ſee his ſon richer than himſelf, eaſily concluded that I ſhould diſtinguiſh myſelf among the profeſſors of law; and therefore, when I had taken my firſt degree, diſpatched me to the *Temple* with a paternal admonition, that I ſhould never ſuffer myſelf to feel ſhame, for nothing but modeſty could retard my fortune.

Vitiated, ignorant, and heady as I was, I had not yet loſt my reverence for virtue, and therefore could not receive ſuch dictates without horror; but

but however was pleaſed with his determination of my courſe of life, becauſe he placed me in the way that leads ſooneſt from the preſcribed walks of diſcipline and education, to the open fields of liberty and choice.

I was now in the place where every one catches the contagion of vanity, and ſoon began to diſtinguiſh myſelf by ſophiſms and paradoxes. I declared war againſt all received opinions and eſtabliſhed rules, and levelled my batteries particularly againſt thoſe univerſal principles which had ſtood unſhaken in all the viciſſitudes of literature, and are conſidered as the inviolable temples of truth, or the impregnable bulwarks of ſcience.

I applied myſelf chiefly to thoſe parts of learning which have filled the world with doubt and perplexity, and could readily produce all the arguments relating to matter and motion, time and ſpace, identity and infinity.

I was equally able and equally willing to maintain the ſyſtem of *Newton* or *Deſcartes*, and favoured occaſionally the hypotheſis of *Ptolomy*, or that of *Copernicus*. I ſometimes exalted vegetables to ſenſe, and ſometimes degraded animals to mechaniſm.

Nor was I leſs inclined to weaken the credit of hiſtory, or perplex the doctrines of polity. I was always of the party which I heard the company condemn.

Among the zealots of liberty I could harangue with great copiouſneſs upon the advantages of abſolute monarchy, the ſecrecy of its counſels, and the expedition of its meaſures; and often celebrated the bleſſings produced by the extinction of parties, and preclusion of debates.

Among the aſſertors of regal authority, I never failed to declaim with republican warmth upon the original charter of univerſal liberty, the corruption of courts, and the folly of voluntary ſubmiſſion to thoſe whom nature has levelled with ourſelves,

I knew the defects of every ſcheme of government, and the inconveniencies of every law. I ſometimes ſhewed how much the condition of mankind would be improved, by breaking the world into petty ſovereignties, and ſometimes diſplayed the felicity and peace which univerſal monarchy would diffuſe over the earth.

To every acknowledged fact I found innumerable objections; for it was my rule, to judge of hiſtory only by abſtracted probability, and therefore I made no ſcruple of bidding defiance to teſtimony. I have more than once queſtioned the exiſtence of *Alexander the Great*; and having demonſtrated the folly of erecting edifices like the pyramids of *Egypt*, I frequently hinted my ſuſpicion that the world had been long deceived, and that they were to be found only in the narratives of travellers.

It had been happy for me could I have confined my ſcepticiſm to hiſtorical controverſies, and philoſophical diſquiſitions; but having now violated my reaſon, and accuſtomed myſelf to enquire not after proofs, but objections, I had perplexed truth with falſehood till my ideas were confuſed, my judgment embarraſſed, and my intellects diſtorted. The habit of conſidering every propoſition as alike uncertain, left me no teſt by which any tenet could be tried: every opinion preſented both ſides with equal evidence, and my fallacies began to operate upon my own mind in more important enquiries.

It was at laſt the ſport of my vanity to weaken the obligations of moral duty, and efface the diſtinctions of good and evil, till I had deadened the ſenſe of conviction, and abandoned my heart to the fluctuations of uncertainty, without anchor and without compaſs, without ſatisfaction of curioſity, or peace of conſcience, without principles of reaſon, or motives of action.

Such is the hazard of repreſſing the firſt perceptions of truth, of ſpreading for diverſion the ſnares of ſophiſtry, and engaging reaſon againſt its own determinations.

The diſproportions of abſurdity grow leſs and leſs viſible, as we are reconciled by degrees to the deformity of a miſtreſs; and falſehood, by long uſe, is aſſimilated to the mind, as poiſon to the body.

I had ſoon the mortification of ſeeing my converſation courted only by the ignorant or wicked, by either boys who were enchanted by novelty, or wretches, who having long diſobeyed virtue and reaſon, were now deſirous of my aſſiſtance to dethrone them.

Thus alarmed, I ſhuddered at my own corruption, and that pride by which I had been ſeduced, contributed to reclaim me. I was weary of continual irreſolution, and a perpetual equipoſe of the mind; and aſhamed of being the favourite of thoſe who were ſcorned and ſhunned by the reſt of mankind.

I therefore retired from all temptation to diſpute, preſcribed a new regimen to my underſtanding, and reſolved, inſtead of rejecting all eſtabliſhed opinions which I could not prove, to tolerate though not adopt all which I could not confute.

I forbore to heat my imagination with needleſs controverſies, to diſcuſs queſtions confeſſedly uncertain, and refrained ſteadily from gratifying my vanity by the ſupport of falſehood.

By this method I am at length recovered from my argumental delirium, and find myſelf in the ſtate of one awakened from the confuſion and tumult of a feveriſh dream. I rejoice in the new poſſeſſion of evidence and reality, and ſtep on from truth to truth with confidence and quiet.

*I am, SIR,* &c.

PERTINAX.

NUMB. 96. SATURDAY, *February* 16, 1751.

*Quod ſi* Platonis *muſa perſonat verum.*
*Quod quiſque diſcit, immemor recordatur.* BOETIUS.

Truth in Platonick ornaments bedeck'd,
Inforc'd we love, unheeding recollect.

IT is reported of the *Perſians*, by an ancient writer, that the ſum of their education conſiſted in teaching youth *to ride, to ſhoot with the bow, and to ſpeak tru h.*

The bow and the horſe were eaſily maſtered, but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preſervatives a *Perſian* mind was ſecured againſt the temptations to falſehood.

There are, indeed, in the preſent corruption of mankind, many incitements to forſake truth: the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience

nience of impoſing on the ignorance or credulity of others, ſo frequently occur; ſo many immediate evils are to be avoided, and ſo many preſent gratifications obtained, by craft and deluſion, that very few of thoſe who are much entangled in life, have ſpirit and conſtancy ſufficient to ſupport them in the ſteady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to ſpeak truth, it is neceſſary that all likewiſe ſhould learn to hear it; for no ſpecies of falſehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by intereſt, and the friend by tenderneſs: Thoſe who are neither ſervile nor timorous, are yet deſirous to beſtow pleaſure; and while unjuſt demands of praiſe continue to be made, there will always be ſome whom hope, fear, or kindneſs, will diſpoſe to pay them.

The guilt of falſehood is very widely extended, and many whom their conſcience can ſcarcely charge with ſtooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believed themſelves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own ſake; it is generally unpleaſing, becauſe contrary to our wiſhes and oppoſite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our intereſt, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and ſoon forget what we have no inclination to impreſs upon our memories.

For this reaſon many arts of inſtruction have been invented, by which the reluctance againſt truth may be overcome; and as phyſick is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thouſand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleaſure to eſcape deſtruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, TRUTH came among mortals from above, and FALSEHOOD from below. TRUTH was the daughter of JUPITER and WISDOM; FALSEHOOD was the progeny of FOLLY impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to ſeize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celeſtials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the conteſt.

TRUTH ſeemed conſcious of ſuperior power and juſter claim, and therefore came on towering and majeſtick, unaſſiſted and alone; REASON indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion. Her march was ſlow and ſtately, but her motion was perpetually progreſſive, and when once ſhe had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

FALSEHOOD always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of TRUTH, and was very ſucceſsful in the arts of mimickry. She was ſurrounded, animated, and ſupported by innumerable legions of appetites and paſſions, but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were ſudden, irregular, and violent; for ſhe had no ſteadineſs nor conſtancy. She often gained conqueſts by haſty incurſions, which ſhe never hoped to keep by her own ſtrength, but maintained by the help of the paſſions, whom ſhe generally found reſolute and faithful.

It ſometimes happened that the antagoniſts met in full oppoſition. In theſe encounters, FALSEHOOD always inveſted her head with clouds, and commanded

command FRAUD to place ambuſhes about her. In her left hand ſhe bore the ſhield of IMPUDENCE, and the quiver of SOPHISTRY rattled on her ſhoulder. All the paſſions attended at her call; VANITY clapped her wings before and OBSTINACY ſupported her behind. Thus guarded and aſſiſted, ſhe ſometimes advanced againſt TRUTH, and ſometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to ſkirmiſh at a diſtance, perpetually ſhifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for ſhe certainly found that her ſtrength failed, whenever the eye of TRUTH darted full upon her.

TRUTH had the awful aſpect though not the thunder of her father, and when the long continuance of the conteſt brought them near to one another, FALSEHOOD let the arms of SOPHISTRY fall from her graſp, and, holding up the ſhield of IMPUDENCE with both her hands, ſheltered herſelf amongſt the paſſions.

TRUTH, though ſhe was often wounded, always recovered in a ſhort time; but it was common for the ſlighteſt hurt, received by FALSEHOOD, to ſpread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burſt open again when it ſeemed to have been cured.

FALSEHOOD, in a ſhort time, found by experience that her ſuperiority conſiſted only in the celerity of her courſe, and the changes of her poſture. She therefore ordered SUSPICION to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to croſs the way of TRUTH, who, as ſhe never varied her point, but moved conſtantly upon the ſame line, was eaſily eſcaped by the oblique and deſultory movements, the quick retreats and active

doubles which FALSEHOOD always practiſed, when the enemy began to raiſe terror by her approach.

By this procedure FALSEHOOD every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever ſhe carried her victories ſhe left the PASSIONS in full authority behind her; who were ſo well pleaſed with command, that they held out with great obſtinacy when TRUTH came to ſeize their poſts, and never failed to retard her progreſs, though they could not always ſtop it: They yielded at laſt with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and ſullen ſubmiſſion; and always inclined to revolt when TRUTH ceaſed to awe them by her immediate preſence.

TRUTH, who, when ſhe firſt deſcended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by univerſal acclamation, cheriſhed with kindneſs, heard with obedience, and invited to ſpread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever ſhe came, ſhe muſt force her paſſage. Every intellect was precluded by PREJUDICE, and every heart preoccupied by PASSION. She indeed advanced, but ſhe advanced ſlowly; and often loſt the conqueſts which ſhe left behind her, by ſudden inſurrections of the appetites, that ſhook off their allegiance, and ranged themſelves again under the banner of her enemy.

TRUTH, however, did not grow weaker by the ſtruggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet ſhe was provoked to ſee herſelf thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom ſhe looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but ſuch as

as ſhe owed to inconſtancy, weakneſs, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of diſappointment, called upon her father JUPITER to re-eſtabliſh her in the ſkies, and leave mankind to the diſorder and miſery which they deſerved, by ſubmitting willingly to the uſurpation of FALSHOOD.

JUPITER compaſſionated the world too much to grant her requeſt, yet was willing to eaſe her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to conſult the muſes by what methods ſhe might obtain an eaſier reception, and reign without the toil of inceſſant war. It was then diſcovered, that ſhe obſtructed her own progreſs by the ſeverity of her aſpect, and the ſolemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceaſed to fear her, ſince by giving themſelves up to FALSEHOOD they ſeldom made any ſacrifice of their eaſe or pleaſure, becauſe ſhe took the ſhape that was moſt engaging, and always ſuffered herſelf to be dreſſed and painted by DESIRE. The muſes wove, in the loom of *Pallas*, a looſe and changeable robe, like that in which FALSEHOOD captivated her admirers; with this they inveſted TRUTH, and named her FICTION. She now went out again to conquer with more ſucceſs; for when ſhe demanded entrance of the PASSIONS, they often miſtook her for FALSHOOD, and delivered up their charge: but when ſhe had once taken poſſeſſion, ſhe was ſoon diſrobed by REASON, and ſhone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and reſiſtleſs dignity.

NUMB. 97. TUESDAY, *February* 19, 1751.

*Fœcunda culpæ ſecula nuptias*
*Primum inquinavere, & genus, & domos,*
*Hoc fonte derivate clades*
*In patriam populumque fluxit.* HOR.

Fruitful of crimes, this age firſt ſtain'd
Their hapleſs offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed; from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd roſe
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er *Rome* and o'er the nations ſpread. FRANCIS.

THE reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the paſſions to move at the command of virtue.

*To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN the SPECTATOR was firſt publiſhed in ſingle papers, it gave me ſo much pleaſure, that it is one of the favourite amuſements of my age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the foibles of thoſe times, as deſcribed in that uſeful work, and compare them with the vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wiſh that you would oftener take cognizance of the manners of the better half of the human ſpecies, that if your precepts and obſervations be carried down to poſterity, the SPECTATORS may ſhew to the riſing generation what were the faſhionable follies of their grandmothers, the RAMBLER of their mothers, and that from both they may draw inſtruction and warning.

When

When I read thoſe SPECTATORS which took notice of the miſbehaviour of young women at church, by which they vainly hope to attract admirers, I uſed to pronounce ſuch forward young women SEEKERS, in order to diſtinguiſh them by a mark of infamy from thoſe who had patience and decency to ſtay till they were ſought.

But I have lived to ſee ſuch a change in the manners of women, that I would now be willing to compound with them for that name, although I then thought it diſgraceful enough, if they would deſerve no worſe; ſince now they are too generally given up to negligence of domeſtick buſineſs, to idle amuſements, and to wicked rackets, without any ſettled view at all but of ſquandering time.

In the time of the SPECTATOR, excepting ſometimes an appearance in the ring, ſometimes at a good and choſen play, ſometimes on a viſit at the houſe of a grave relation, the young ladies contented themſelves to be found employed in domeſtick duties; for then routes, drums, balls, aſſemblies, and ſuch like markets for women, were not known.

Modeſty and diffidence, gentleneſs and meekneſs, were looked upon as the appropriate virtues and characteriſtic graces of the ſex. And if a forward ſpirit puſhed itſelf into notice, it was expoſed in print as it deſerved.

The churches were almoſt the only places where ſingle women were to be ſeen by ſtrangers. Men went thither expecting to ſee them, and perhaps too much for that only purpoſe.

But ſome good often reſulted, however improper might be their motives. Both ſexes were in the way of their duty. The man muſt be abandoned indeed,

deed, who loves not goodneſs in another; nor were the young fellows of that age ſo wholly loſt to a ſenſe of right, as pride and conceit has ſince made them affect to be. When therefore they ſaw a fair-one, whoſe decent behaviour and cheerful piety ſhewed her earneſt in her firſt duties, they had the leſs doubt, judging politically only, that ſhe would have a conſcientious regard to her ſecond.

With what ardour have I ſeen watched for, the riſing of a kneeling beauty; and what additional charms has devotion given to her recommunicated features?

The men were often the better for what they heard. Even a *Saul* was once found propheſying among the prophets whom he had ſet out to deſtroy. To a man thus put into good humour by a pleaſing object, religion itſelf looked more amiable. The MEN SEEKERS of the SPECTATOR's time loved the holy place for the object's ſake, and loved the object for her ſuitable behaviour in it.

Reverence mingled with their love, and they thought that a young lady of ſuch good principles muſt be addreſſed only by the man who at leaſt made a ſhew of good principles, whether his heart was yet quite right or not.

Nor did the young lady's behaviour, at any time of the ſervice, leſſen this reverence. Her eyes were her own, her ears the preacher's. Women are always moſt obſerved when they ſeem themſelves leaſt to obſerve, or to lay out for obſervation. The eye of a reſpectful lover loves rather to conceive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair-one, than to find itſelf obliged to retreat.

When

When a young gentleman's affection was thus laudably engaged, he purſued its natural dictates; keeping then was a rare, at leaſt a ſecret and ſcandalous vice, and a wife was the ſummit of his wiſhes. Rejection was now dreaded, and pre-engagement apprehended. A woman whom he loved, he was ready to think muſt be admired by all the world. His fears, his uncertainties, increaſed his love.

Every enquiry he made into the lady's domeſtick excellence, which, when a wife is to be choſen, will ſurely not be neglected, confirmed him in his choice. He opens his heart to a common friend, and honeſtly diſcovers the ſtate of his fortune. His friend applies to thoſe of the young lady, whoſe parents, if they approve his propoſals, diſcloſe them to their daughter.

She perhaps is not an abſolute ſtranger to the paſſion of the young gentleman. His eyes, his aſſiduities, his conſtant attendance at a church, whither, till of late, he uſed ſeldom to come, and a thouſand little obſervances that he paid her, had very probably firſt forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favour him.

That a young lady ſhould be in love, and the love of the young gentleman undeclared, is an heterodoxy which prudence, and even policy, muſt not allow. But thus applied to, ſhe is all reſignation to her parents. Charming reſignation, which inclination oppoſes not.

Her relations applaud her for her duty; friends meet; points are adjuſted; delightful perturbations, and hopes, and a few lover's fears, fill up the tedious ſpace, till an interview is granted; for the young lady had not made herſelf cheap at publick places.

The

The time of interview arrives. She is modeſtly reſerved; he is not confident. He declares his paſſion; the conſciouſneſs of her own worth, and his application to her parents, take from her any doubt of his ſincerity; and ſhe owns herſelf obliged to him for his good opinion. The enquiries of her friends into his character, have taught her that his good opinion deſerves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future viſits; he renews them; the regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he preſſes for the favour of her hand, he receives a declaration of an entire acquieſcence with her duty, and a modeſt acknowledgment of eſteem for him.

He applies to her parents therefore for a near day; and thinks himſelf under obligation to them for the cheerful and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

With this proſpect of future happineſs, the marriage is celebrated. Gratulations pour in from every quarter. Parents and relations on both ſides, brought acquainted in the courſe of the courtſhip, can receive the happy couple with countenances illumined, and joyful hearts.

The brothers, the ſiſters, the friends of one family, are the brothers, the ſiſters, the friends of the other. Their two families thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Their home is the place of their principal delight, nor do they ever occaſionally quit it but they find the pleaſure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their abſence from it.

Oh,

Oh, Mr. RAMBLER! forgive the talkativeneſs of an old man! When I courted and married my *Lætitia*, then a blooming beauty, every thing paſſed juſt ſo! But how is the caſe now? The ladies, maidens, wives, and widows, are engroſſed by places of open reſort and general entertainment, which fill every quarter of the metropolis, and being conſtantly frequented, make home irkſome. Breakfaſting-places, dining-places, routes, drums, concerts, balls, plays, operas, maſquerades for the evening, and even for all night, and lately, publick ſales of the goods of broken houſekeepers, which the general diſſoluteneſs of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another ſeaſonable relief to theſe modern time-killers.

In the ſummer there are in every country-town aſſemblies; *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Cheltenham*, *Scarborough!* What expence of dreſs and equipage is required to qualify the frequenters for ſuch emulous appearance?

By the natural infection of example, the loweſt people have places of ſix-penny reſort, and gaming-tables for pence. Thus ſervants are now induced to fraud and diſhoneſty, to ſupport extravagance, and ſupply their loſſes.

As to the ladies who frequent thoſe publick places, they are not aſhamed to ſhew their faces wherever men dare go, nor bluſh to try who ſhall ſtare moſt impudently, or who ſhall laugh loudeſt on the publick walks.

The men who would make good huſbands, if they viſit thoſe places, are frighted at wedlock, and reſolve to live ſingle, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be ſpectators of

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all that paſſes, and, if they pleaſe, more than ſpectators, at the expence of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thouſand pounds in the laſt age, with a domeſtick wife, would go farther than ten thouſand in this. Yet ſettlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man eſpecially, ſink a fortune into uſeleſſneſs; and pin-money is ſtipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and deſtroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card-tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know not where to find wives, muſt not the ſex be left to the foplings, the coxcombs, the libertines of the age, whom they help to make ſuch? And need even theſe wretches marry to enjoy the converſation of thoſe who render their company ſo cheap?

And what, after all, is the benefit which the gay coquette obtains by her flutters? As ſhe is approachable by every man, without requiring, I will not ſay incenſe or adoration, but even common complaiſance, every fop treats her as upon the level, looks upon her light airs as invitations, and is on the watch to take the advantage: ſhe has companions indeed, but no lovers; for love is reſpectful, and timorous; and where among all her followers will ſhe find a huſband?

Set, dear Sir, before the youthful, the gay, the inconſiderate, the contempt as well as the danger

danger to which they are expoſed. At one time or other, women, not utterly thoughtleſs, will be convinced of the juſtice of your cenſure, and the charity of your inſtruction.

But ſhould your expoſtulations and reproofs have no effect upon thoſe who are far gone in faſhionable folly, they may be retailed from their mouths to their nieces (marriage will not often have intitled theſe to daughters,) when they, the meteors of a day, find themſelves elbowed off the ſtage of vanity by other flutterers; for the moſt admired women cannot have many *Tunbridge*, many *Bath* ſeaſons to blaze in; ſince even fine faces, often ſeen, are leſs regarded than new faces, the proper puniſhment of ſhowy girls, for rendering themſelves ſo impolitickly cheap.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your ſincere admirer*, &c.

NUMB. 98. SATURDAY, *February* 23, 175·-

*Quæ nec* Sarmentus *iniquas*
Cæſaris *ad menſas, nec vilis* Gabba *tuliſſet.* JUV.

Which not *Sarmentus* brook'd at *Cæſar*'s board,
Nor grov'ling *Gabba* from his haughty Lord.
ELPHINSTN.

## *To the* AUTHOR *of the* RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER.

YOU have often endeavoured to impreſs upon your readers an obſervation of more truth than novelty, that life paſſes, for the moſt part, in petty tranſactions; that our hours glide awa

away in trifling amuſements and ſlight gratifications; and that there very ſeldom emerges any occaſion that can call forth great virtue or great abilities.

It very commonly happens that ſpeculation has no influence on conduct. Juſt concluſions, and cogent arguments, formed by laborious ſtudy, and diligent enquiry, are often repoſited in the treaſuries of memory, as gold in the miſer's cheſt, uſeleſs alike to others and himſelf. As ſome are not richer for the extent of their poſſeſſions, others are not wiſer for the multitude of their ideas.

You have truly deſcribed the ſtate of human beings, but it may be doubted whether you have accommodated your precepts to your deſcription; whether you have not generally conſidered your readers as influenced by the tragick paſſions, and ſuſceptible of pain or pleaſure only from powerful agents, and from great events.

To an author who writes not for the improvement of a ſingle art, or the eſtabliſhment of a controverted doctrine, but equally intends the advantage, and equally courts the peruſal of all the claſſes of mankind, nothing can juſtly ſeem unworthy of regard, by which the pleaſure of converſation may be increaſed, and the daily ſatisfactions of familiar life ſecured from interruption and diſguſt.

For this reaſon you would not have injured your reputation, if you had ſometimes deſcended to the minuter duties of ſocial beings, and enforced the obſervance of thoſe little civilities and ceremonious delicacies, which, inconſiderable as they may appear to the man of ſcience, and difficult

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as they may prove to be detailed with dignity, yet contribute to the regulation of the world, by facilitating the intercourſe between one man and another, and of which the *French* have ſufficiently teſtified their eſteem, by terming the knowledge and practice of them *Sçavoir vivre, the art of living.*

Politeneſs is one of thoſe advantages which we never eſtimate rightly but by the inconvenience of its loſs. Its influence upon the manners is conſtant and uniform, ſo that, like an equal motion, it eſcapes perception. The circumſtances of every action are ſo adjuſted to each other, that we do not ſee where any error could have been committed, and rather acquieſce in its propriety, than admire its exactneſs

But as ſickneſs ſhews us the value of eaſe, a little familiarity with thoſe who were never taught to endeavour the gratification of others, but regulate their behaviour merely by their own will, will ſoon evince the neceſſity of eſtabliſhed modes and formalities to the happineſs and quiet of common life.

Wiſdom and virtue are by no means ſufficient, without the ſupplemental laws of good-breeding, to ſecure freedom from degenerating to rudeneſs, or ſelf-eſteem from ſwelling into inſolence; a thouſand incivilities may be committed, and a thouſand offices neglected, without any remorſe of conſcience, or reproach from reaſon.

The true effect of genuine politeneſs ſeems to be rather eaſe than pleaſure. The power of delighting muſt be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very

ſmall

ſmall number to raviſh and to charm, every man may hope by rules and caution not to give pain, and may, therefore, by the help of good-breeding, enjoy the kindneſs of mankind, though he ſhould have no claim to higher diſtinctions.

The univerſal axiom in which all complaiſance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in civiliſed nations, is, *That no man ſhould give any preference to himſelf.* A rule ſo comprehenſive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not eaſy for the mind to image an incivility, without ſuppoſing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place ſome particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and converſation; ſuch are the forms of ſalutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjuſtments of place and precedence. Theſe, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be ſufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure; but will not atone, however rigidly obſerved, for the tumour of inſolence, or petulance of contempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind, leſs real and rational complaiſance, than among thoſe who have paſſed their time in paying and receiving viſits, in frequenting publick entertainments, in ſtudying the exact meaſures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of faſhionable courteſy.

They know, indeed, at what hour they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many ſteps they muſt attend him towards the gate, and what interval ſhould paſs before his viſit is returned;

returned; but ſeldom extend their care beyond the exterior and uneſſential parts of civility, nor refuſe their own vanity and gratification, however expenſive, to the quiet of another.

*Trypherus* is a man remarkable for ſplendour and expence; a man, that having been originally placed by his fortune and rank in the firſt claſs of the community, has acquired that air of dignity and that readineſs in the exchange of compliments, which courts, balls, and levees, eaſily confer.

But *Trypherus*, without any ſettled purpoſes of malignity, partly by his ignorance of human nature, and partly by the habit of contemplating with great ſatisfaction his own grandeur and riches, is hourly giving diſguſt to thoſe whom chance or expectation ſubject to his vanity.

To a man whoſe fortune confines him to a ſmall houſe, he declaims upon the pleaſure of ſpacious apartments, and the convenience of changing his lodging-room in different parts of the year; tells him, that he hates confinement; and concludes, that if his chamber was leſs, he ſhould never wake without thinking of a priſon.

To *Eucretas*, a man of birth equal to himſelf, but of much leſs eſtate, he ſhewed his ſervices of plate, and remarked that ſuch things were, indeed, nothing better than coſtly trifles, but that no man muſt pretend to the rank of a gentleman without them; and that for his part, if his eſtate was ſmaller, he ſhould not think of enjoying but encreaſing it, and would enquire out a trade for his eldeſt ſon.

He has, in imitation of ſome more acute obſerver than himſelf, collected a great many ſhifts and

and artifices by which poverty is concealed; and among the ladies of ſmall fortune, never fails to talk of frippery and ſlight ſilks, and the convenience of a general mourning,

I have been inſulted a thouſand times with a catalogue of his pictures, his jewels, and his rarities, which, though he knows the humble neatneſs of my habitation, he ſeldom fails to conclude by a declaration, that wherever he ſees a houſe meanly furniſhed, he deſpiſes the owner's taſte, or pities his poverty.

This, Mr. *Rambler*, is the practice of *Trypherus*, by which he is become the terror of all who are leſs wealthy than himſelf, and has raiſed innumerable enemies without rivalry, and without malevolence.

Yet though all are not equally culpable with *Trypherus*, it is ſcarcely poſſible to find any man who does not frequently, like him, indulge his own pride by forcing others into a compariſon with himſelf, when he knows the advantage is on his ſide, without conſidering that unneceſſarily to obtrude unpleaſing ideas, is a ſpecies of oppreſſion; and that it is little more criminal to deprive another of ſome real advantage, than to interrupt that forgetfulneſs of its abſence which is the next happineſs to actual poſſeſſion.

*I am, &c.*

EUTROPIUS.

NUMB. 99. TUESDAY, *February* 26, 1751.

*Scilicet ingeniis aliqua eſt concordia junctis,*
*Et ſervat ſtudii fœdera quiſque ſui,*
*Ruſticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,*
*Rectorem dubiæ navita puppis amat.* OVID.

Congenial paſſions ſouls together bind,
And ev'ry calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with ſoldier, ſwain with ſwain,
The mariner with him that roves the main. F. LEWIS.

IT has been ordained by Providence, for the conſervation of order in the immenſe variety of nature, and for the regular propagation of the ſeveral claſſes of life with which the elements are peopled, that every creature ſhould be drawn by ſome ſecret attraction to thoſe of his own kind; and that not only the gentle and domeſtick animals which naturally unite into companies, or cohabit by pairs, ſhould continue faithful to their ſpecies; but even thoſe ravenous and ferocious ſavages which *Ariſtotle* obſerves never to be gregarious, ſhould range mountains and deſerts in ſearch of one another, rather than pollute the world with a monſtrous birth.

As the perpetuity and diſtinction of the lower tribes of the creation require that they ſhould be determined to proper mates by ſome uniform motive of choice, or ſome cogent principle of inſtinct; it is neceſſary likewiſe, that man, whoſe wider capacity demands more gratifications, and who feels in himſelf innumerable wants, which a life of ſolitude cannot ſupply, and innumerable powers to which it cannot give employment, ſhould be led to ſuitable companions by particular influence;

and among many beings of the ſame nature with himſelf, he may ſelect ſome for intimacy and tenderneſs, and improve the condition of his exiſtence, by ſuperadding friendſhip to humanity, and the love of individuals to that of the ſpecies.

Other animals are ſo formed, that they ſeem to contribute very little to the happineſs of each other, and know neither joy, nor grief, nor love, nor hatred, but as they are urged by ſome deſire immediately ſubſervient either to the ſupport of their own lives, or to the continuation of their race; they therefore ſeldom appear to regard any of the minuter diſcriminations which diſtinguiſh creatures of the ſame kind from one another,

But if man were to feel no incentives to kindneſs, more than his general tendency to congenial nature, *Babylon* or *London*, with all their multitudes, would have to him the deſolation of a wilderneſs; his affections, not compreſſed into a narrower compaſs, would vaniſh like elemental fire, in boundleſs evaporation; he would languiſh in perpetual inſenſibility, and though he might, perhaps, in the firſt vigour of youth, amuſe himſelf with the freſh enjoyments of life, yet, when curioſity ſhould ceaſe, and alacrity ſubſide, he would abandon himſelf to the fluctuations of chance, without expecting help againſt any calamity, or feeling any wiſh for the happineſs of others.

To love all men is our duty, ſo far as it includes a general habit of benevolence, and readineſs of occaſional kindneſs; but to love all equally is impoſſible; at leaſt impoſſible without the extinction of thoſe paſſions which now produce all our pains and all our pleaſures; without the diſuſe, if not the abolition of ſome of our faculties, and the

ſuppreſſion

ſuppreſſion of all our hopes and fears in apathy and indifference.

The neceſſities of our condition require a thouſand offices of tenderneſs, which mere regard for the ſpecies will never dictate. Every man has frequent grievances which only the ſolicitude of friendſhip will diſcover and remedy, and which would remain for ever unheeded in the mighty heap of human calamity, were it only ſurveyed by the eye of general benevolence equally attentive to every miſery.

The great community of mankind is, therefore, neceſſarily broken into ſmaller independent ſocieties; theſe form diſtinct intereſts, which are too frequently oppoſed to each other, and which they who have entered into the league of particular governments falſely think it virtue to promote, however deſtructive to the happineſs of the reſt of the world.

Such unions are again ſeparated into ſubordinate claſſes and combinations, and ſocial life is perpetually branched out into minuter ſubdiviſions, till it terminates in the laſt ramifications of private friendſhip.

That friendſhip may at once be fond and laſting, it has been already obſerved in theſe papers, that a conformity of inclinations is neceſſary. No man can have much kindneſs for him by whom he does not believe himſelf eſteemed, and nothing ſo evidently proves eſteem as imitation.

That benevolence is always ſtrongeſt which ariſes from participation of the ſame pleaſures, ſince we are naturally moſt willing to revive in our minds the memory of perſons, with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

It is commonly, therefore, to little purpoſe, that any one endeavours to ingratiate himſelf with ſuch as he cannot accompany in their amuſements and diverſions. Men have been known to riſe to favour and to fortune, only by being ſkilful in the ſports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring with his taſte for ſome particular ſpecies of curioſities, by reliſhing the ſame wine, or applauding the ſame cookery.

Even thoſe whom wiſdom or virtue have placed above regard to ſuch petty recommendations, muſt nevertheleſs be gained by ſimilitude of manners. The higheſt and nobleſt enjoyment of familiar life, the communication of knowledge and reciprocation of ſentiments, muſt always preſuppoſe a diſpoſition to the ſame inquiry, and delight in the ſame diſcoveries.

With what ſatisfaction could the politician lay his ſchemes for the reformation of laws, or his compariſons of different forms of government, before the chemiſt, who has never accuſtomed his thoughts to any other object than ſalt and ſulphur; or how could the aſtronomer, in explaining his calculations and conjectures, endure the coldneſs of a grammarian, who would loſe ſight of *Jupiter* and all his *ſatellites*, for a happy etymology of an obſcure word, or a better explication of a controverted line.

Every man loves merit of the ſame kind with his own, when it is not likely to hinder his advancement or his reputation; for he not only beſt underſtands the worth of thoſe qualities which he labours to cultivate, or the uſefulneſs of the art which he practiſes with ſucceſs, but always feels a reflected pleaſure from the praiſes, which, though given to another, belong equally to himſelf.

There

There is indeed no need of reſearch and refinement to diſcover that men muſt generally ſelect their companions from their own ſtate of life, ſince there are not many minds furniſhed for great variety of converſation, or adapted to multiplicity of intellectual entertainments.

The ſailor, the academick, the lawyer, the mechanick, and the courtier, have all a caſt of talk peculiar to their own fraternity, have fixed their attention upon the ſame events, have been engaged in affairs of the ſame ſort, and make uſe of alluſions and illuſtrations which themſelves only can underſtand.

To be infected with the jargon of a particular profeſſion, and to know only the language of a ſingle rank of mortals, is indeed ſufficiently deſpicable. But as limits muſt be always ſet to the excurſions of the human mind, there will be ſome ſtudy which every man more zealouſly proſecutes, ſome darling ſubject on which he is principally pleaſed to converſe; and he that can moſt inform or beſt underſtand him, will certainly be welcomed with particular regard.

Such partiality is not wholly to be avoided, nor is it culpable, unleſs ſuffered ſo far to predominate as to produce averſion from every other kind of excellence, and to ſhade the luſtre of diſſimilar virtues. Thoſe therefore, whom the lot of life has conjoined, ſhould endeavour conſtantly to approach towards the inclination of each other, invigorate every motion of concurrent deſire, and fan every ſpark of kindred curioſity.

It has been juſtly obſerved, that diſcord generally operates in little things; it is inflamed to its utmoſt vehemence by contrariety of taſte, oftener

than of principles; and might therefore commonly be avoided by innocent conformity, which, if it was not at firſt the motive, ought always to be the conſequence of indiſſoluble union.

NUMB. 100. SATURDAY, *March* 2, 1751.

*Omne vaſer vitium ridenti* Flaccus *amico*
*Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.* PERSIUS.

*Horace*, with ſly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raiſe a bluſh where ſecret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes, when he ſmil'd. DRYDEN.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS very many well-diſpoſed perſons, by the unavoidable neceſſity of their affairs, are ſo unfortunate as to be totally buried in the country, where they labour under the moſt deplorable ignorance of what is tranſacting among the polite part of mankind, I cannot help thinking, that, as a public writer, you ſhould take the caſe of theſe truly compaſſionable objects under your conſideration.

Theſe unhappy languiſhers in obſcurity ſhould be furniſhed with ſuch accounts of the employments of people of the world, as may engage them in their ſeveral remote corners to a laudable imitation; or, at leaſt, ſo far inform and prepare them, that if by any joyful change of ſituation they ſhould be ſuddenly tranſported into the gay ſcene,

ſcene, they may not gape, and wonder, and ſtare, and be utterly at a loſs how to behave and make a proper appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the welfare of all the country towns in the kingdom might be promoted, if you would uſe your charitable endeavours to raiſe in them a noble emulation of the manners and cuſtoms of higher life.

For this purpoſe you ſhould give a very clear and ample deſcription of the whole ſet of polite acquirements; a complete hiſtory of forms, faſhions, frolicks, of routs, drums, hurricanes, balls, aſſemblies, ridottos, maſquerades, auctions, plays, operas, puppet-ſhows, and bear-gardens; of all thoſe delights which profitably engage the attention of the moſt ſublime characters, and by which they have brought to ſuch amazing perfection the whole art and myſtery of paſſing day after day, week after week, and year after year, without the heavy aſſiſtance of any one thing that formal creatures are pleaſed to call uſeful and neceſſary.

In giving due inſtructions through what ſteps to attain this ſummit of human excellence, you may add ſuch irreſiſtible arguments in its favour, as muſt convince numbers, who in other inſtances do not ſeem to want natural underſtanding, of the unaccountable error of ſuppoſing they were ſent into the world for any other purpoſe but to flutter, ſport, and ſhine. For, after all, nothing can be clearer than that an everlaſting round of diverſion, and the more lively and hurrying the better, is the moſt important end of human life.

It is really prodigious, ſo much as the world is improved, that there ſhould in theſe days be perſons ſo ignorant and ſtupid as to think it neceſſary

to miſpend their time, and trouble their heads about any thing elſe than purſuing the preſent fancy; for what elſe is worth living for?

It is time enough ſurely to think of conſequences when they come; and as for the antiquated notions of duty, they are not to be met with in any *French* novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived almoſt wholly from the writings of authors, who lived a vaſt many ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any idea of thoſe accompliſhments which now characteriſe people of diſtinction, have been for ſome time ſinking apace into utter contempt. It does not appear that even their moſt zealous admirers, for ſome partiſans of his own ſort every writer will have, can pretend to ſay they were ever at one ridotto.

In the important article of diverſions, the ceremonial of viſits, the extatick delight of unfriendly intimacies and unmeaning civilities, they are abſolutely ſilent. Blunt truth, and downright honeſty, plain clothes, ſtaying at home, hard work, few words, and thoſe unenlivened with cenſure or double meaning, are what they recommend as the ornaments and pleaſures of life. Little oaths, polite diſſimulation, tea-table ſcandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of finery, the triumph of precedence, the enchantments of flattery, they ſeem to have had no notion of, and I cannot but laugh to think what a figure they would have made in a drawing-room, and how frighted they would have looked at a gaming-table.

The noble zeal of patriotiſm that diſdains authority, and tramples on laws for ſport, was abſolutely the averſion of theſe tame wretches.

Indeed

Indeed one cannot diſcover any one thing they pretend to teach people, but to be wiſe, and good; acquirements infinitely below the conſideration of perſons of taſte and ſpirit, who know how to ſpend their time to ſo much better purpoſe.

Among other admirable improvements, pray, Mr. *Rambler*, do not forget to enlarge on the very extenſive benefit of playing cards on Sundays, a practice of ſuch infinite uſe, that we may modeſtly expect to ſee it prevail univerſally in all parts of this kingdom.

To perſons of faſhion, the advantage is obvious; becauſe, as for ſome ſtrange reaſon or other, which no fine gentleman or fine lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play, nor maſquerade, nor bottled conjurer, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a Sunday; if it were not for the charitable aſſiſtance of whiſt or bragg, the genteel part of mankind muſt, one day in ſeven, neceſſarily ſuffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are the perſons of rank the only gainers by ſo ſalutary a cuſtom, which extends its good influence, in ſome degree, to the lower orders of people; but were it quite general, how much better and happier would the world be than it is even now?

'Tis hard upon poor creatures, be they ever ſo mean, to deny them thoſe enjoyments and liberties which are equally open to all. Yet if ſervants were taught to go to church on this day, ſpend ſome part of it in reading or receiving inſtruction in a family way, and the reſt in mere friendly converſation, the poor wretches would infallibly take it into their heads, that they were obliged to be

ſober, modeſt, diligent, and faithful to their maſters and miſtreſſes.

Now ſurely no one of common prudence or humanity would wiſh their domeſticks infected with ſuch ſtrange and primitive notions, or laid under ſuch unmerciful reſtraints: All which may, in a great meaſure, be prevented by the prevalence of the good-humoured faſhion that I would have you recommend. For when the lower kind of people ſee their betters, with a truly laudable ſpirit, inſulting and flying in the face of thoſe rude, ill-bred dictators, piety and the laws, they are thereby excited and admoniſhed, as far as actions can admoniſh and excite, and taught that they too have an equal right of ſetting them at defiance in ſuch inſtances as their particular neceſſities and inclinations may require: and thus is the liberty of the whole human ſpecies mightily improved and enlarged.

In ſhort, Mr. *Rambler*, by a faithful repreſentation of the numberleſs benefits of a modiſh life, you will have done your part in promoting what every body ſeems to confeſs the true purpoſe of human exiſtence, perpetual diſſipation.

By encouraging people to employ their whole attention on trifles, and make amuſement their ſole ſtudy, you will teach them how to avoid many very uneaſy reflections.

All the ſoft feelings of humanity, the ſympathies of friendſhip, all natural temptations to the care of a family, and ſolicitude about the good or ill of others, with the whole train of domeſtick and ſocial affections, which create ſuch daily anxieties and embarraſſments, will be happily ſtifled and ſuppreſſed in a round of perpetual delights; and all

all ſerious thoughts, but particularly that of *hereafter*, be baniſhed out of the world; a moſt perplexing apprehenſion, but luckily a moſt groundleſs one too, as it is ſo very clear a caſe, that nobody ever dies. *I am, &c.*

CHARIESSA.

NUMB. 101. TUESDAY, *March* 5, 1751.

*Mella jubes Hybæla tibi vel Hymettia naſci,*
*Et thyma Cecropiæ Corſica ponis api.* MART.

Alas! dear Sir, you try in vain,
Impoſſibilities to gain;
No bee from *Corſica*'s rank juice,
*Hyblæan* honey can produce. F. LEWIS.

## *To the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

HAVING by ſeveral years of continual ſtudy treaſured in my mind a great number of principles and ideas, and obtained by frequent exerciſe the power of applying them with propriety, and combining them with readineſs, I reſolved to quit the univerſity, where I conſidered myſelf as a gem hidden in the mine, and to mingle in the crowd of publick life. I was naturally attracted by the company of thoſe who were of the ſame age with myſelf, and finding that my academical gravity contributed very little to my reputation, applied my faculties to jocularity and burleſque. Thus, in a ſhort time, I had heated my imagination to ſuch a ſtate of activity and ebullition, that upon every occaſion it fumed away in burſts of wit, and evaporations of gaiety. I became on a ſudden the

the idol of the coffee-houſe, was in one winter ſolicited to accept the preſidentſhip of five clubs, was dragged by violence to every new play, and quoted in every controverſy upon theatrical merit; was in every publick place ſurrounded by a multitude of humble auditors, who retailed in other places of reſort my maxims and my jeſts, and was boaſted as their intimate and companion by many, who had no other pretenſions to my acquaintanee, than that they had drank chocolate in the ſame room.

You will not wonder, Mr. RAMBLER, that I mention my ſucceſs with ſome appearance of triumph and elevation. Perhaps no kind of ſuperiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of converſation, by extemporaneous ſprightlineſs of fancy, copiouſneſs of language, and fertility of ſentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greater part of the praiſe is unknown and unenjoyed; the writer, indeed, ſpreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleaſure or advantage from the diffuſion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal ſovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himſelf, and enjoys all the pleaſure which he beſtows; he finds his power confeſſed by every one that approaches him, ſees friendſhip kindling with rapture, and attention ſwelling into praiſe.

The deſire which every man feels of importance and eſteem, is ſo much gratified by finding an aſſembly, at his entrance, brightened with gladneſs and huſhed with expectation, that the recollection of ſuch diſtinctions can ſcarcely fail to be pleaſing

pleaſing whenſoever it is innocent. And my conſcience does not reproach me with any mean or criminal effects of vanity; ſince I always employed my influence on the ſide of virtue, and never ſacrificed my underſtanding or my religion to the pleaſure of applauſe.

There were many whom either the deſire of enjoying my pleaſantry, or the pride of being thought to enjoy it, brought often into my company; but I was careſſed in a particular manner by *Democharès*, a gentleman of a large eſtate, and a liberal diſpoſition. My fortune being by no means exuberant, inclined me to be pleaſed with a friend who was willing to be entertained at his own charge. I became by daily invitations habituated to his table, and, as he believed my acquaintance neceſſary to the character of elegance, which he was deſirous of eſtabliſhing, I lived in all the luxury of affluence, without expence or dependence, and paſſed my life in a perpetual reciprocation of pleaſure, with men brought together by ſimilitude of accompliſhments, or deſire of improvement.

But all power has its ſphere of activity, beyond which it produces no effect. *Democharès* being called by his affairs into the country, imagined that he ſhould increaſe his popularity by coming among his neighbours accompanied by a man whoſe abilities were ſo generally allowed. The report preſently ſpread through half the country that *Democharès* was arrived, and had brought with him the celebrated *Hilaria*; by whom ſuch merriment would be excited, as had never been enjoyed or conceived before. I knew, indeed, the purpoſe for which I was invited, and, as men

do

do not look diligently out for poſſible miſcarriages, was pleaſed to find myſelf courted upon principles of intereſt, and conſidered as capable of reconciling factions, compoſing feuds, and uniting a whole province in ſocial happineſs.

After a few days ſpent in adjuſting his domeſtick regulations, *Democbares* invited all the gentlemen of his neighbourhood to dinner, and did not forget to hint how much my preſence was expected to heighten the pleaſure of the feaſt. He informed me what prejudices my reputation had raiſed in my favour, and repreſented the ſatisfaction with which he ſhould ſee me kindle up the blaze of merriment, and ſhould remark the various effects that my fire would have upon ſuch diverſity of matter.

This declaration, by which he intended to quicken my vivacity, filled me with ſolicitude. I felt an ambition of ſhining, which I never knew before; and was therefore embarraſſed with an unuſual fear of diſgrace. I paſſed the night in planning out to myſelf the converſation of the coming day; recollected all my topicks of raillery, propoſed proper ſubjects of ridicule, prepared ſmart replies to a thouſand queſtions, accommodated anſwers to imaginary repartees, and formed a magazine of remarks, apophthegms, tales, and illuſtrations.

The morning broke at laſt in the midſt of theſe buſy meditations. I roſe with the palpitations of a champion on the day of combat: and, notwithſtanding all my efforts, found my ſpirits ſunk under the weight of expectation The company ſoon after began to drop in, and every one, at his entrance, was introduced to *Hilarius*. What conception the inhabitants of this region had formed of

of a wit, I cannot yet diſcover; but obſerved that they all ſeemed, after the regular exchange of compliments, to turn away diſappointed; and that while we waited for dinner, they caſt their eyes firſt upon me, and then upon each other, like a theatrical aſſembly waiting for a ſhew.

From the uneaſineſs of this ſituation, I was relieved by the dinner; and as every attention was taken up by the buſineſs of the hour, I ſunk quietly to a level with the reſt of the company. But no ſooner were the diſhes removed, than, inſtead of cheerful confidence and familiar prattle, an univerſal ſilence again ſhewed their expectation of ſome unuſual performance. My friend endeavoured to rouſe them by healths and queſtions, but they anſwered them with great brevity, and immediately relapſed into their former taciturnity.

I had waited in hope of ſome opportunity to divert them, but could find no paſs opened for a ſingle ſally; and who can be merry without an object of mirth? After a few faint efforts, which produced neither applauſe nor oppoſition, I was content to mingle with the maſs, to put round the glaſs in ſilence, and ſolace myſelf with my own contemplations.

My friend looked round him; the gueſts ſtared at one another; and if now and then a few ſyllables were uttered with timidity and heſitation, there was none ready to make any reply. All our faculties were frozen, and every minute took away from our capacity of pleaſing, and diſpoſition to be pleaſed. Thus paſſed the hours to which ſo much happineſs was decreed; the hours which had, by a kind of open proclamation, been devoted to wit, to mirth, and to *Hilarius*.

At

At laſt the night came on, and the neceſſity of parting freed us from the perſecutions of each other. I heard them, as they walked along the court, murmuring at the loſs of the day, and enquiring whether any man would pay a ſecond viſit to a houſe haunted by a wit.

*Democharis*, whoſe benevolence is greater than his penetration, having flattered his hopes with the ſecondary honour which he was to gain by my ſprightlineſs and elegance, and the affection with which he ſhould be followed for a perpetual banquet of gaiety, was not able to conceal his vexation and reſentment, nor would eaſily be convinced, that I had not ſacrificed his intereſt to ſullenneſs and caprice, and ſtudiouſly endeavoured to diſguſt his gueſts, and ſuppreſſed my powers of delighting, in obſtinate and premeditated ſilence. I am informed that the reproach of their ill reception is divided by the gentlemen of the country between us; ſome being of opinion, that my friend is deluded by an impoſtor, who, though he has found ſome art of gaining his favour, is afraid to ſpeak before men of more penetration; and others concluding, that I think only *London* the proper theatre of my abilities, and diſdain to exert my genius for the praiſe of ruſticks.

I believe, Mr. RAMBLER, that it has ſometimes happened to others, who have the good or ill fortune to be celebrated for wits, to fall under the ſame cenſures upon the like occaſions. I hope therefore that you will prevent any miſrepreſentations of ſuch failures, by remarking that invention is not wholly at the command of its poſſeſſor; that the power of pleaſing is very often obſtructed by the deſire; that all expectation leſſens ſurprize, yet

ſome

ſome ſurprize is neceſſary to gaiety; and that thoſe who deſire to partake of the pleaſure of wit muſt contribute to its production, ſince the mind ſtagnates without external ventilation, and that effervescence of the fancy, which flaſhes into tranſport, can be raiſed only by the infuſion of diſſimilar ideas.

NUMB. 102. SATURDAY, *March* 9, 1751.

*Ipſa quoque aſſiduo labuntur tempora motu*
*Non ſecus ac flumen: neque enim conſiſtere flumen,*
*Nec levis hora poteſt; ſed ut unda impellitur undâ,*
*Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,*
*Tempora ſic fugiunt pariter, pariterque ſequuntur.* OVID.

With conſtant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can ſtem by art, or ſtop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour:
But wave by wave purſu'd arrives on ſhore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we deſcry;
So minutes follow, and ſo minutes fly. ELPHINSTON.

"LIFE," ſays *Seneca*, "is a voyage, in the "progreſs of which we are perpetually "changing our ſcenes: we firſt leave childhood "behind us, then youth, then the years of ri-"pened manhood, then the better and more plea-"ſing part of old age." The peruſal of this paſſage having incited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and, on a ſudden, found

found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence, of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chooſe among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands was all darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked.

Before me, and each other ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicuous eye could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the

the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe: if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weakneſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction, failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which

which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear a ſight of the terrorrs that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement for the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with HOPE, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for

a long

a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of life was the *gulph of* INTEMPERANCE, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which EASE ſpread couches of repoſe, and with ſhades, where PLEASURE warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. REASON, indeed, was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of PLEASURE, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the center. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue

continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and haraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce HOPE herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown Power, "Gaze "not idly upon others when thou thyſelf art ſink-"ing.

" ing. Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, " when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of INTEMPERANCE before me, ſtarted and awaked.

NUMB. 103. TUESDAY, *March* 12, 1751.

*Scire volunt ſecreta domus, atque inde timeri.* JUV.

They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
DRYDEN.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteriſticks of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new proſpects, and produces new incitements to further progreſs. All the attainments poſſible in our preſent ſtate are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conqueſt ſerves no purpoſe but that of kindling ambition, diſcovery has no effect but of raiſing expectation; the gratification of one deſire encourages another; and after all our labours, ſtudies, and enquiries, we are continually at the ſame diſtance from the completion of our ſchemes, have ſtill ſome wiſh importunate to be ſatisfied, and ſome faculty reſtleſs and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The deſire of knowledge, though often animated by intrinſick and adventitious motives, ſeems on many occaſions to operate without ſubordination to any other principle; we are eager to ſee and hear, without intention of referring our obſervations to a farther end; we climb a mountain for a proſpect of the plain; we run to the ſtrand

ſtrand in a ſtorm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profeſs neither architecture nor fortification; we croſs ſeas only to view nature in nakedneſs, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a deſert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude and every thing poliſhed, every thing great and every thing little; we do not ſee a thicket but with ſome temptation to enter it, nor remark an inſect flying before us but with an inclination to purſue it.

This paſſion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. *Lucan* therefore introduces *Cæſar* ſpeaking with dignity ſuitable to the grandeur of his deſigns and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-prieſt of *Egypt*, that he has no deſire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the *Nile*, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a ſight of thoſe fountains which had been ſo long concealed. And *Homer*, when he would furniſh the *Sirens* with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wiſdom, might yield without diſgrace, makes them declare, that none ever departed from them but with increaſe of knowledge.

There is, indeed, ſcarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to ſome uſe, or which may not at leaſt gratify pride with occaſional ſuperiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind will find, that upon the firſt appearance of an object, or the firſt ſtart of a queſtion, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate diſcuſſion, precedes all thoughts of profit,

or

or of competition; and that his desires take wing by instantaneous impulse, though their flight may be invigorated, or their efforts renewed, by subsequent considerations. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earliest searchers after knowledge must have proposed knowledge only as their reward; and that science, though perhaps the nursling of interest, was the daughter of curiosity; for who can believe that they who first watched the course of the stars, foresaw the use of their discoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the mensuration of time? They were delighted with the splendor of the nocturnal skies, they found that the lights changed their places; what they admired they were anxious to understand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear satisfied with their intellectual possessions, and seem to live without desire of enlarging their conceptions; before whom the world passes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

This negligence is sometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant passion; a lover finds no inclination to travel any path, but that which leads to the habitation of his mistess; a trader can spare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a storm. It is frequently the consequence of a total immersion in sensuality:

corporeal pleaſures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happineſs is obliterated; the mind, long habituated to a lethargick and quieſcent ſtate, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and though ſhe may ſometimes be diſturbed by the obtruſion of new ideas, ſhrinks back again to ignorance and reſt.

But, indeed, if we except them to whom the continual taſk of procuring the ſupports of life, denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of ſuch as live without the ardour of enquiry is very ſmall, though many content themſelves with cheap amuſements, and waſte their lives in reſearches of no importance.

There is no ſnare more dangerous to buſy and excurſive minds, than the cobwebs of petty inquiſitiveneſs, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute ſtudies, and detain them in a middle ſtate, between the tediouſneſs of total inactivity, and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with eaſe and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The neceſſity of doing ſomething, and the fear of undertaking much, ſinks the hiſtorian to a genealogiſt, the philoſopher to a journaliſt of the weather, and the mathematician to a conſtructer of dials.

It is happy when thoſe who cannot content themſelves to be idle, nor reſolve to be induſtrious, are at leaſt employed without injury to others; but it ſeldom happens that we can contain ourſelves long in a neutral ſtate, or forbear to ſink into vice, when we are no longer ſoaring towards virtue.

*Nugaculus* was diſtinguiſhed in his earlier years by an uncommon livelineſs of imagination, quickneſs of ſagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he entered into life, he applied himſelf with particular inquiſitiveneſs to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of intereſt and ambition, and the various cauſes of miſcarriage and ſucceſs both in public and private affairs.

Though his friends did not diſcover to what purpoſe all theſe obſervations were collected, or how *Nugaculus* would much improve his virtue or his fortune by an inceſſant attention to changes of countenance, burſts of inconſideration, ſallies of paſſion, and all the other caſualties by which he uſed to trace a character, yet they could not deny the ſtudy of human nature to be worthy of a wiſe man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his diſcoveries, and liſtened with ſubmiſſive modeſty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakneſs of reſolves, and the inſtability of temper, to his account of the various motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of a ruling paſſion.

Such was the firſt incitement of *Nugaculus* to a cloſe inſpection into the conduct of mankind. He had no intereſt in view, and therefore no deſign of ſupplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expoſe them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himſelf, but has paſſed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every

riſing character, and lived upon a ſmall eſtate without any thought of encreaſing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general maſter of ſecret hiſtory, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and ſtratagems, of half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's eſtate, the terms upon which every ſpendthrift raiſes his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure ſtipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childleſs acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every houſe, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his ſteward; he can tell where the manor-houſe is falling, though large ſums are yearly paid for repairs; and where the tenants are ſelling woods without the conſent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence he is inadvertently guilty of a thouſand acts of treachery. He ſees no man's ſervant without draining him of his truſt; he enters no family without flattering the children into diſcoveries; he is a perpetual ſpy upon the doors of his neighbours; and knows by long experience, at whatever diſtance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

*Nugaculus* is not ill-natured, and therefore his induſtry has not hitherto been very miſchievous to others, or dangerous to himſelf; but ſince he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by diſcovering it, and, if he had no other motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymiſts, and purchaſe one ſecret with another; he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is conſidered by

by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happineſs in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Thus has an intention, innocent at firſt, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour by the experience of others, by an accidental declenſion of minuteneſs, betrayed *Nugaculus*, not only to a fooliſh, but vicious waſte of a life which might have been honourably paſſed in publick ſervices, or domeſtick virtues. He has loſt his original intention, and given up his mind to employments that engroſs, but do not improve it.

## Numb. 104. Saturday, *March* 16, 1751.

*——Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe*
*Non poſſit——* Juv. al.

None e'er rejects hyperbolies of praiſe.

THE apparent inſufficiency of every individual to his own happineſs or ſafety, compels us to ſeek from one another aſſiſtance and ſupport. The neceſſity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extenſive deſign, the variety of powers diſſeminated in the ſpecies, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different perſons, demand an interchange of help, and communications of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in ſociety and friendſhip.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a ſtate

of equality, without diſtinction of rank, or peculiarity of poſſeſſions, it is reaſonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his ſtrength, or his ſkill, to the ſupply of natural wants; there was then little room for peeviſh diſlike, or capricious favour; the affection admitted into the heart was rather eſteem than tenderneſs; and kindneſs was only purchaſed by benefits. But when by force or policy, by wiſdom or by fortune, property and ſuperiority were introduced and eſtabliſhed, ſo that many were condemned to labour for the ſupport of a few, then they whoſe poſſeſſions ſwelled above their wants, naturally laid out their ſuperfluities upon pleaſure; and thoſe who could not gain friendſhip by neceſſary offices endeavoured to promote their intereſt by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to ſupply.

The deſires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination is much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unſatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himſelf excelled by his rivals, will, by other expedients, endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleaſing* among the moſt uſeful ſtudies, and moſt valuable acquiſitions.

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its uſefulneſs, and will always flouriſh moſt where it is moſt rewarded; for this reaſon we find it practiſed with great aſſiduity under abſolute governments, where honours and riches are in the

the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who ſoon becomes ſo much accuſtomed to compliance and officiouſneſs, as not eaſily to find, in the moſt delicate addreſs, that novelty which is neceſſary to procure attention.

It is diſcovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleaſed with a companion, who does not increaſe, in ſome reſpect, his fondneſs of himſelf; and, therefore, he that wiſhes rather to be led forward to proſperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, muſt conſider with more care how to diſplay his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleaſing dreams, and chaſe away diſguſt and wearineſs by a perpetual ſucceſſion of delightful images.

This may, indeed, ſometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really poſſeſſed, or upon proſpects which reaſon ſpreads before hope; for whoever can deſerve or require to be courted, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with ſatisfaction, and of which, when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will ſeldom be diſpleaſed.

But thoſe who have once degraded their underſtanding to an application only to the paſſions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other ſources than induſtry and virtue, ſeldom retain dignity and magnanimity ſufficient to defend them againſt the conſtant recurrence of temptation to falſehood. He that is too deſirous to be loved, will ſoon learn to flatter, and when he has ex-

hauſted all the variations of honeſt praiſe, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topicks of panegyrick, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himſelf.

The drudgeries of dependence would, indeed, be aggravated by hopeleſneſs of ſucceſs, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will obſtinately confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deſerves, will ſoon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compaſs of muſick. The greateſt human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourſelves better than we are, and are generally deſirous that others ſhould think us ſtill better than we think ourſelves. To praiſe us for actions or diſpoſitions, which deſerve praiſe, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretenſions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be diſputable, and which we are deſirous to ſtrengthen by a new ſuffrage; we have always hopes which we ſuſpect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly ſnatch at every confirmation.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the firſt approaches under the conduct of truth, and to ſecure credit to future encomiums, by ſuch praiſe as may be ratified by the conſcience: but the mind once habituated to the luſciouſneſs of eulogy, becomes, in a ſhort time, nice and faſtidious, and, like a vitiated palate, is inceſſantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is ſcarcely credible to what degree diſcernment may be dazzled by the miſt of pride, and wiſdom inaſtuated by the intoxication of flattery;

or

or how low the genius may deſcend by ſucceſſive gradations of ſervility, and how ſwiftly it may fall down the precipice of falſehood. No man can, indeed, obſerve, without indignation, on what names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmoſt exuberance of praiſe has been laviſhed, and by what hands it has been beſtowed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppreſſor, the moſt hateful of the hateful, the moſt profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchaſe, or that wickedneſs and folly have not found correſpondent flatterers through all their ſubordinations, except when they have been aſſociated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyriſt.

As there is no character ſo deformed as to fright away from it the proſtitutes of praiſe, there is no degree of encomiaſtick veneration which pride has refuſed. The emperors of *Rome* ſuffered themſelves to be worſhipped in their lives with altars and ſacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praiſe and worſhip of the Supreme Being, have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered thoſe that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of juſtice, as diſturbers of the peace of nature.

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who muſt be reſigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we muſt confeſs to have deſerted the cauſe of virtue for pay; they have committed, againſt full conviction, the crime of obliterating the diſtinctions between good and evil, and

and inſtead of oppoſing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progreſs, and celebrated her conqueſts. But there is a lower claſs of ſycophants, whoſe underſtanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is ſurrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his maxims, and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices, and all his abſurdities; and who eaſily perſuade themſelves to eſteem him, by whoſe regard they conſider themſelves as diſtinguiſhed and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themſelves within the ſphere of greatneſs. Supidity is ſoon blinded by the ſplendor of wealth, and cowardice is eaſily fettered in the ſhackles of dependance. To ſolicit patronage, is, at leaſt, in the event, to ſet virtue to ſale. None can be pleaſed without praiſe, and few can be praiſed without falſehood; few can be aſſiduous without ſervility, and none can be ſervile without corruption.

NUMB. 105. TUESDAY, *March* 19, 1751.

——*Animorum*
*Impulſu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti.* JUV.

Vain man runs headlong, to caprice reſign'd;
Impell'd by paſſion, and with folly blind.

I Was lately conſidering, among other objects of ſpeculation, the new attempt of an *univerſal regiſter*, an office, in which every man may lodge an account of his ſuperfluities and wants, of whatever he deſires to purchaſe or ſell. My imagination ſoon preſented to me the latitude to which this deſign may be extended by integrity and induſtry, and the advantages which may be juſtly hoped from a general mart of intelligence, when once its reputation ſhall be ſo eſtabliſhed, that neither reproach nor fraud ſhall be feared from it; when an application to it ſhall not be cenſured as the laſt reſource of deſperation, nor its informations ſuſpected as the fortuitous ſuggeſtions of men obliged not to appear ignorant. A place where every exuberance may be diſcharged, and every deficiency ſupplied, where every lawful paſſion may find its gratifications, and every honeſt curioſity receive ſatisfaction, where the ſtock of a nation, pecuniary and intellectual, may be brought together, and where all conditions of humanity may hope to find relief, pleaſure, and accommodation, muſt equally deſerve the attention of the merchant and philoſopher, of him who mingles in the tumult of buſineſs, and him who only lives to amuſe himſelf with the various employments and purſuits of others. Nor will it be an uninſtructing ſchool to the greateſt maſters of method and diſpatch, if ſuch multiplicity can be preſerved from

from embarraſſment, and ſuch tumult from inaccuracy.

While I was concerting this ſplendid project, and filling my thoughts with its regulation, its conveniencies, its variety, and its conſequences, I ſunk gradually into ſlumber; but the ſame images, though leſs diſtinct, ſtill continued to float upon my fancy. I perceived myſelf at the gate of an immenſe edifice, where innumerable multitudes were paſſing without confuſion; every face on which I fixed my eyes, ſeemed ſettled in the contemplation of ſome important purpoſe, and every foot was haſtened by eagerneſs and expectation. I followed the crowd without knowing whither I ſhould be drawn, and remained a while in the unpleaſing ſtate of an idler, where all other beings were buſy, giving place every moment to thoſe who had more importance in their looks. Aſhamed to ſtand ignorant, and afraid to aſk queſtions, at laſt I ſaw a lady ſweeping by me, whom by the quickneſs of her eyes, the agility of her ſteps, and a mixture of levity and impatience, I knew to be my long-loved protectreſs, CURIOSITY. "Great "goddeſs," ſaid I, "may thy votary be permit-"ted to implore thy favour; if thou haſt been my "directreſs from the firſt dawn of reaſon, if I "have followed thee through the maze of life with "invariable fidelity, if I have turned to every new "call, and quitted at thy nod one purſuit for an-"other, if I have never ſtopped at the invitations "of fortune, not forgot thy authority in the bow-"ers of pleaſure, inform me now whither chance "has conducted me."

"Thou art now," replied the ſmiling Power, "in the preſence of JUSTICE, and of TRUTH, "whom

" whom the father of gods and men has ſent down " to regiſter the demands and pretenſions of man- " kind, that the world may at leaſt be reduced " to order, and that none may complain hereafter " of being doomed to taſks for which they are " unqualified, of poſſeſſing faculties for which " they cannot find employment, or virtues that " languiſh unobſerved for want of opportunities " to exert them, of being encumbered with ſuper- " fluities which they would willingly reſign, or of " waſting away in deſires which ought to be ſatis- " fied. JUSTICE is now to examine every man's " wiſhes, and TRUTH is to record them; let us " approach, and obſerve the progreſs of this great " tranſaction."

She then moved forward, and TRUTH, who knew her among the moſt faithful of her followers, beckoned her to advance, till we were placed near the ſeat of JUSTICE. The firſt who required the aſſiſtance of the office, came forward with a ſlow pace, and tumour of dignity, and ſhaking a weighty purſe in his hand, demanded to be regiſtered by TRUTH, as the MÆCENAS of the preſent age, the chief encourager of literary merit, to whom men of learning and wit might apply in any exigence or diſtreſs with certainty of ſuccour. JUSTICE very mildly enquired, whether he had calculated the expence of ſuch a declaration? whether he had been informed what number of petitioners would ſwarm about him? whether he could diſtinguiſh idleneſs and negligence from calamity, oſtentation from knowledge, or vivacity from wit? To theſe queſtions he ſeemed not well provided with a reply, but repeated his deſire to be recorded as a patron. JUSTICE then offered

to

to regiſter his propoſal on theſe conditions, that he ſhould never ſuffer himſelf to be flattered; that he ſhould never delay an audience when he had nothing to do; and that he ſhould never encourage followers without intending to reward them. Theſe terms were too hard to be accepted; for what, ſaid he, is the end of patronage, but the pleaſure of reading dedications, holding multitudes in ſuſpenſe, and enjoying their hopes, their fears, and their anxiety, flattering them to aſſiduity, and, at laſt, diſmiſſing them for impatience? JUSTICE heard his confeſſion, and ordered his name to be poſted upon the gate among cheats, and robbers, and publick nuiſances, which all were by that notice warned to avoid.

Another required to be made known as the diſcoverer of a new art of education, by which languages and ſciences might be taught to all capacities, and all inclinations, without fear of puniſhment, pain of confinement, loſs of any part of the gay mien of ignorance, or any obſtruction of the neceſſary progreſs in dreſs, dancing, or cards.

JUSTICE and TRUTH did not trouble this great adept with many enquiries; but finding his addreſs awkward, and his ſpeech barbarous, ordered him to be regiſtered as a tall fellow who wanted employment, and might ſerve in any poſt where the knowledge of reading and writing was not required.

A man of a very great and philoſophick aſpect, required notice to be given of his invention to ſet out, a certain day, on a ſubmarine voyage, and of his willingneſs to take in paſſengers for no more than double the price at which they might ſail above

above water. His deſire was granted, and he retired to a convenient ſtand, in expectation of filling his ſhip, and growing rich in a ſhort time by the ſecrecy, ſafety, and expedition of the paſſage.

Another deſired to adverti ſe the curious, that he had, for the advancement of true knowledge, contrived an optical inſtrument, by which thoſe who laid out their induſtry on memorials of the changes of the wind, might obſerve the direction of the weathercocks on the hither ſide of the lunar world.

Another wiſhed to be known as the author of an invention, by which cities or kingdoms might be made warm in winter by a ſingle fire, a kettle, and pipe. Another had a vehicle by which a man might bid defiance to floods, and continue floating in an inundation, without any inconvenience, till the water ſhould ſubſide. JUSTICE conſidered theſe projects as of no importance but to their authors, and therefore ſcarcely condeſcended to examine them; but TRUTH refuſed to admit them into the regiſter.

Twenty different pretenders came in one hour to give notice of an univerſal medicine, by which all diſeaſes might be cured or prevented, and life protracted beyond the age of NESTOR. But JUSTICE informed them, that one univerſal medicine was ſufficient, and ſhe would delay the notification till ſhe ſaw who could longeſt preſerve his own life.

A thouſand other claims and offers were exhibited and examined. I remarked, among this mighty multitude, that, of intellectual advantages, many had great exuberance, and few confeſſed any want; of every art there were a hundred profeſſors for

for a ſingle pupil; but of other attainments, ſuch as riches, honours, and preferments, I found none that had too much, but thouſands and ten thouſands that thought themſelves intitled to a larger dividend.

It often happened, that old miſers, and women, married at the cloſe of life, advertiſed their want of children; nor was it uncommon for thoſe who had a numerous offspring, to give notice of a ſon or daughter to be ſpared; but though appearances promiſed well on both ſides, the bargain ſeldom ſucceeded; for they ſoon loſt their inclination to adopted children, and proclaimed their intentions to promote ſome ſcheme of publick charity: a thouſand propoſals were immediately made, among which they heſitated till death precluded the deciſion.

As I ſtood looking on this ſcene of confuſion, TRUTH condeſcended to aſk me, what was my buſineſs at her office? I was ſtruck with the unexpected queſtion, and awaked by my efforts to anſwers it.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.